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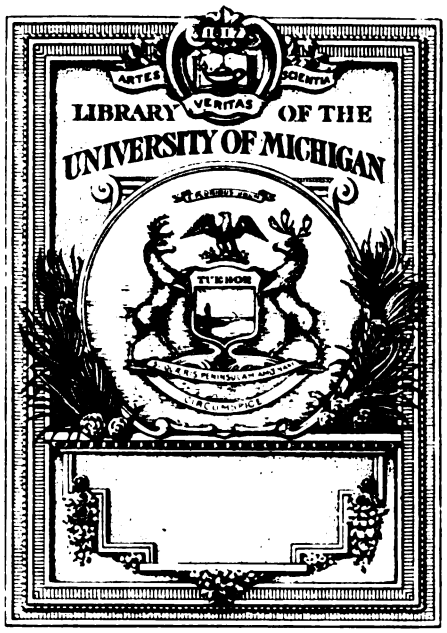
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Masters in Art

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MICHELANGELO I · MICHELANGELO II
COROT · BURNE-JONES · TER BORCH
DELLA ROBBIA · DEL SARTO
GAINSBOROUGH
CORREGGIO

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Rosenburg, A.: Da Vinci, p, 37; Dürer, p. 34; Ter Borch, p. 35.
Rossetti, W. M.: Correggio, p. 32.
Rubens, Peter Paul: Rubens, p. 36.
Sizeranne, Robert de la: Burne-Jones, pp. 31, 32, 37.
'Spectator, The': Burne-Jones, p. 30.
Spielmann, M. H.: Gainsborough, p. 34.
Springer, A.: Dürer, p. 32; Michelangelo II, p. 34.
Stevenson, R. A. M.: Corot, pp. 33, 38.
Story, W. W.: Michelangelo I, p. 37.
Strozzi, G. B.: Michelangelo I, p. 38.
Swinburne, A. C.: Del Sarto, p. 31.
Symonds, J. A.: Da Vinci, pp. 26, 36; Michelangelo I, pp. 21, 34, 36; Michelangelo II, pp. 33, 35, 36, 37; Del Sarto, p. 29; Correggio, p. 24.
Taine, H.: Rubens, p. 29; Da Vinci, p. 28; Michelangelo II, p. 21.
Ter Borch, Gerard, Sr.: Ter Borch, p. 22.
Thausing, M.: Dürer, pp. 37, 38.
Thoré, E. J. T.: Ter Borch, p. 25.
Tocqué, A. M. N.: Corot, p. 37.
Valentin, V.: Ter Borch, p. 37.
Van Dyke, J. C: Ter Borch, p. 32; Gainsborough, pp. 32, 37; Correggio, p. 27.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. M. G.: Correggio, p. 22.
Varchi, B.: Del Sarto, p. 38.
Vasari, G.: Da Vinci, pp. 23, 26, 33, 37, 38; Michelangelo II, pp. 37, 39; Della Robbia, pp. 23, 28; Del Sarto, pp. 23, 26, 37, 38; Correggio, pp. 35, 38.
Véron, E.: Rubens, p. 32.
Waagen, G. F.: Rubens, pp. 30, 36.
Watts, G. F.: Burne-Jones, p. 24.
Wedmore, F.: Burne-Jones, p. 34; Ter Borch, pp. 30, 35; Gainsborough, p. 29.
Woermann, K.: Da Vinci, p. 36.
Wölfflin, H.: Michelangelo II, p. 29.
Woltmann, A.: Da Vinci, p. 36.

Rubens

FLEMISH SCHOOL

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

RUBENS
DESCENT FROM THE C
ANTWERP CATHEI

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & C IE.

RUBENS
THE CRUCIFIXION
ANTWERP MUSEUM

Mali

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANFSTAENGL

RUBENS
RUBENS' SONS
LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY, VIENNA

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

RUBENS
ST. ILDEFONSO RECEIVING A CHASUBLE FROM THE VIRGIN
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

Main

RUBENS
PORTRAIT OF HELENA FOURMENT
HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
PHOTOGRAVURE BY BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

Mau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL.

RUBENS
CHILDREN WITH A GARLAND OF FRUIT
MUNICH GALLERY

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

RUBENS

CASTOR AND POLLUX AND THE DAUGHTERS OF LEUCIPPUS

MUNICH GALLERY

Mau

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

RUBENS
CORONATION OF MARIE DE MÉDICIS
LOUVRE, PARIS

Nau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

RUBENS
EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

Mau

RUBENS
A LION HUNT
MUNICH GALLERY

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL.

PORTRAIT OF RUBENS BY HIMSELF (DETAIL) IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

Rubens has left us no more interesting portrait of himself than this, which shows him at the age of over sixty years. He is here no longer the brilliant cavalier of the Windsor, Aix, and Florence portraits — the face is thinner and paler, and the eyes are weary; but it is the face of one who has known the taste of perhaps as great a share of unalloyed worldly honor and glory as ever fell to the lot of man, and who now smitten with an incurable malady waits calmly for the end.

MASTERS IN ART

Peter Paul Rubens

BORN 1577: DIED 1640
FLEMISH SCHOOL

ROGER DE PILES — 'LA VIE DE RUBENS' [1681]

THE father of Peter Paul Rubens was John Rubens, of the city of Antwerp. Noble by his birth, and possessed both of a high character and of profound learning, John Rubens had spent six years in the different states of Italy to form his taste and to reinforce his judgment, and was named a doctor, in both civil and canon law, by the University of Padua. He thereafter returned into his native Flanders, where he served worthily as councillor and alderman in Antwerp; and for six years continued with honor in this public employment. Upon the outbreak of the civil war, however, he was obliged to quit his fatherland, from which he had highly deserved because of his wise administration, and took up his residence at Cologne, which he chose because of his preference for a quiet and retired life.

It was therefore in Cologne,[1] in 1577, that Peter Paul Rubens was born, and there that he laid the foundations of his education; and it is related that he showed such application and parts, that, in a short space of time, he surpassed all his companions. He was therefore far advanced, and able to accomplish more than is usual at his age, when his father's death, in 1587, obliged his mother to return to Antwerp, where Rubens finished his course of study.

Immediately after leaving the Jesuit college where he had been trained up, his mother put him under the protection of the Dowager-Countess of Lalaing, and he became one of her pages; but apparently the boy found himself unsuited to this mode of life, for he remained in the service of the countess but a short time, seemingly unable to resist the impulse of his proper genius, which drew him towards the practice of art. He therefore obtained permission from his mother (who, be it said, had lost the greater part of the family fortune through the hazards of war) that he should be apprenticed to one Adam van Noort, a celebrated painter of Antwerp.[2] With this artist he spent some years in learning the rudiments of his art; and such was his precocity that it

[1] According to more modern authorities, Rubens was born at Siegen, in Westphalia, a small town about fifty miles from Cologne, on June 29, 1577, the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, whence his given names.
[2] He was probably previously apprenticed for a brief period to Tobias Verhaegt.

was easy to be perceived that the intention of Nature in bringing him into this world was that he should become a great painter.

After leaving the studio of Van Noort, he spent four years as a pupil of Otho Voenius, painter to the Archduke Albert, and at that time considered the Apelles of the Flemish nation. Under this preceptor Rubens made rapid advancement; and his reputation soon became so great and so widespread that it was doubtful which was the master and which the pupil. Thereupon, feeling that he had no more to learn from Voenius, Rubens resolved to journey into Italy, that he might there study the productions of the ancients and of modern artists. He accordingly left Flanders on the ninth of May, 1600, at the age of twenty-three.

Arrived in Venice, he by chance took lodgings in the same house with a gentleman of the suite of the Duke of Mantua; and this gentleman, having seen some of Rubens' works, brought the Duke of Mantua to see them. The duke, who was a passionate lover of all the fine arts, and in especial of the art of painting, was much taken with Rubens, promised him his friendship, and urged him, with all the arguments of which he was master, to enter his service. Rubens accepted this offer with the utmost willingness, being especially delighted with the opportunity for study which such a post afforded; and during the whole time that he remained in this service he received so many kindnesses from the duke that he gloried in the title of being his servitor.

After having remained with this prince for a considerable time, Rubens departed for Rome, where he painted three pictures in the church of Santa Croce. A short time after this he was despatched by the Duke of Mantua with the present of a splendid coach and seven horses of unusual beauty to the King of Spain. Hardly had he returned from this mission when he undertook another journey to Venice, with the intention of studying minutely and at leisure the works of art there; and in truth, as is evidenced by his work thereafter, he did draw from the masterpieces of Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto all the profit which any man whosoever could have drawn from them.

When Rubens had remained eight years in Italy the news of a dangerous sickness to which his mother had succumbed obliged him, in 1608, to return into Flanders; but although he made the journey in the utmost haste, he found her already dead when he arrived.

The fame of his knowledge and qualities had preceded his arrival in his native country. The Archduke Albert and his wife Isabella, governors of the Spanish Netherlands, desired that he should paint their portraits; and fearing that he would again repair into Italy, they made him their Painter in Ordinary, and engaged him by a pension and by all other honorable persuasions to remain near their persons, and did all that they could to persuade him to reside at the court in Brussels. Although he resisted their requests with great difficulty, he nevertheless finally obtained permission from them to establish his residence and usual place of abode at Antwerp instead, for he was afraid that the varied affairs and attractions of the court would distract

him, and thus prevent him from reaching the full perfection in his art of which he felt himself capable.

Rubens, seeing himself thus bound to his native land by such powerful ties, considered that he was now in an estate to enter into matrimony, and espoused Isabella, the daughter of John Brant, a councillor of Antwerp. He also bought himself a large house in the city of Antwerp, which he remodelled after the Roman style of architecture, and embellished it inside and out, that it might be a suitable abode for an eminent painter and for an amateur of works of art. The mansion was adjoined by a spacious garden in which he planted trees of all the sorts and varieties which he could anywhere obtain. Between the courtyard of the house and the garden he built a pavilion of a round shape, after the fashion of the Temple of the Pantheon, at Rome. Light was admitted to this pavilion only from above, through a single opening in the centre of the dome, and the interior he adorned with many antique statues and precious pictures which he had collected in Italy, and with other things rare and curious.

After the death of the Archduke Albert, who had held Rubens in especial affection, and who had stood godfather to the painter's eldest son, Rubens was no less favored by the esteem and good will of the Archduchess, his widow, and by all the greatest nobles of the court of the Netherlands, especially by the Marquis of Spinola, who took extreme pleasure in engaging him in conversation, and who was accustomed to say that he found so many talents combined in him that, for his own part, he believed the gift of painting to be one of the least considerable of them.

It was about this time that Queen Marie de Médicis was building her Palace of the Luxembourg, and that she might adorn it with every splendor, she wished it to contain two galleries filled with works by Rubens alone; and to this end she commissioned him to paint for one of these galleries a series of pictures setting forth the incidents of her own life, and for the other, a series depicting the career of her husband, Henry IV. She was not able to see the full accomplishment of this project, however, for she was exiled at the time when Rubens was still working upon the pictures which should immortalize the achievements of the king her husband; but he had begun the series by illustrating the history of the queen's life, and has left that work in its perfection as an eternal monument to his genius.

During the sojourn of Rubens in Paris, where he had gone to see the pictures just named put in their places, and to give them the finishing touches, —which happened in 1625,—he by chance encountered the Duke of Buckingham, who was then in high favor with the King of England, as well as with the princes of the court of France. The duke had heard much of the merits of Rubens, and desired the painter to take his portrait. This Rubens did, and so acquitted himself that he surpassed the duke's expectations in every point. After the acquaintance thus begun between them had endured for some time, and they had become bound together in close intimacy, the duke confided to the painter how deeply chagrined he was at the misunderstandings and wars which so constantly embroiled the kingdoms

of Spain and England, and that he had conceived a project for reconciling them.

On his return to Brussels Rubens communicated this intelligence to the archduchess, who, overjoyed at it, ordered him to cherish his friendship with the duke, and by no means to allow the bonds of their intimacy to relax. This Rubens did, and so devoted himself to the business in hand that the Duke of Buckingham, thinking that he was in some measure weaned by his diplomatic negotiations from his great love for painting, sent to offer him a hundred thousand florins for his collection of antique treasures and for a number of his pictures. Rubens, knowing the duke's passion for works of art, and greatly desiring to comply with his friend's request, consented; but that he himself might not be totally deprived of the precious objects for which he had so much affection, and which had cost him so much effort to obtain, he had all the marble statues that he ceded to the duke first cast in plaster, and set up these casts in the same places that their originals had occupied. To take the places of those pictures which he had sold, he painted others with his own hand.

Meantime, in 1628, the courts of Spain and England had begun to consider the establishment of a mutual peace. The Marquis of Spinola, believing that there was none better qualified than Rubens to undertake such negotiations, spoke of the matter to the archduchess, who despatched Rubens to the King of Spain; and that monarch was so pleased with the painter's person and abilities, and judged him so well fitted to undertake the negotiations between the two kingdoms, that, as token of his satisfaction, he made Rubens a knight, and gave him the post of secretary to his privy council in the Netherlands.[1]

The following year Rubens returned to Brussels, and from Brussels journeyed into England with commissions from the King of Spain to King Charles I. of England, intended to further advance the settlement of their difficulties. The English king, who was extremely fond of painting, received him at London with especial honor. After having concluded the terms of peace, to the great relief of the subjects of both countries and to the satisfaction of their respective kings, Rubens took leave of the English monarch, who, as a mark of his consideration, knighted him, as the Spanish king had done, bestowed a sword which he took from his own person upon him, and also made him a present of a rich diamond which he took from his own finger, as well as of a string of diamonds of the value of ten thousand crowns.[2] When Rubens, loaded with all these marks of favor, returned into Spain to give a report of his negotiations, he was received by the Spanish court with every mark of esteem, confidence, and friendship. The king made him a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, bestowed the Order of the Golden Key upon him, and commanded him to take the portraits of the royal family.

[1] It was during his sojourn in Spain that Rubens' memorable friendship with Velasquez was formed.
[2] It was while he was in England that, as the story runs, a courtier entering a room in Whitehall Palace, where Rubens sat painting, exclaimed, "Ah! His Majesty's ambassador occasionally amuses himself with painting?" "On the contrary," replied Rubens, "the painter occasionally amuses himself with diplomacy."

Having thus gloriously brought about a truce, Rubens returned to Antwerp. There he married, in 1630, at the age of fifty-three, Helena Fourment, a girl of uncommon beauty, and who was then only sixteen years old. His first wife had been four years dead.

I will not here delay to enumerate his works in detail, for the number of them is almost infinite; but I will merely mention that in addition to the many pictures which he painted of every style, and for all the courts of Europe, for the royal families of Spain, of England, of France, and for many other princes, he also filled almost all the churches of Flanders with his painting.

If to live happily, to be employed in such wise as to exercise the especial talents which Nature has bestowed, and thus to be assured of success in these undertakings, constitutes happiness, one may say that Rubens' life thereafter was one of the happiest which has ever been led in this world. If henceforth he left his painting at Antwerp, upon which he worked with the most marvellous facility and with great delight to himself, he left it only that he might go to the court of Brussels, where he was often called by the archduchess to advise in affairs of state; and he used his gifts, as far as in him lay, to bring about the happiness of the people and the re-establishment in all countries of the love of art. He never interrupted his painting except for business of this nature, nor left such business except for his painting, which held the first place in his affection.

The qualities with which nature had endowed him, and the virtues which he had acquired, gave him the esteem and affection of all who knew him. He was of large stature, commanding presence, and his features were well formed and regular. His cheeks were ruddy, his hair auburn colored, his eyes bright but not piercing, his countenance laughing, agreeable, and open. His manners were engaging, his humor easy, his conversation apt, his wit sparkling and keen, his fashion of speaking dignified, and the sound of his voice most agreeable; all of which natural charms made him most eloquent and persuasive.

Although he seems to have had much to distract him, his life was nevertheless strictly regulated. He rose every morning at four o'clock, and made it his rule to commence each day by hearing mass, whenever he was not prevented from so doing by the gout, a malady which greatly incommoded him. After mass he set himself to work, having always near by a paid reader who read to him aloud from some worthy book, usually either Plutarch, Livy, or Seneca. While he was painting he could converse without distraction and without quitting his work; and was accustomed to entertain with his conversation those who came to see him while thus occupied. As he extremely delighted in his work, he so regulated his life that he might labor most easily and without damage to his health; and for this reason he ate and drank but sparingly, that he might not by satiety cloud or dull his faculties. He continued to paint daily up to five o'clock in the afternoon, when he went out on horseback on some fine Spanish horse to take the air, and was accustomed to ride through the city and about the ramparts. He rarely visited his friends;

but he so cordially received all who came to see him that hardly a stranger passed through Antwerp, no matter what his quality might be, who did not go to Rubens' house, either attracted by his fame or to see his collection of works of art, which was one of the finest in Europe.

In his last years he planned to secure for himself a more tranquil life than that which he had heretofore lived, and with this object he bought the domain of Steen, situated between Brussels and Mechlin, and to this retired spot he went sometimes for solitude, or whenever he was pleased to paint landscapes after nature.

Having lived a life so useful to his sovereigns and to his country, and so glorious to himself, he died in 1640, in his sixty-fourth year, and was buried in the church of St. Jacques at Antwerp. — ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

The Art of Rubens

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN 'MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS'

RUBENS must never be compared to the Italians, under penalty of misunderstanding him and judging him falsely. If we mean by "style" the ideal of the pure and beautiful transcribed in formulas, he has no style. If by "grandeur," "loftiness," "penetration" we mean the meditative and intuitive force of a great thinker, he has neither grandeur nor thought. If taste be requisite, he has no taste. If one delights in a restrained, concentrated, condensed art, like that of Leonardo da Vinci, for example, Rubens' art can only irritate by its habitual exaggerations. If all feminine types should bear some relation to the Dresden Madonna, or to the Mona Lisa, or to those of Bellini, Perugino, and Luini, — those delicate definers of grace and beauty in woman, — no indulgence can be felt for the abundant beauty and plump charms of Helena Fourment. Finally, if there be demanded from Rubens the conciseness, the rigid bearing, the peaceable gravity that painting wore when he began, very little would be left to him, except as a gesticulator, a man full of force, a sort of imposing athlete, with little cultivation.

On the other hand, he has taken a possession of the earth that no other man has. His painted work comprises about fifteen hundred productions, the most immense output that ever issued from one brain. To approach him we must add together the lives of several of the men most fertile in productiveness; and if the importance, the dimensions, and the complicated character of his works be considered independently of their number, the spectacle is astounding, and gives the most lofty, even, we might say, the most religious, idea of human faculties.

The spectacular is his domain. His eye is the most marvellous prism of light and color that has ever been vouchsafed us. Passions, attitudes of the body, expressions of countenance, — all mankind in the multifarious incidents of the great drama of life, — passed through his brain, took from it

stronger features, more robust forms, became amplified, but not purified, and transfigured into some unknown heroic mould. He stamps all with the directness of his character, the warmth of his blood, and the magnificence of his vision. There is a glory, a trumpet-call, in his grossest works. His was the special gift of eloquence. His language, to define it accurately, is what in literature is called oratorical. When he improvises he is not at his best; when he restrains his speech it is magnificent. It is prompt, sudden, abundant, and warm; in all circumstances it is eminently persuasive. He strikes, astonishes, repels; he irritates, but almost always convinces; and when there is opportunity he can touch as no one else can do. Certain pictures of his are revolting, but there are others that bring tears to the eyes. His are the weaknesses and digressions, but also the magnetic fire, of a great orator. He sometimes perorates and declaims, he beats the air with his huge arms; but there are words which he can speak as no other man can.

All this leads to a still more complete definition, and we may apply a word to his art that is almost comprehensive. Rubens' art is *lyric;* he is the most lyrical of all painters. His imaginative promptness, the intensity of his style, his sonorous and progressive rhythm, — call all this lyric art and you will not be far from the truth. Here are much blood and physical vigor, but a winged spirit; a man who fears not the horrible, but has a tender and truly serene soul; here are hideousness and brutality, a total absence of taste in form, combined with an ardor which transforms ugliness into force, bloody brutality into terror. There are many who cannot follow him in his flights, who suspect the imagination which elevates him, but see only what attaches him to the common, to the too real, — the thick muscles, the redundant or careless design, the heavy types, the flesh, and the blood just under the skin, — the world of the material. What they fail to perceive is that he has formulas, a style, an ideal, and that these superior formulas, this style, this ideal, are in his *palette.* He was very earthly, more earthly than any of the masters whose equal he is, but the pure painter came to the aid of the material elements in him and set them free. His aim is the clear evidence of objects; his element is light; his means of exaltation is his palette.

And yet when I say that it was the *painter* in him that lifted him out of the material, that gives the exaltation, the lyric quality to his art, when I say that his ideal was in his palette and his handiwork, what do I mean? Never was handiwork easier to seize or with fewer tricks and reticences. There never was a painter so little mysterious, either when thinking, composing, coloring, or executing. Not one of his tones is rare in itself.

Brown undertones, with two or three active colors to make one believe in the wealth of a vast canvas; broken grays obtained by dull mixture; all the intermediary grays between deep black and pure white, — consequently very little coloring-matter and the greatest brilliancy of color, great luxury obtained with small expense, light without excessive brightness, extreme sonorousness from a small number of instruments, a keyboard in which nearly three-fourths of the keys are neglected, but which the painter runs over, skipping many notes and touching it when necessary at the two ends; — such, in the mixed

language of music and painting, is the habit of this great practitioner. He who has seen one of his pictures knows them all. His colors are very simple, and only appear so complicated on account of the results achieved by the painter, and the part he makes them play. Nothing can be more limited than the number of primary tints, nor more foreseen than the manner in which they are opposed; nothing is more simple than the habit by virtue of which he shades them, and yet nothing more unexpected than the result which is produced. The means are simple, the method elementary, but employed by a hand magnificently agile, adroit, sensitive, and composed.

Whence, then, comes his fire? At what moment is he carried away? Is it when he executes some extravagant gesture, a moving object, an eye that gleams, a mouth that shouts, tangled hair, a bristling beard, a hand that grasps? Is it when he imbues many yards of canvas with a glowing tint, when he makes his red ripple in waves, so that everything round this red glows with its reflection? Is it when he passes from one strong color to another, circulating through neutral tones as if this rebellious and sticky paint were the most manageable of materials? Did this painting, which puts the beholder into a fever, burn the hands whence it issued, fluid, easy, natural, healthy, and ever virgin, no matter at what moment you surprise it? Where, in a word, is the *effort* in this art, which might be called forced, and which is yet but the intimate expression of a mind which never was forced?

Rubens' so-called "impetuosity" is a way of *feeling*, rather than a disorderly way of *painting*. The brush is as calm as the soul is hot and ready to rush forward. Nothing is more deceptive than this apparent fever, restrained by profound calculation, expressed by a mechanism practised in every exercise. There is ever the same method, the same coolness, the same calculation. A calm and intelligent premeditation directs his most startling and moving effects.

Let me make my meaning clearer by a comparison. Did you ever close your eyes during the execution of a brilliant piece of orchestral music? Sound gushes everywhere; it seems to leap from one instrument to the other; and as it is very tumultuous, in spite of the perfect harmony, it might well be believed that everything was agitated, that the hands of the players trembled, that the same musical frenzy had seized the instruments and those who held them. The performers so move the audience that it seems impossible that they should be sitting calmly before their music-rests. One is surprised to see them peaceable, self-contained, attentive to the movement of the conductor's wand, which leads, sustains, dictates to each what he should do, and which is itself only the agent of a mind fully awake and of great knowledge. Thus Rubens wields, during the execution of his works, the ebony baton which commands, dictates, and conducts. His is the imperturbable will, the master faculty, which directs most obedient instruments,—the technical faculties.—ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

H. TAINE 'PHILOSOPHIE DE L'ART DANS LES PAYS-BAS'

RUBENS is to Titian what Titian was to Raphael and Raphael to Phidias. Never did artistic sympathy clasp nature in such a wide embrace. Ancient boundaries seem removed to give his genius infinite scope. He has no respect for historic proprieties; he groups together real and allegorical figures, — cardinals with a naked Mercury. He has no deference for the moral order; he fills the ideal heaven of mythology and of the gospel with coarse characters. He has no dread of exciting physical sensibility, and pushes the horrible to extremes, through all the tortures of the flesh and all the contortions of howling agony. In his art all the animal instincts of human nature appear on the stage; those which convention had excluded as gross he reproduces as true, and mingles them with the other human emotions as they are intermingled in life. The whole of human nature is in his grasp, save its loftiest heights. Hence it is that his creativeness is the vastest that we have seen, comprehending as it does all types, and the innumerable diversities stamped on humanity by the play of natural forces.

For the same reason, in the representation of the body he comprehended more profoundly than any one else the essential characteristics of organic life; and herein surpasses the Venetians, as they surpass the Florentines. No one has shown so vividly the decay and bloom of life — now the dull and flabby corpse, now the freshness of living flesh, the blooming athlete, the mellow suppleness of a yielding torso in the form of a well-fed adolescent, the soft rosy cheeks and placid candor of a girl whose blood was never quickened or eyes bedimmed by thought, troops of dimpled cherubs and merry cupids, the delicacy, the exquisite melting rosiness of infantile skin.

In like manner in the representation of action he appreciated more keenly than any other painter the essential feature of animal and moral life; that is to say, the instantaneous movement which it is the aim of the plastic arts to seize. In this again he surpasses the Venetians as they surpass the Florentines. No other painter has endowed figures with such spirit, with such impulsive gestures, with an impetuosity so abandoned and furious, — such a universal commotion and tempest of swollen and writhing muscles. His personages speak, their repose itself is suspended on the verge of action; not only the face, but the entire attitude conspires to manifest the rushing stream of their thought, feeling, and complete being; we hear the inward utterance of their emotions. He was therefore capable of amplifying the forces he found around and within him, the forces that underlie and manifest the overflow and triumph of existence; on the one hand, gigantic joints, herculean shapes and shoulders, red and colossal muscles, truculent and bearded heads, overnourished bodies teeming with succulence, the luxuriant display of white and rosy flesh; on the other, the rude instincts which impel human nature to seek food, drink, strife, and pleasure, the savage fury of the combatant, the enormity of the big-bellied Silenus, the sensual joviality of the Faun, the boldness, the energy, the broad joyousness of the Flemish type.

He heightens these effects again by their composition and the accessories with which he surrounds them, — the magnificence of lustrous silks, em-

broidered simars, golden brocades, groups of naked figures, modern costumes and antique draperies, an inexhaustible accumulation of arms, standards, colonnades, Venetian stairways, temples, canopies, ships, animals, and ever novel and imposing scenery, as if, outside of ordinary nature, he possessed the key of a thousand-times richer nature, whereon his magician's hand might draw forever. Yet the freedom of his imagination never leads to confusion; but on the contrary, he creates with a jet so vigorous and prodigal that his most complicated productions seem like the irresistible outflow of a surfeited brain. Like the Indian deity, he relieves his fecundity by creating worlds; and from the matchless folds and hues of his tossed simars to the snowy whites of his flesh, or the pale silkiness of his blond tresses, there is not a tone in any of his canvases which does not appear to have been placed there purposely to afford him delight.— FROM THE FRENCH.

GUSTAV F. WAAGEN 'PETER PAUL RUBENS, HIS LIFE AND GENIUS'

A THOROUGH Fleming in temperament and character, Rubens led his countrymen back to the very point whence sprang their original excellence, the lively perception of natural forms, and the development of the faculty of color. But the spirit of the times in which he lived, and the peculiar temper of his own mind, naturally prevented these characteristic qualities from being exhibited as they would have been in the age of the Van Eycks. It had been the aim of the latter, as far as their means allowed, in the coloring as well as in the execution of their works, so to imitate nature that their pictures, whether looked at closely or contemplated from a distance, should produce, as nearly as possible, the same effect. The principal thing with Rubens, on the contrary, was the *general* effect; and though he painted the details with the greatest truth, he contented himself with making them subordinate to the whole, so as to resemble nature at a certain distance. The means which were at his command in his own time for the accomplishment of his purpose, — a better knowledge of the laws of perspective and of chiaroscuro, that breadth of style first introduced by Titian and his school, and then so admirably practised by Michelangelo da Caravaggio and the Carracci, — these he had mastered with the greatest energy during his long residence in Italy, and the more successfully as they perfectly accorded with the nature of his own genius. But instead of that genuine religious enthusiasm, long since vanished, which had formerly inspired the Van Eycks, so as even to spread a certain solemnity over their scenes of passion, the mind of Rubens was so imbued with the love for dramatic representation that he imparted life and movement even to subjects which properly demanded a certain calmness and repose in the treatment.

A most glowing and creative fancy, inexhaustible in the conception of new forms full of life and vigor, would naturally find even the easiest method of painting tedious, and thus feel the necessity of acquiring some means of transferring its creations to the canvas in the shortest time possible. His rare technical skill and his extraordinary faculty of color aided Rubens admir-

ably in accomplishing this object. He rapidly attained the art of placing, with a master hand, the right tones in the right places, without trying all kinds of experiments with the colors on the pictures themselves; and after he had with ease blended them together, he knew how to give to the whole picture the last finish by a few master touches in those parts which he had left unpainted for the purpose. This mode of treatment, so characteristic of the turn of Rubens' mind, is the reason why his pictures bear the stamp of an original lively burst of fancy more than those of any other painter. Hence Rubens, beyond any artist of modern times, may be styled a "sketcher," in the highest and best sense of the word.

As a colorist, he might be called the painter of light, as Rembrandt is the painter of darkness. With Rubens everything is imbued with the pure element of broad light; the different colors are brought close together in luxuriant contrast, but in their harmonious relation to each other they celebrate a common triumph. No other painter has ever known how to produce such a full and satisfactory tone of light, such a deep chiaroscuro united with such general brilliancy. Few can be compared to him in the admirable gradations in the keeping of the whole, and in the manner in which each variety of surface is distinctly pronounced; the coloring of his flesh in particular has such a vivid transparency of tone, such a glow of life, that it is easy to understand how Guido Reni should have been struck with wonder upon beholding a picture of Rubens for the first time, and exclaim, "Does this painter mix blood with his colors?"

The creative fancy of Rubens was capable of conceiving every possible variety of subject at all fitted for the pencil, and the sphere was indeed ample from which his remarkable cultivation of mind enabled him to select. Thus he painted subjects from the Bible, from the legends of saints, from ancient and modern history, and from classical mythology; portraits and conversation pieces, battle and hunting pieces, grotesques and landscapes. He made every subject conform to his own nature, and he accordingly treated all such as were foreign to it in a most capricious manner. Therefore it is that while all his works bear the true stamp of genius, and captivate us by the originality and freshness of thought exhibited in them, as well as by the masterly keeping, the vigor and glow of the coloring, and the talent displayed in the treatment altogether, yet the gratification we derive from them is ever in proportion to the harmony which existed between the subject and his own natural disposition. . . . But in subjects which really required to be treated in a dramatic style, more particularly in those wherein the expression of power, grandeur, and strongly excited passions were admissible, and where he consequently could give free scope, unshackled, unreproved, to all the inspirations of his genius, — there we recognize Rubens in all his glory. I have no hesitation in pronouncing him the greatest of all modern painters when he had to deal with subjects depending on the momentary expression of powerfully excited passion which can only be firmly seized and developed in the imagination. — FROM THE GERMAN, BY ROBERT R. NOEL.

EUGÈNE VÉRON 'RUBENS, SA VIE ET SES ŒUVRES'

THE entire work of Rubens is evidence of the superb calm of his nature. Much as he loves life and movement, admirably as he renders by significant gesture and attitude the emotional and dramatic, through it all the serenity of his genius is unmoved. His painting recalls the impersonal accents of the Homeric songs. This serenity in the midst of the most violent appearances was part of the temperament of the man — truly a wonderful constitution, and one of which I cannot instance another example. Other poets and other artists, even the greatest, have found it necessary to be exalted out of themselves for the time being, to be, as it were, temporarily inspired to attain certain conceptions and realize such effects; while Rubens, better privileged by nature, found within himself a reserve force sufficient to represent the most terrible and emotional scenes without any such self-exaltation. One might compare him to the giants of the fairy tales, who lift with one finger a burden which would crush an army. But their power was physical; Rubens' power was mental. He was by nature super-normal. His imagination, without becoming heated, without strain, without departing from the habitual serenity of its normal condition, conceived and portrayed scenes of the greatest dramatic effect as easily as scenes of the lightest and most playful sort. The one demanded no more effort from him than the other. This is the quality that distinguishes Rubens from all other artists, namely, the possession of power in a normal and permanent state; the unexplainable persistence in him of a quality of mind which was not emotion,— for emotion presupposes, by its very definition, a suspension of habitual conditions,— but which produced the same effects as are produced in others by their evanescent emotions. His artistic temperament had all the advantages which the others found in their passion, with the difference that with him passion was constant, and so left him all the calm, all the clearness, of the coldest self-possession.

It follows that Rubens' works were not dependent upon his mood, but flowed from his hand with an almost incredible facility and spontaneity, without groping and without hesitations. He is essentially an improvisator, but he improvised because his imagination was a magnifying-glass which showed him, at first glance, things with all the augmentation needed to render them expressive; with all the exaggeration, which, without yet taking them out of reality, elevated them by both significance and color into the highest domain of art. Whatever the subject his eye or his thought touched upon he immediately transformed — I say transformed, not idealized; idealization was not the tendency of his genius — and reclothed with a superior intensity, multiplying the facets by which it should lay hold of the eye, and developing instantly in the subject what might be called the essence of its reality.

This is the principal trait of his extraordinary genius: that his imagination was to the face of the moral and physical world of reality, seen or reconstructed in his memory, a sort of marvellous mirror which had the faculty of reproducing these spectacles, catching them in their most striking and expressive moment of reality, and at the same time spontaneously adding to them the necessary enlargement or augmentation.— FROM THE FRENCH.

The Works of Rubens

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS — ANTWERP CATHEDRAL

THE celebrated 'Descent from the Cross' is the central panel of a triptych painted by Rubens in 1612 as an altar-piece for the Guild of Arquebusiers at Antwerp.

"I need not describe this composition," writes Eugène Fromentin. "You could not mention one more popular as a work of art, or as a religious painting. Who does not remember the arrangement and the effect of the picture, — its great central light against a dark background, its distinct and massive divisions, and its grand masses? The coloring is not rich, but it is full, well sustained, and calculated to be effective from a distance. It is composed of an almost black green, an absolute black, a rather dull red, and a white, all set side by side as frankly as four notes of such violence can be. The scene is grave and impressive. When we remember the murders with which the work of Rubens is bloody, the massacres, the torturing executioners, it is evident that here is noble suffering. Everything is as restrained, concise, and laconic as a page of Scripture. Here are neither gesticulations, nor cries, nor horrors, nor excessive tears; scarcely a sob bursts from the Virgin; the intensity of her suffering is expressed only by a gesture, by a face bathed in tears. The figure of the Magdalen is admirable; it is incontestably the best piece of workmanship in the picture, the most delicate, the most personal, one of the best that Rubens ever created in his career, so fertile in the invention of female beauty. Moreover, it is the sole mundane grace with which he has embellished this austere picture.

"The Christ is one of the most beautiful figures that Rubens ever conceived. Pliant and almost meagre, it has an inexpressible slender grace, which gives it all the delicacy of nature, and all the distinction of a fine academic study. No one can forget the effect of that long body, with the small head fallen to one side, so livid and so limpid in its pallor, whence all pain has passed away. In what an exhausted attitude it glides along the winding-sheet, with what affectionate anguish it is received by the outstretched arms of the women. How heavy it is and how precious to bear!"

THE CRUCIFIXION — ANTWERP MUSEUM

RUBENS painted this picture of Christ on the cross between the two malefactors (sometimes called 'Le Coup de Lance,' or 'Lance Thrust') in the year 1620. In splendor of color, boldness of conception, and dramatic intensity it has never been surpassed, and is regarded by many as Rubens' masterpiece.

Longinus, the Roman officer, mounted on a gray horse, thrusts his lance into the Saviour's side. In the foreground stands the Virgin Mother, whom

Mary, the wife of Cleophas, in vain endeavors to console. Behind, St. John leans against the cross of the penitent thief, bitterly weeping, while Mary Magdalen on her knees at the foot of the cross implores the Roman officer to spare the body of her master.

"In this picture," writes Michel, "Rubens attains a wonderful perfection in a department of painting in which he was habitually superior; that is, in the distribution of the lights. In spite of the complexity of the movements and the arabesque of outline, the silhouette of the whole is strong and simple. The picture draws you from afar, and then the beauties of its detail hold you enthralled,—above all, the poetic figure of the Magdalen, so tender, so beautiful, so touching in her despair, and in the effable gesture with which she endeavors to protect the sacred body from this last profanation."

RUBENS' SONS — LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: VIENNA

ÉMILE MICHEL writes: "In Prince Liechtenstein's gallery there is a superb portrait of Rubens' two sons. A replica in the Dresden Gallery long passed as the original, but this is now considered to be a copy, though apparently made during the painter's lifetime and in his studio.

"Albert, the elder of the two boys, is dressed in a black costume slashed with white. Nicholas is dressed in brighter material,—gray breeches, a blue slashed jacket with yellow satin puffs and ribbons,—and plays with a captive goldfinch. The brilliance and harmony of the color, and the happy arrangement of the group, bear sufficient testimony to the pleasure Rubens took in painting the picture, which was about the year 1626."

"The arrangement is so natural, and so charmingly easy," writes Oscar Berggruen, "that in this respect few portraits in the world can be set beside it. The painting, which was entirely by the master's own hand, is so fresh and harmonious, so manifestly done from life, that Rubens rarely attained to such perfection as here."

ST. ILDEFONSO RECEIVING A CHASUBLE FROM THE VIRGIN — IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

ALTHOUGH critics differ in assigning a date to this triptych, it was probably painted after Rubens' return from England, at the order of the Archduchess of the Netherlands, in memory of her husband, who had been dead ten years. "As this picture was a votive-offering," writes Berggruen, "it was necessary that it should contain the portraits of both the archduke and his wife. These figures are of life size, and both kneel, gazing toward the Virgin in the main composition. With the Archduke Albert is his patron, St. Albert, in the costume of a cardinal, who seems to be presenting him to the Madonna, while in the opposite panel St. Clara offers her protégée, the archduchess, a golden crown intertwined with roses. In the background of each side panel a majestic crimson curtain hung between marble columns gives the dominant touch of color.

"In the composition of the central panel one may find a reminder of the style of grouping saints about the Madonna on her throne for which the

Italian painters had such a predilection, and which they called a *santa conversazione*. The Madonna is seated in the centre, with four female saints grouped about her. St. Ildefonso on his knees before her fervently presses his lips to the chasuble which she has given him, while from the opening skies three cherubs descend with a crown.

"The artist has not confined himself crampingly close to the legend, which relates that St. Ildefonso, a bishop of Toledo in the seventh century, had stoutly defended the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception against the heretics who denied it. The Virgin, in gratitude, descended from heaven into the cathedral of her defender and presented him with a robe in which to conduct the service.

"What gives this work its special value is its ineffable charm of color, — a beauty in this respect which the artist never surpassed, and which he has seldom equalled. The color is concentrated upon the Madonna — it is vivid, fresh, harmonious; the light shining down from the opened heaven gilds and transforms the local tints upon the female saints and upon the bishop, while the angels float in a luminous ether which fills the upper part of the picture."

Rubens painted the Virgin, the saints, and the figures of the donors entirely with his own hand, and retouched the whole of the remainder, which his pupils had prepared from his sketches. The critics Michel, Kugler, Lübke, Viardot, Waagen, Springer, and Knackfuss all agree in considering this picture one of the most admirable of his works.

PORTRAIT OF HELENA FOURMENT THE HERMITAGE: ST. PETERSBURG

"FROM the day of his marriage with his second wife, Helena Fourment, on the sixth of December, 1630," writes Paul Mantz, "a sort of St. Martin's summer began in Rubens' life, and seemed to lend to his heart and to his genius the impulse of another spring-time. Apparently, too, he was eager to share the delight he took in her with all the world, and she was for many years, and indeed, to the end of his life, continually in his mind and in his eyes. He never wearied of reproducing her young grace. The portraits of her are numberless.

"One of Rubens' first pictures of her, which was painted entirely by himself in 1631 or 1632,— a souvenir of the honeymoon perhaps,— is this in the Hermitage Gallery, which shows us the young wife in all the bloom of her girlish youth. It is a masterpiece — exquisite, elegant, and fine. Her robe is of black satin, the bodice and lace sleeves adorned with lilac ribbons, and she wears a few fine jewels. The background is formed by a vaguely indicated landscape shrouded by sombre-colored stormy clouds touched at the base with the red of the setting sun, with only in the upper sky a hint of blue. All the important parts of the picture Rubens has painted with great care, especially the exquisite flesh tints of the face, neck, and breast, which, treated in a series of delicate white and ivory tones, glow in contrast with the black of the hat and gown."

CHILDREN WITH A GARLAND OF FRUIT — MUNICH GALLERY

"RUBENS' pictures in which children are represented playing with fruit and flowers are of extraordinary beauty," writes Dr. Waagen. "The finest of this class is probably that in the Munich Gallery, wherein seven children are dragging along an immense wreath of fruit. The children and fruit rival each other in luxuriance of form and richness and force of coloring." "The idea of this composition is charming," writes Max Rooses. "The children form a framework around the garland even fresher and more radiant than the fruit itself. The work is admirable for the solidity, the seriousness, and the richness of its painting. The flesh is firm, the outlines clear, the execution careful."

The date of the picture is probably 1615 or 1618. The garland of fruit is believed to have been painted by Rubens' pupil, Snyders.

CASTOR AND POLLUX AND THE DAUGHTERS OF LEUCIPPUS — MUNICH GALLERY

"NOTHING is more characteristic of the dramatic turn of Rubens' mind," writes Dr. Waagen, "than his choice of subjects from the mythology of the Greeks and the works of the ancient poets; and in nothing has he displayed more freedom, originality, and poetry than in the manner in which he has treated them. Amongst his numerous works of this class, Castor and Pollux carrying off Phœbe and Hilaira, the daughters of Leucippus, Prince of Messenia, may be placed first."

"With wonderful skill," writes Goeler von Ravensburg, "the four figures are so intertwined as to form a group as varied as it is uniform, singularly alive, and yet with no effect of unrest, constructed with the most consummate art, and yet apparently perfectly unconstrained and natural. The two maidens are beautiful of form; the two noble youths full of force and vigor, their calm strength forming a striking contrast to the desperate but futile struggles of their captives. It is true that in neither the forms nor in the characters of the heads is there any suggestion of the antique, but rather of Flemish models; the beauty, the grandeur, and the entire freedom of the whole composition, however, place it on a plane with the best works of antique art."

CORONATION OF MARIE DE MÉDICIS — LOUVRE: PARIS

"THE large size of a picture," wrote Rubens in 1621, "gives us painters more courage to represent our ideas with the utmost freedom and semblance of reality. . . . I confess myself to be, by a natural instinct, better fitted to execute works of the largest size." "The correctness of this appreciation," says Henri Hymans, "he was very soon called upon to demonstrate most strikingly by a series of twenty-one pictures illustrating the life of Marie de Médicis, queen-mother of France. The series may be regarded as a poem in painting, and no person conversant with the literature of the time can fail to recognize that strange mixture of the sacred and the mythological in which the most admired authors of the seventeenth century delight. The sketches for all these paintings were made in the Antwerp studio, a

numerous staff of distinguished collaborators being intrusted with the final execution. But the master himself spent much time in Paris, retouching the whole work, which was completed within less than four years."

The one of the series here reproduced represents the coronation of Marie de Médicis, which took place at St. Denis in May, 1610, and marked the zenith of her adventurous life. Arrayed in a royal mantle of blue lined with ermine and embroidered with lilies, the queen kneels while the Cardinal de Joyeuse crowns her. Beside her stands the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIII.). The king himself observes the ceremony from a gallery, and in the background stand the ambassadors of foreign powers. In the upper part of the picture are two allegorical figures, one of which bears a palm-branch, while the other scatters flowers and gold-pieces.

"This work," writes Max Rooses, "is truly superb and demonstrates Rubens' inimitable talent for depicting pageants. Imposing groups, the most iridescent colors, brilliant lights, rich garments, and noble personages,—the regal magnificence of the scene and of the occasion,—all become material for decorative effect, blending into an harmonious and splendidly imposing spectacle."

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

THE famous Emperor of Austria, Maximilian I., who was for twenty-six years ruler of the Holy Roman Empire, and who introduced important changes into the civil and military administration of Germany, waged the unsuccessful war against the Swiss confederacy which resulted in the latter's independence, and, with Henry VIII. of England, gained the brilliant 'Battle of the Spurs' against the French, died fifty-eight years before Rubens was born. This picture of him is therefore to be considered only as a pure work of art; and as a luminous, dignified, decorative, and broad example of Rubens' later work. The Emperor, "clad in complete steel" embossed with golden ornaments, his morion set with gems, wound with a tricolored turban and surmounted with a jewelled crown, his jerkin emblazoned with heraldic designs, makes truly an imposing and splendid figure. Behind him on the right is a red curtain, and on the left the blue sky covered with light clouds. The picture is entirely by Rubens' own hand, and was painted about 1635.

A LION HUNT MUNICH GALLERY

"NOWHERE is Rubens' genius more superb, nowhere is he more himself," writes Émile Michel, "than when he is expressing such furious and dramatic scenes as this. Nothing could be more thrilling. The sight of it stirs the blood and quickens the pulse. Men and beasts are here engaged in a furious and desperate battle. Wounded by hunters, two lions such as the master loved to paint (no thin and languid captives of the menagerie, but the free and terrible beasts of the desert, of sudden catlike leaps, muscles of steel, fearful jaws and claws) have turned at bay, and furiously attack

the aggressors, while the latter, in mortal terror, thrust and pierce with lance and spear. It is a heart-stopping tumult,— rearing horses screaming with fear or pain, torn and bloody flesh, stretched sinews, faces distorted with effort, with terror, or the agony of death,— but beneath this apparent chaos we recognize the workings of a calm directing mind, which has foreseen and arranged every detail that could contribute to the full significance of the picture. On the right, where the main emphasis of the composition lies, strong values support the masses and concentrate the effect; skilfully distributed natural grays bring out the values of the scattered brighter tones; and the low horizon allows the turbulent silhouette to stand clear against the sky, greatly adding to the impression of the scene."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF RUBENS, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

RUBENS painted upwards of fifteen hundred pictures. To print a full catalogue of them in the present space would be a manifest impossibility, and only his more important works are mentioned below. The most complete list yet published is M. Max Rooses' 'L'Œuvre de P.-P. Rubens.'

AUSTRIA. PRAGUE, COUNT NOSTITZ'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Spinola — VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: St. Ambrose and Theodosius; Miracles of St. Frances Xavier; Miracles of St. Ignatius Loyola; St. Ildefonso Receiving a Chasuble from the Virgin (Plate IV); Head of Medusa; Offering to Venus; Four Quarters of the Globe; The Pelisse; Portrait of Rubens (Page 20); Infant Jesus and St. John; Cymon and Iphigenia; Emperor Maximilian I. (Plate IX); Charles the Bold — VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Erichthonius in his Cradle; Life of Decius Mus (series of six pictures); Rubens' Sons (Plate III); Six Portraits; Sketches for Henry IV. Gallery — VIENNA, ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS: Boreas and Orithyes; Tigress and her Young — BELGIUM. ALOST, CHURCH OF ST. ROCH: St. Roch Praying for the Plague-stricken — ANTWERP MUSEUM: The Crucifixion (Plate II); Adoration of the Magi; Communion of St. Francis; Education of the Virgin; 'Christ à la Paille' — ANTWERP, CATHEDRAL: Descent from the Cross (Plate I); Elevation of the Cross; Assumption of the Virgin — ANTWERP, CHURCH OF ST. JACQUES: Virgin and Saints — BRUSSELS MUSEUM: Adoration of the Magi; Ascent of Calvary; Martyrdom of St. Liévin; Portraits of Jean and Jacqueline de Cordes — BRUSSELS, ROYAL PALACE: Miracles of St. Benedict; St. Theresa — GHENT, CHURCH OF ST. BAVON: Conversion of St. Bavon — MECHLIN, CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME: Miraculous Draught of Fishes — MECHLIN, CHURCH OF ST. JEAN: Adoration of the Magi — DENMARK. COPENHAGEN MUSEUM: Portrait of Yrsselius — ENGLAND. COBHAM HALL, EARL OF DARNLEY'S COLLECTION: Thomyris and Cyrus — CORSHAM COURT, LORD METHUEN'S COLLECTION: Wolf and Fox Hunt — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Conversion of St. Bavon; Rape of the Sabines; 'Chapeau de Paille;' Autumn Landscape; Judgment of Paris — LONDON, WHITEHALL: Apotheosis of James I. — LONDON, GROSVENOR HOUSE: Abraham and Melchizedek; Israelites in the Wilderness; Evangelists — LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE: St. George; The Farm — OSTERLEY PARK, EARL OF JERSEY'S COLLECTION: Apotheosis of Buckingham — WARWICK CASTLE: Portrait of the Earl of Arundel — WINDSOR CASTLE: Portraits of Rubens and Isabella Brant; Winter Scene — FRANCE. BORDEAUX MUSEUM: Martyrdom of St. Just — GRENOBLE MUSEUM: St. Gregory with Other Saints — LILLE MUSEUM: Descent from the Cross; Death of Mary Magdalen — LILLE, CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE: Martyrdom of St. Catherine — LILLE, CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE: Adoration of the Shepherds — NANCY MUSEUM: Transfiguration — PARIS, LOUVRE: Lot's Flight; Adoration of the Magi; Crucifixion; Thomyris and Cyrus; Kermesse; Portrait of

Helena Fourment; A Tournament; Life of Marie de Médicis, a Series of Twenty-one Paintings, including the Coronation of Marie de Médicis (Plate VIII); Landscapes — PARIS, BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Helena Fourment; Rubens, Helena Fourment, and their Child — PARIS, BARON EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Plenty; Portraits of Clara Fourment and her Husband — PARIS, KANN COLLECTION: The Boar of Calydon; Sketch for Martyrdom of St. Liévin — VALENCIENNES MUSEUM: St. Stephen — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Raising of Lazarus; St. Sebastian; St. Cecilia; Neptune and Amphitrite; Perseus and Andromeda; Diana Hunting; Child of Rubens — CASSEL GALLERY: Flight into Egypt; Hero Crowned by Victory; Jupiter and Calisto; Diana Hunting; Virgin and Saints — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: St. Jerome; Drunken Hercules; Boar Hunt; Old Woman with Brazier; Several Portraits — MUNICH GALLERY: Battle of the Amazons; Castor and Pollux and the Daughters of Leucippus (Plate VII); Diana Sleeping; Faun and Satyr; Procession of Silenus; Fall of the Rebel Angels; Fall of the Damned; Two Pictures of the Last Judgment; Samson and Delilah; Defeat of Sennacherib; Susanna and the Elders; Christ and Repentant Sinners; Massacre of the Innocents; St. Christopher and the Hermit; The Dying Seneca; Children with Garland of Fruit (Plate VI); Rubens and Isabella Brant; Walk in the Garden; Four Portraits of Helena Fourment; Portrait of a Scholar; Portrait of Doctor van Thulden; A Lion Hunt (Plate X); The Rainbow; Cows in a Landscape; Sketches for the Médicis Pictures — HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: Portrait of Helena Fourment — THE HAGUE, GALLERY: Adam and Eve; Michæl Ophovius — ITALY. FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Holy Family with the Cradle; St. Francis; The Horrors of War; The Philosophers; Return from the Fields — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Venus and Adonis; Portrait of Isabella Brant; Two Portraits of Rubens; Battle of Ivry; Entry of Henry IV. into Paris — GENOA, ROSSO PALACE: Love and Wine — GENOA, CHURCH OF ST. AMBROGIO: Miracles of St. Ignatius Loyola; Circumcision — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: Last Supper — ROME, CAPITOLINE GALLERY: Romulus and Remus — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Herod's Banquet; Christ in the House of Simon; Descent from the Cross; Virgin and Child; Perseus and Andromeda; Venus and Adonis; Bacchanal; Bacchus; Portrait of Helena Fourment (Plate V); Portrait of Longueval; Sketches for Triumphal Entry of Archduke Ferdinand into Antwerp — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Adoration of the Magi; Repose in Egypt; Twelve Apostles; Sketches for the Triumph of the Eucharist; Diana and Calisto; Three Graces; Nymphs with Cornucopia; Garden of Love; Rudolph of Hapsburg and the Priest; Dance of Villagers; Nymphs and Satyrs; Judgment of Paris; Portrait of Marie de Médicis — SWEDEN. STOCKHOLM MUSEUM: Susanna and the Elders; Three Graces — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, ART MUSEUM: Portrait of Isabella Brant; Marriage of St. Catherine — CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Portrait of Spinola — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Return from Egypt; Susanna and the Elders; Portrait of a Man; Pyramus and Thisbe.

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Da Vinci

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

LEONARDO DA VINCI
PORTRAIT OF MON.
LOUVRE, PAR

M'qU

LEONARDO DA VINCI
THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS
LOUVRE, PARIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

Wau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

LEONARDO DA VINCI (?)
THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS
NATIONAL GALLERY, LOND

Non-U

ATTRIBUTED TO LEONARDO DA VINCI
PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN PRINCESS
AMBROSIAN LIBRARY, MILAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

NAU

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

LEONARDO DA VINCI
THE LAST SUPPER
SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE, MILAN

Mau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

LEONARDO DA VINCI
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
LOUVRE, PARIS

Mau

ATTRIBUTED TO LEONARDO DA VINCI
'LA BELLE FÉRONNIÈRE'
LOUVRE, PARIS

LEONARDO DA VINCI
ANGEL IN VEROCCHIO'S 'BAPTISM OF CHRIS"
ACADEMY, FLORENCE

Mau

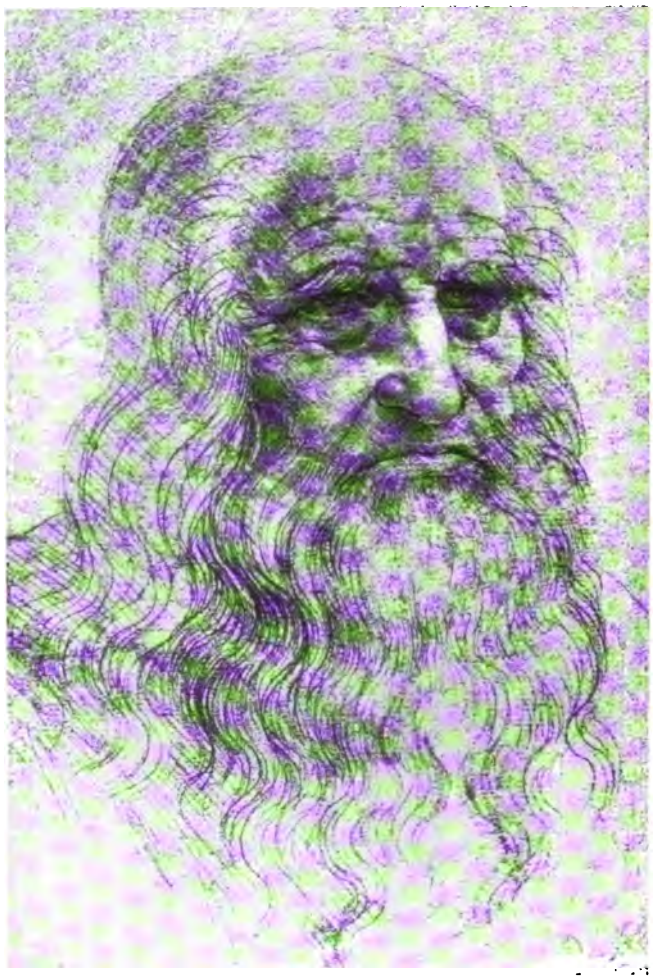
LEONARDO DA VINCI
ST. ANNE, THE VIRGIN, AND THE CHRIST CHI
LOUVRE, PARIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

Main

TOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

LEONARDO DA VINCI
ADORATION OF THE MAGI [UNFINISHED]
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO DA VINCI ROYAL LIBRARY, TURIN

It is regretable that we have no portrait of Leonardo in that wonderful youthful beauty which all his contemporaries agree to extol. "His figure," says the anonymous biographer, "was beautifully proportioned, he usually wore a rose-colored coat and long hose, and his hair fell in luxuriant curls as far as his waist." The only authentic likeness we have of him, however, is the red-chalk drawing here reproduced, executed by his own hand during the last years of his life, when the character of sage and philosopher had fully imprinted itself upon the majestic face.

MASTERS IN ART

Leonardo da Vinci

BORN 1452: DIED 1519
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

QUARTERLY REVIEW VOL. 190 [1899]

THE place which Leonardo da Vinci holds in the history of art must always be unique. He stands alone among the painters of the Renaissance, by reason not only of the rare perfection of the high intellectual qualities of his art, but of the extraordinary influence which he exerted upon his contemporaries, and the universal character of his genius. Never before or since in the annals of the human race has the same passionate desire for knowledge been combined with the same ardent love of beauty, never have artistic and scientific powers been united in the same degree as in this wonderful man. Painting was only one of the varied forms in which his activity was displayed. As sculptor, architect, and engineer Leonardo was alike illustrious in his day; as a philosopher and man of science he has been justly hailed as the precursor of Galileo, of Bacon, and of Descartes. Alexander von Humboldt proclaimed him to be the greatest physicist of the fifteenth century, the one man of his age who "united a remarkable knowledge of mathematics with the most admirable intuition of nature;" and scholars of our day have recognized in him — to use the words of Hallam — "a thinker who anticipated the grander discoveries of modern science."

Leonardo da Vinci was born in the year 1452, at Vinci, a fortified town half-way between Florence and Pisa. He was the natural son of Ser Piero Antonio da Vinci, a notary who soon acquired a connection in Florence, where he held important offices, and occupied a house on the Piazza San Firenze. There Leonardo lived until he was twenty-four years of age. As he grew up he attracted attention not only by his personal beauty and great strength, but also by his passion for learning. Music and mathematics were among his favorite studies, but he was still fonder of drawing and modelling. At fifteen he entered the studio of Andrea Verocchio, who, as the representative of the scientific school of Florentine artists, was well fitted to develop Leonardo's peculiar genius. Here the brilliant youth became a great favorite, both with his master and comrades, among whom were Perugino and Lorenzo di Credi. In 1472 his name was inscribed on the roll of the Painters' Guild,

and soon afterwards he received a pension from Lorenzo de' Medici. Through this influential patron he obtained a commission in 1478 to paint an altar-piece for the chapel of the Palazzo Vecchio, and in 1480 he signed a contract by which he agreed to complete another for the monks of San Donato. Neither of these pictures was ever executed; but the cartoon of the 'Adoration of the Magi,' which still hangs in the Uffizi, was probably a design for one of the two. . . .

In July, 1481, Leonardo was living in his own house in Florence. After that his name disappears from contemporary records; and it is not until 1487 that we find any mention of him again. By that time he was a painter and architect of great renown, and was living in Milan in the service of Lodovico Sforza. This silence of documents has given rise to all manner of strange theories accounting for Leonardo's occupations during the interim of five or six years. Dr. Richter ventured on the bold conjecture that the painter visited the East, and entered the service of the Sultan of Cairo as engineer; but this ingenious theory has been refuted by convincing arguments. In the absence of other documents we turn to the narrative of the Anonimo who wrote Leonardo's biography early in the sixteenth century. That writer tells us that when Leonardo was thirty years old he was sent to Milan by Lorenzo de' Medici, to bear a silver lute to his friend Lodovico Sforza. This would fix the date of Leonardo's arrival at the Milanese Court in 1482, or early in the following year.

Lodovico Sforza, from the moment of his accession to power in 1480, had determined to raise a colossal statue in memory of his father, the famous Duke Francesco. He had probably applied to his friend, Lorenzo de' Medici, for a sculptor who could execute the work, and it was then, no doubt, that Leonardo wrote the famous letter in which he offered his services to the duke, and proudly enumerated his different talents and capabilities. After dwelling on his capacity as military engineer and his ability to construct cannons and scaling-ladders, mortars and engines of beautiful and useful shape, he concludes: "In time of peace, I believe I can equal any one in architecture, in constructing public and private buildings, and in conducting water from one place to another. I can execute sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta; and in painting I can do as much as any other, be he who he may. Further, I could engage to execute the bronze horse in eternal memory of your father and the illustrious house of Sforza."

Lodovico soon recognized the rare genius of the young Florentine master, and manifold were the lines in which Leonardo's talents were employed during the sixteen years which he spent in the duke's service. But the equestrian statue was probably the first important commission which he received. Endless were the preparations which Leonardo made for this great task. He applied himself to an elaborate study of the structure and anatomy of the horse, and wrote a whole treatise on the subject. Unfortunately, he could not satisfy himself, and tried one design after another, without deciding upon any of them, until even the duke began to lose patience. Three years and a half later, however, at the wedding of Lodovico's niece Bianca, Leo-

nardo's model was sufficiently advanced to be placed on the piazza of the Castello, under a triumphal arch. Poets and chroniclers hailed the great statue as one of the wonders of the age. They compared Leonardo to Phidias and Praxiteles, and Lodovico to Pericles and Augustus. Luca Pacioli, the famous mathematician, tells us that the monument was twenty-six feet high, and when cast in bronze was expected to weigh 200,000 pounds. Unfortunately, by this time Lodovico's dominions were already threatened by foreign invaders, and financial difficulties put an end to his most cherished schemes. The statue was never cast, and after the fall of Lodovico and the occupation of Milan by the French, Leonardo's model was allowed to perish.

This statue was the chief, but by no means the only work to which Leonardo's time and labors were devoted during the first ten years of his residence at Milan. Whether in the capacity of architect or engineer, of painter or decorator, the Florentine master's services were in continual request. In 1487 he made a model for the cupola of Milan Cathedral. In 1490 he was summoned to Pavia, to give his opinion on the new Duomo in that city, but was hastily recalled to superintend the decorations of the ball-room in the Castello on the occasion of Lodovico's marriage. Later, he was appointed ducal engineer, and, if he did not actually have a share in the famous Martesana canal, he was no doubt consulted by the duke in the construction of the vast scheme of irrigation by which Lodovico fertilized the Lomellina. These varied occupations left Leonardo little time for painting; yet, during the years which he spent in Lodovico's service, several of his most important works of art were executed, and his famous treatise on painting was written. The one genuine easel-picture of this period which remains is 'The Virgin of the Rocks,' now in the Louvre. Further, in the last years of Lodovico's rule Leonardo painted the masterpiece of his life, 'The Last Supper,' in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie.

After the fall of Duke Lodovico, in 1499, Leonardo left Milan; and the next sixteen years of his life were spent in constant journeyings up and down Italy. During fifteen months he remained in Florence, working at a cartoon for the Servite monks, who had commissioned him to paint an altar-piece for their church of the Annunziata. "For a long time," says Vasari, "he kept them waiting and did nothing at all. At last he produced a cartoon with the Madonna, St. Anne, and the Christ, a work which not only filled all the artists with admiration, but brought a continuous procession of men and women, old and young, to the hall in the convent where it was exhibited. The whole town was stirred, and you might have fancied it was a procession on some solemn feast-day." It was without doubt this composition that he afterwards repeated in oils for Francis I., and which is now in the Louvre.

In July, 1502, we find Leonardo at Urbino, inspecting fortifications for Cæsar Borgia, who had taken him into his service as military engineer and architect. He travelled through Romagna, — "the realm of all stupidity," as he calls it in one passage, — sketching fortresses and drawing plans, and not-

ing any curiosities which he saw on his journey. But early in 1503 he was back in Florence, once more absorbed in the study of mathematics. In July he made elaborate plans for a canal between Pisa and Florence. In the following January he was present at the consultation held between the leading artists of the day, to decide upon the site for Michelangelo's statue of 'David.'

By this time both Leonardo and Michelangelo had been commissioned to prepare plans for the decoration of the Council Hall in the Palazzo Vecchio. The subject assigned to Leonardo was the battle between the Florentines and the Milanese at Anghiari in 1440; and the Signory agreed to pay him fifteen florins a month, on condition that his cartoon should be completed by the end of the following February. Throughout the autumn and winter Leonardo worked with unremitting ardor; and by February, 1505, the great cartoon was completed. The subject especially appealed to him, and the rivalry with Michelangelo impelled him to put forth all his powers. Unfortunately he had read of a recipe for a stucco ground employed by the ancient Romans, which he determined to try. But after devoting endless time and labor to the preparation of the wall in the Council Hall, and after painting the central group of horsemen fighting round the standard, Leonardo found that the substance was too soft and that his color began to run. This unhappy result filled him with disgust; and before long he gave up his task and abandoned the work in despair. Leonardo's failure in this case is the more lamentable because of the unanimous testimony borne by his contemporaries to the magnificence of his design. All alike dwell with enthusiasm on the heroic beauty of the armed warriors and the noble forms of the horses in the central group. In 1513 the Signory ordered a balustrade to be placed in the Council Hall "for the protection of the figures painted by Leonardo da Vinci on the wall." After that we hear no more of the painting, which was probably allowed to perish. Leonardo's cartoon was placed in the Pope's Hall, and that of Michelangelo was hung in the Medici Palace. Benvenuto Cellini saw them in 1559, and describes them as the school of the whole world. In the course of the next century both of these priceless works vanished, and to-day nothing remains to us of Leonardo's masterpiece but a few studies of separate groups and figures in different collections, and Rubens' sketch of the central group.

A better fortune has attended the other great creation of these last years of the painter's residence in his native city. This is the portrait, now in the Louvre, of 'Mona Lisa,' the fair Neapolitan wife of Francesco del Giocondo, magistrate and prior of Florence.

The bitter disappointment which Leonardo felt at the failure of his painting in the Palazzo Vecchio was increased by a vexatious lawsuit into which he was drawn, owing to the refusal of his half-brothers to allow him to share in his father's and uncle's inheritance; and just at this time, when worries and vexations weighed heavily upon his mind, the painter received an invitation to enter the service of the French king, Louis XII. In May, 1506, he went to Milan, then in the possession of the French, having ob-

tained three months' leave of absence from the gonfaloniere of Florence, Piero Soderini, and was once more employed on architectural and engineering works in Lombardy. But when the French viceroy in Milan, Charles d'Amboise, begged for an extension of the artist's leave, Soderini refused sternly. "Leonardo," he wrote, "has not treated the Republic well. He received a large sum of money, but has only made a beginning of the work which was entrusted to him. He has, in fact, acted like a traitor." The painter offered to return the money which he had received for the cartoon in the Palazzo Vecchio, but Soderini refused to take it; and when, in January, 1507, Louis XII. himself addressed a pressing letter to the Signory, begging that Leonardo might await his arrival in Milan, his request was granted.

In 1512 an unexpected change of fortune restored Lodovico's son, Maximilian Sforza, to the throne of his fathers. The French were driven out, but Leonardo remained in Milan until the following summer. Then the disturbed state of affairs sent him back to Florence; and in the following autumn he accompanied Giuliano de' Medici to Rome, to attend the coronation of his brother, the new pope, Leo X. There he received a cordial welcome from Pope Leo; but his sojourn in the Eternal City proved neither pleasant nor productive. Leonardo spent his time in anatomical studies, in vain attempts to realize his old dream of a flying-machine, and in writing a dissertation on the papal coinage. In fact, he did everything except work at his art. "Alas!" exclaimed Pope Leo, when he found the painter distilling herbs to make a new varnish, "this man will do nothing, for he thinks about finishing his picture before he begins it."

Tired of Rome, Leonardo's thoughts turned back to his old French patrons. Louis XII. was dead, but the new king, Francis I., was already well disposed in his favor; and when, in August, 1515, Francis entered Italy, Leonardo hastened to meet him at Pavia. The new monarch gave him a pension of seven hundred crowns, and treated him with the greatest honor. "King Francis," writes Cellini, "was passionately enamored of the great master's talents, and told me himself that never any man had come into the world who knew as much as Leonardo." Leonardo not only accompanied his new patron to Milan, but followed him to France in 1516; and settled at the Hôtel de Cloux, a manor-house between the royal palace and the town of Amboise. His faithful pupil Melzi accompanied him, and watched tenderly over the great man's declining years. But one picture of this period remains, — the 'St. Anne,' now in the Louvre.

Leonardo's health had begun to fail, and before long his right arm became paralyzed, but his powers of mind were still as active as ever. He sketched out plans for a new palace at Amboise, and devoted his attention to the construction of a canal near Romorantin, which should connect Touraine and the Lyonnais. But his strength gradually gave way. He could no longer paint, and soon gave up writing. The last entry in his note-book bears the date June 24, 1518. He lingered on through the next autumn and winter, until, on Easter eve, April 23, 1519, feeling his end to be drawing near, he

sent for a notary and dictated his will. Ten days afterwards, on the second of May, he died, and was buried in the royal chapel of St. Florentin, at Amboise.

The Art of Leonardo da Vinci

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

LEONARDO is the wizard or diviner; to him the Renaissance offers her mystery and lends her magic. Art and science were never separated in his work; and both were not unfrequently subservient to some fanciful caprice, some bizarre freak of originality. Curiosity and love of the uncommon ruled his nature.

"While he was a boy," says Vasari, "Leonardo modelled in terra-cotta certain heads of women smiling." When an old man, he left 'Mona Lisa' on the easel, not quite finished,—the portrait of a subtle, shadowy, uncertain smile. This smile, this enigmatic revelation of a movement in the soul, this seductive ripple on the surface of the human personality, was to Leonardo a symbol of the secret of the world, an image of the universal mystery. It haunted him all through his life, and innumerable were the attempts he made to render by external form the magic of this fugitive and evanescent charm. . . .

Leonardo's turn for physical science led him to study the technicalities of art with fervent industry. Whatever his predecessors had acquired in the knowledge of materials, the chemistry of colors, the mathematics of composition, the laws of perspective, and the illusions of chiaroscuro, he developed to the utmost. To find a darker darkness and a brighter brightness than had yet been shown upon the painter's canvas, to solve problems of foreshortening, to deceive the eye by finely graduated tones and subtle touches, to submit the freest play of form to simple figures of geometry in grouping, were among the objects he most earnestly pursued. Wherever he perceived a difficulty he approached and conquered it. Love, which is the soul of art—Love, the bond-slave of Beauty and the son of Poverty by Craft—led him to these triumphs.

Art, nature, life, the mysteries of existence, the infinite capacity of human thought, the riddle of the world, all that the Greeks called Pan, so swayed and allured him that, while he dreamed and wrought and never ceased from toil, he seemed to have achieved but little. The fancies of his brain were, perhaps, too subtle and too fragile to be made apparent to the eyes of men. He was wont, after years of labor, to leave his work still incomplete, feeling that he could not perfect it as he desired; yet even his most fragmentary sketches have a finish beyond the scope of lesser men. "Extraordinary power," says Vasari, "was in his case conjoined with remarkable facility, a mind of regal boldness, and magnanimous daring." Yet he was constantly accused of indolence and inability to execute. Often and often he made vast

preparations and accomplished nothing. It is well known how the prior of Santa Maria delle Grazie complained that Leonardo stood for days looking at his fresco, and for weeks never came near it; how the monks of the Annunziata at Florence were cheated out of their painting, for which elaborate designs had yet been made. A good answer to account for the delay was always ready on the painter's lips, as that the man of genius works most when his hands are idlest; Judas, sought in vain through all the thieves' resorts in Milan, is not found; "I cannot hope to see the face of Christ except in Paradise." "I can do anything possible to man," he wrote to Lodovico Sforza, "and as well as any living artist either in sculpture or painting;" but he would do nothing as task-work, and his creative brain loved better to invent than to execute. . . .

He set before himself aims infinite instead of finite. His designs of wings to fly with symbolize his whole endeavor. He believed in solving the insoluble; and nature had so richly dowered him in the very dawn-time of discovery that he was almost justified in this delusion. Having caught the Proteus of the world, he tried to grasp him; but the god changed shape beneath his touch. Having surprised Silenus asleep, he begged from him a song; but the song Silenus sang was so marvellous in its variety, so subtle in its modulations, that Leonardo could do no more than recall scattered phrases. His Proteus was the spirit of the Renaissance. The Silenus from whom he forced the song was the double nature of man and of the world.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER 'LEONARDO DA VINCI'

DA VINCI stands alone in the history of art, as one who both conceived and realized ideals which were wholly independent of the antique. In all his numerous writings he never quotes the antique as a means of instruction for the artist. Indeed, he only once mentions the "Graeci et Romani," and then merely as masters of the treatment of flowing drapery. He was the first who ventured to base all art instruction exclusively and entirely upon the study of nature; and it is not too much to say that in his genius the aims of his numerous predecessors culminate, making art no longer dependent upon tradition, but upon the immediate study of nature herself.

Unlike those ideals which contemporary artists set before them, he imparted to his figures a grace and a sensibility at once strange and unaccountable. None of his paintings awe one in the sense that do the powerful creations of Michelangelo, which as it were enthrall the soul. His charm is reserved for those who by deeper examination are enabled to discern and appreciate those subtle and hidden meanings with which his works are charged. Leonardo da Vinci's name has been and ever will be a popular one; his art can never be that; it is too lofty, too sublime.

WALTER PATER 'STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE RENAISSANCE'

IT is by a certain mystery in his work, and something enigmatical beyond the usual measure of great men, that Leonardo fascinates, or perhaps half repels. Curiosity and the desire of beauty — these are the two elementary

forces in his genius; curiosity often in conflict with the desire of beauty, but generating, in union with it, a type of subtle and curious grace.

The movement of the fifteenth century was twofold; partly the Renaissance, partly also the coming of what is called the "modern spirit," with its realism, its appeal to experience: it comprehended a return to antiquity, and a return to nature. Raphael represented the return to antiquity, and Leonardo the return to nature. In this return to nature, he was seeking to satisfy a boundless curiosity by her perpetual surprises, a microscopic sense of finish by her *finesse*, or delicacy of operation, that *subtilitas naturae* which Bacon notices. His observations and experiments fill thirteen volumes of manuscript; and those who can judge describe him as anticipating long before, by rapid intuition, the later ideas of science.

He who thus penetrated into the most secret parts of nature preferred always the more to the less remote, what, seeming exceptional, was an instance of law more refined, the construction about things of a peculiar atmosphere and mixed lights. In him first appears the taste for what is bizarre or *recherché* in landscape; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap-rock, which cut the water into quaint sheets of light — their exact antitype is in our own western seas; all the solemn effects of moving water. His landscape is the landscape, not of dreams or of fancy, but of places far withdrawn, and hours selected from a thousand with a miracle of *finesse*. Through Leonardo's strange veil of sight things reach him so; in no ordinary night or day, but as in faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water.

And not into nature only; but he plunged also into human personality, and became above all a painter of portraits: faces of a modelling more skilful than has been seen before or since, embodied with a reality which almost amounts to illusion, on dark air. To take a character as it was, and delicately sound its stops, suited one so curious in observation, curious in invention.

Sometimes this curiosity came in conflict with the desire of beauty; it tended to make him go too far below that outside of things in which art begins and ends. This struggle between the reason and its ideas, and the senses, the desire of beauty, is the key to Leonardo's life at Milan — his restlessness, his endless re-touchings, his odd experiments with color. How much must he leave unfinished, how much recommence! His problem was the transmutation of ideas into images. What he had attained so far had been the mastery of that earlier Florentine style, with its naïve and limited sensuousness. Now he was to entertain in this narrow medium those divinations of a humanity too wide for it, that larger vision of the opening world, which is only not too much for the great, irregular art of Shakespeare.

H. TAINE 'VOYAGE EN ITALIE'

THE world, perhaps, contains no example of a genius so universal as Leonardo's, so creative, so incapable of self-contentment, so athirst for the infinite, so naturally refined, so far in advance of his own and of subsequent ages. His countenances express incredible sensibility and mental

power; they overflow with unexpressed ideas and emotions. Alongside of them Michelangelo's personages are simply heroic athletes; Raphael's virgins are only placid children whose souls are still asleep. His beings feel and think through every line and trait of their physiognomy. Time is necessary to enter into communion with them; not that their sentiment is too slightly marked, for, on the contrary, it emerges from the whole investiture; but it is too subtle, too complicated, too far above and beyond the ordinary, too unfathomable and inexplicable. Their immobility and silence lead one to divine two or three latent thoughts and to suspect still others concealed behind the most remote; we have a confused glimpse of an inner and secret world, like an unknown delicate vegetation at the bottom of transparent waters.— FROM THE FRENCH.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER 'GUIDE DE L'AMATEUR AU MUSÉE DU LOUVRE'

NO painter is Leonardo da Vinci's superior. Raphael, Michelangelo, and Correggio may stand beside him on the mountain top; but none has ever scaled a loftier height. In respect of time the first of the great Florentines, it was he who led the way to that pitch of perfection which has never since been surpassed.

To be thus the leader and the unexcelled in art seems enough of glory; yet painting was but one of Leonardo's talents. So all-embracing was his genius, so endowed was he with every faculty, that he might have been equally great in any other domain of human effort. Not only was all the knowledge of the time his, but — a rarer quality — he had learned to look direct to nature, and to look with unclouded eyes.

If you would take the full measure of his genius, remember that he worked after no set pattern or model; that each of his productions was an exploration along a new line. He did not, like other painters, multiply his works; but once having attained the especial goal at which he aimed, once the especial ideal realized, he abandoned *that* pursuit forever. He was the man to make an immense number of studies for a single picture, never using them again, but passing on at once to some different exercise. The model made, he broke the mould. His search was ever for the rare, the fundamental. Thus he has left traces of his passage in every path of art; his foot has scaled all summits, but he seems to have climbed only for the mere pleasure of the ascent, and thereafter to have at once come down, in haste to attempt some other height. To make himself rich or famous by availing himself of any of the superiorities he had acquired was quite outside his desire; he labored only to prove to *himself* that he was superior. Having created the one most beautiful of portraits, the one most beautiful picture, the one most beautiful fresco, the one most beautiful cartoon, he was content, and gave his mind to other things,— to the modelling of an immense horse, to the building of the Naviglio canal, to the contriving of engines of war, to the invention of a diving-armor, flying-machines, and other more or less chimerical imaginations. He suspected the usefulness of steam, and predicted the balloon; he manufactured mechanical birds which flew and animals which walked. He made a

silver lyre fashioned in the shape of a horse's head, and played upon it exquisitely. He studied anatomy, and drew admirable myologies of which he made no use. He manufactured all the materials he used, even to his varnishes and colors. He was distinguished as a military and civil engineer, as a geologist, geographer, and astronomer; he rediscovered the principles of the lever and of hydraulics; he was a great mathematician and machinist, a physiologist, and a chemist. He invented many serviceable instruments that are still in use, like the saws employed to-day at the quarries of Carrara. He designed breech-loading cannon, and demonstrated the advantages of conical bullets. He invented the camera obscura. He planned the great works of engineering that have controlled the courses of the Arno and the Po. He walked beside the sea, and understood that the waters were composed of countless molecules. He watched the billows in their rhythmical advance, and comprehended that light and sound moved onward in succeeding waves. He looked into the heavens, and perceived that the world was not the centre of created things, forestalling the discovery of Copernicus; and he saw that the universe is held together by the attraction of gravitation. He knew that the tides obeyed the moon, and that the waters of the sea must rise highest at the equator. Long before Bacon he evolved a philosophy, looking to human experiences and to nature for all solution of his doubts.

And yet you will be strangely astray, if, knowing of all these attainments, you conceive him as a dry pedant, or bent alchemist, toiling in some airless laboratory-like studio. No man was ever more human, more lovable, or more fascinating than this same Leonardo da Vinci. He was witty, graceful, polished. His bodily strength was so great that he could bend an iron horseshoe like lead. His physical beauty was flawless,— the beauty of an Apollo. Great painter that he was, painting was but one among his splendid gifts. . . .

His ideal, though it had all the purity, all the grace and perfection, of the antique, is in sentiment wholly modern. He invented, or rather he discovered in nature, a beauty as perfect as was the beauty of Greece, and yet which has no link with it. He is the only painter who has known how to be beautiful without being antique. He expresses subtleties, suavities, elegancies, quite unknown to the ancients. The beautiful Greek heads are, in their irreproachable correctness, merely serene; those of Leonardo are sweet, but not from any weakness of soul — rather from a sort of indulgent and benign superiority. It seems as if spirits of quite another nature than our own look out at us from his canvases, through the eye-holes of the human physical mask, with something of pitying commiseration, and something like a hint of malice. And the smile, half voluptuous, half ironical, which floats evasively upon those flexible lips — who has ever yet deciphered the enigma of it? It mocks and fascinates, it promises and refuses, it intoxicates and makes afraid! Has such a smile ever really hovered on human lips, or was it caught from the face of that mocking sphinx who forever guards the Palace of the Beautiful?

Painter of the mysterious, the ineffable, the twilight, Leonardo's pictures may be compared to music in a minor key. Time, which has robbed other

ancient paintings of half their charm, has but added charm to his, by deepening the shadows in which the imagination loves to wander — shadows like veils, which half dissolve to show the vision of a secret thought; colors that are dead, like the colors of things in moonlight. Leonardo's figures seem to have come from some superior sphere to glance at themselves for a moment in a glass darkly, or rather, in a mirror of smoked steel, and, lo! their reflections, caught by some such subtle alchemy as that of the daguerreotype, remain forever fixed. Truly we have seen them before — not on this earth indeed; but perhaps in some far pre-existence of which they awaken the faint echo of a memory. — FROM THE FRENCH.

GEORGE B. ROSE 'RENAISSANCE MASTERS'

LEONARDO DA VINCI was the first perfect painter among the moderns. Compared with him his predecessors are all primitives. Between their art and his there yawns an immense chasm. They are striving, with doubtful success, to give tangible form to simple ideas; he bodies forth with consummate power thoughts too subtle and profound for vocal utterance. Childlike and sincere, their vision ranges over a narrow field, and depicts imperfectly the things that it beholds; while his powerful mind grasps the most hidden secrets of nature and of the human heart, and his wizard fingers transfer them to the canvas with unerring skill. They are still mediæval, while he is modern, belonging not to the past, but to our own and all succeeding generations. Their art is an attempt; his the perfection of achievement. They are fascinating by their immaturity; he by the plenitude of his power. They are suggestive because we seek to realize what they are trying to express; he is infinitely more so because he represents more than our minds can seize. We feel that he was familiar with all the thoughts that haunt us now, perhaps with some that will only come to our remote descendants. He was the first modern artist in whom absolute technical skill and a great creative mind went hand in hand, and in neither respect has he ever been surpassed.

No man has ever made greater changes in the technique of painting. Before his day men were content with line and color as the means of artistic utterance. He was the first to perceive that light and shade were equally important, and were capable of producing the most poetical and illusive effects. He did not invent chiaroscuro, but he was the first to handle it as a master. In his pictures lights and shadows are treated with all the truth of nature, and they are full of bewitching loveliness, of mystery and charm. His chiaroscuro is not brilliant like Correggio's, it is not full of luminous splendor like that of Rembrandt; but it is deep and true. He experimented much with pigments; and as the effect of time upon them could only be determined with the lapse of years, he fell into errors, never sufficiently to be deplored, the effects of which are only too visible in all his works, and which have lost for us 'The Last Supper' and the portion of 'The Battle of the Standard' that was executed upon the wall. To deepen his shadows he painted upon a sombre groundwork, and the pigment of this having come through, it has darkened all his pictures. . . .

Some complain of Leonardo that he enticed men from the pleasant paths of primitive art, so that after him it was impossible to paint with the old simple directness. The observation is just, but the reproach unfounded. A man who innovated so much as Leonardo, who converted the works of his predecessors into relics of the past, and lifted art to a higher and a broader plane, necessarily bore it away from many a sweet dell where at times we still delight to linger; but his services were none the less conspicuous. He did nothing to degrade art; he only exalted it to a perfection where certain charming qualities of the delicious primitives became impossible.

Leonardo is the most thoughtful of all painters, unless it be Albrecht Dürer. The mind and its infinite suggestions are his realm. With Raphael it is beauty and harmony; with Michelangelo it is passion and strength; with him it is thought and feeling — thought so deep that voice can never utter it, feelings so sensitively delicate, so preternaturally refined, that they elude our grasp; and he is full of all sorts of curious questionings, of intricate caprices mingled with sublime conceptions. No mind of power so versatile and penetrating was ever devoted to artistic effort. The time that he spent in scientific investigation has been regretted, but it was not lost, even to art. Had he been less intent to know the hidden mystery of things he might have produced more; but would it have been worth the smile of the 'Mona Lisa' or the faces of the London cartoon? His mind was too vast, too subtle, for him to be a largely creative artist. He saw too deeply into the essence of things to be content with facile hand to depict their surfaces. His visions were so beautiful that he despaired of giving them tangible shapes, and preferred to leave them in the realm of dreams. Perhaps he wished to do more than art could do, and so accomplished less than it might. But the little that we possess gives us a deeper insight into nature and the human heart than we should otherwise have had, and is as precious as it is rare.

The Works of Leonardo da Vinci

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

THERE remain in the world but five known pictures which are without dissent assigned to Leonardo da Vinci. So far as we know, no voice has yet been raised to question the authenticity of the ruined 'Last Supper,' the unfinished 'Mona Lisa,' and the but just begun 'Adoration of the Magi.' In addition to these are the cartoon study for the 'St. Anne' in Burlington House, London, and the barely outlined monochrome sketch of 'St. Jerome' in the Vatican Gallery. Endless controversy has raged and still rages over the authorship of the 'St. John,' the 'Virgin of the Rocks,' and the 'St. Anne,' in the Louvre, and the angel of Verocchio's 'Baptism,' in the Academy at Florence. The greater number of authoritative modern critics

are now, however, disposed to admit these as genuine; while, on the contrary, they consider that the 'Virgin of the Rocks' in the National Gallery, the 'Belle Féronnière,' in the Louvre, and the 'Portrait of an Unknown Princess,' in the Ambrosiana at Milan, are not Leonardo's work, although each of them has its stout partisans. Other paintings formerly attributed to Leonardo da Vinci seem to have no just claims to be reckoned as his work.

PORTRAIT OF MONA LISA — LOUVRE: PARIS

"FOR Francesco del Giocondo," wrote Vasari, "Leonardo undertook to paint the portrait of Mona Lisa, his wife; but, after loitering over it for four years, he finally left it unfinished. Mona Lisa was exceedingly beautiful, and while Leonardo was painting her portrait he took the precaution of keeping some one constantly near her to sing or play on instruments, or to jest and otherwise amuse her, to the end that she might continue cheerful." It was probably in 1500 that Leonardo began this, the most marvellous of all portraits, antique or modern.

"'La Gioconda' is," writes Walter Pater, "in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least. As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By means of what strange affinities had the person and the dream grown up thus apart, and yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeally in Leonardo's thought, dimly traced in the designs of Verocchio, she is found present at last in Il Giocondo's house.

"The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy; and, as St. Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands."

THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS — LOUVRE: PARIS

"HOW mysterious, how charming, and how strange," writes Théophile Gautier, "is this 'Virgin of the Rocks'! A kind of basaltic cave, in which flows a stream that through its limpid water shows the pebbles of its bed, shelters the holy group, while beyond, through the arched entrance to the grotto, lies a rocky landscape, sparsely set with trees, wherein a river runs; — and all of this is of such an indefinable color that it seems like those faint wonderlands through which we wander in our dreams. And the adorable Madonna, with the pure oval of her cheeks, her exquisite chin, her downcast eyes circled by a shadowy penumbra, on her lips that vague, enigmatic smile which Da Vinci loved to give the faces of his women, — she is a type all Leonardo's own, and recalls nothing of Perugino's Virgins or of Raphael's. The attendant angel has, perhaps, the finest head and the proudest that ever pencil traced on canvas. Half youth, half heavenly maid, she must belong to the highest order of heaven's hierarchy, with that face so pure, so ethereal in its loveliness, the omnipresent smile half hidden at the corner of her lips. Hers surpasses all human beauty, and her face seems rather that face of which men may only dream. The little St. John, whom the Virgin presents to the divine Child, kneels among delicate flowers on the sward; while the latter, with upraised fingers, blesses him. Nothing could be more admirable than the foreshortening of the two tender little crouching bodies, nothing more finely modelled than the little limbs, with their infinitely delicate gradations of shadow. The coloring of the picture, though time has blackened it, still keeps a subtle harmony, more in accord, perhaps, with the subject than fresher and brighter tones. The colors have faded in such perfect accord that there results a sort of neutral tone, abstract, ideal, mysterious, which shrouds the forms as if with some unearthly veil."

THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS — NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

THOUGH very similar in general effect, 'The Virgin of the Rocks' in the National Gallery differs from that in the Louvre in one important particular. In the former the angel does not look directly out of the picture nor point to the infant Baptist. The ill-drawn gilt nimbuses over the heads of the three principal figures, as well as the clumsy reed cross which rests on St. John's shoulder, are additions of a comparatively late period, probably of the seventeenth century, and the right hand of the Virgin has been coarsely repainted. In general the National Gallery picture is softer in outline and less severe.

There has been almost unending controversy as to which of the two pictures is by the hand of Leonardo; but the weight of criticism is now in favor of the hypothesis that the Louvre picture is the original, and that 'The Virgin of the Rocks' in the National Gallery is a replica, probably painted under the master's supervision and perhaps in his studio. A recent writer in 'The Quarterly Review' has summed up the conclusions with which most critics now agree. "There can be little doubt," he says, "that in the

Louvre 'Virgin' we have the original altar-piece, which Leonardo executed about 1490, or even earlier, for the chapel of the Conception in San Francesco at Milan, and which he asked the duke's leave to retain, seeing that another patron had offered to give one hundred florins for the picture, while the friars refused to pay more than twenty-five. The painter's request, we can well believe, was readily granted, and his picture became the property of some munificent patron, from whom it passed into the collection of Francis I. at Fontainebleau. The replica in the National Gallery was perhaps painted by Ambrogio de Predis, — who had already agreed to execute the angels on the wings of the altar-piece, — and was substituted for the master's original work. It hung over the altar of the Francescan church until the year 1777, when it was bought by Gavin Hamilton for thirty ducats, and brought to England. The smallness of the sum is the best proof that the picture was not regarded as a genuine Leonardo, since the great master's works were held in the highest estimation at Milan, and Charles I. had vainly offered three hundred ducats for any one of his manuscripts in that city. Moreover, a series of original drawings at Windsor and Paris, including the heads of the children, and the angel with the outstretched finger, bear witness to the genuineness of the Louvre picture, and the finer and more delicate quality of the painting reveals the master's hand; while the slight alterations and improvements in the composition of the National Gallery group afford a further proof that it was a later work, probably executed under Leonardo's eye."

On the other hand, Mündler, Springer, Walter Armstrong, Sidney Colvin, and other eminent critics are strong in the belief that the National Gallery 'Virgin' is by Leonardo's own hand.

PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN PRINCESS AMBROSIAN LIBRARY: MILAN

FOR a long time this exquisite picture was considered to be Leonardo's portrait of Princess Beatrice d'Este, wife of Lodovico Sforza, Duke of Milan. Morelli was the first critic to doubt the authenticity of the work, and his opinion has been endorsed by Frizzoni, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Berenson, Woltmann and Woermann. On the other hand Rumohr, Mündler, Brun, Burckhardt, and Müntz believe that the picture is by Leonardo's own hand; and the controversy still continues. Dr. Bode, who has devoted much study to the picture, is convinced of its authenticity, although he has proved that it represents neither Beatrice d'Este, nor, as later critics believed, Bianca Maria Sforza, wife of the Emperor Maximilian. "It is," writes Burckhardt, "beyond all description beautiful; and of a perfection in the execution which, even if it does not show all the characteristics of Leonardo's hand, excludes the possibility of any other authorship."

The princess wears a red bodice, in harmony with her chestnut hair, which is drawn down along her cheeks, and fastened under a pearl embroidered net. "The whole work," says Müntz, "breathes an air of youth, of tender grace, and of freshness that none but Leonardo could have imparted to it."

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST — LOUVRE: PARIS

IN all probability a genuine work, this picture, once in the collection of Francis I., has darkened greatly, and bears signs of having been repainted in some parts; but the delicacy and refinement of modelling in the face, and the characteristic and subtle type of beauty, could have come from Leonardo's hand alone.

"Surely this enigmatic figure, glowing suddenly out of the profoundest shadow, whose face wears an expression half voluptuous, half sardonic, and altogether disturbing and impenetrable," writes Théophile Gautier, "cannot, in spite of the cross of reeds and the heaven-pointing finger, be the ascetic hermit of the Scriptures, whose loins were bound with hides, and whose meat was locusts and wild honey. Nay, rather is he one of those decayed gods, Pan, perhaps, that Heine tells us of, who, to maintain themselves after the fall of paganism, took employment in the new religion. He makes the accustomed gesture indeed, but he knows more secret rites, and smiles his subtle smile at those whom he would take into his confidence."

THE LAST SUPPER [1] — SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE: MILAN

"MOST important of all Leonardo's works," write Woltmann and Woermann, "is 'The Last Supper.' Painted within a few years of the end of the fifteenth century, in oils, on a wall in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, it cast everything that art had up to then produced altogether into the shade. What now remains is but the pale ghost of what the picture originally was; for Leonardo's attempt to apply the technique of oil-painting to wall decoration on so vast a scale has been fatal; and as early as 1566 Vasari speaks of the work as a ruin. Moreover, it has suffered every kind of damage; a door was cut through it in the seventeenth century, over which an escutcheon was nailed to the wall, and in the eighteenth a bungling restorer continued the work of destruction. The *coup de grâce* was given during Napoleon's invasion, when the hall was put to every variety of base use. At last came a time of more intelligent restoration, and the defaçements of later painters, at any rate, were removed. At the present time, in spite of its deplorable condition, the spectator cannot fail to be struck by the grandeur of the figures — almost twice the size of life — and by the sculpturesque simplicity of the composition."

"It is the first masterpiece of the perfected Renaissance," writes Symonds. "Other painters had represented the Last Supper as a solemn prologue to the Passion, or as the mystical inauguration of the greatest Christian sacrament; but none had dared to break the calm of the event by dramatic action. The school of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, Perugino, even Signorelli, remained within the sphere of symbolical suggestion; and their work gained in dignity what it lost in intensity. Leonardo combined both. He under-

[1] The negative from which our engraving of this picture is made has been carefully retouched to hide the scaling of plaster from the wall, and to partially restore some of the darkened lights. Therefore, though faithful in general effect, it gives a less ruinous impression than does the original.

took to paint a moment, to delineate the effect of a single word upon twelve men seated at a table, and to do this without sacrificing the tranquillity demanded by ideal art, and without impairing the divine majesty of Him from whose lips that word has fallen. The ideal representation of a dramatic moment, the life breathed into each part of the composition, the variety of the types chosen to express the varieties of character, and the scientific distribution of the twelve apostles in four groups of three around the central Christ, mark the appearance of a new spirit of power and freedom in the arts. What had hitherto been treated with religious timidity, with conventional stiffness, or with realistic want of grandeur, was now humanized, and at the same time transported into a higher intellectual region; and though Leonardo discrowned the apostles of their aureoles, he for the first time in the history of painting created a Christ not unworthy to be worshipped as the *praesens Deus*."

LA BELLE FÉRONNIÈRE — LOUVRE: PARIS

"OF works ordinarily claimed for Leonardo," writes Sidney Colvin, "the best and nearest to his manner, if not actually his, is the portrait known as 'La Belle Féronnière.'" This picture, formerly believed without question to be the work of Leonardo, has of recent years been the subject of much controversy among the critics, of whom Morelli, Frizzoni, Richter, Armstrong, Berenson, and others see in it no mark of Leonardo's hand; while Müntz, Rosenberg, Lübke, Brun, Gruyer, and others uphold the authorship of that master. Conjectures as to the identity of the person represented have also been numerous. That the lady was the wife of the French advocate Féron, a theory which won for the picture the title by which it is still known, is no longer credited. According to some critics, the portrait is a likeness of Isabella of Mantua; according to others it represents a Milanese lady, Lucrezia Crivelli by name.

Although disfigured by cracks and injured by repainting, the picture still possesses great charm. "It has all the freshness and simplicity of the primitives," writes Müntz, "with an added grace and liberty." Rosenberg, who gives the picture unreservedly to Leonardo, assigning it to the early part of the master's stay in Milan, reasons that, "notwithstanding a certain sharpness in the modelling, and notwithstanding that it shows no sign of that celebrated *sfumato* of Leonardo's, — the blending of colors and dissolving of outlines in a vaporous light, — if we think not of Leonardo as he was in later days, but only of those who were his contemporaries when this picture was painted, it will be difficult to name any who could have so fathomed the human soul and caused it to speak through the eyes as Leonardo has succeeded in doing in this portrait."

ANGEL FROM VEROCCHIO'S 'BAPTISM' — ACADEMY: FLORENCE

IN the year 1470, or 1472, when Leonardo was but eighteen or twenty years of age, Vasari tells us that he painted "an angel holding some vestments" in Verocchio's picture of the 'Baptism of Christ,' and that "al-

though but a youth, he completed the figure in such a manner that the angel was much better than the portion executed by his master, which caused the latter never to touch colors more." The last part of this story is certainly exaggerated, and probably false; but no one who has seen Leonardo's angel — "a space of sunlight in the cold, labored old picture," as Walter Pater calls it — can doubt that the marked ability of the pupil must have forcibly struck Verocchio, and that Leonardo's youthful work influenced, although it assuredly did not discourage, the older master.

A few authorities, Richter among them, believe that more than the left-hand kneeling angel in this picture was Leonardo's work, because much of it is painted in oils, while Verocchio's medium was tempera; but the majority of critics still consider that Leonardo's share in the work was confined to the figure assigned to him by Vasari.

ST. ANNE, THE VIRGIN, AND THE CHRIST-CHILD — LOUVRE: PARIS

"THIS picture, which represents the Virgin, the young Christ, and St. Anne (usually called merely the 'St. Anne'), is a work of singular nobility, of the most idyllic poetry, and of splendid virtuosity," writes Gruyer; "but one in which Leonardo, as in his picture of 'St. John the Baptist' has ruthlessly sacrificed religious conventions. What would Fra Angelico have thought of it? Seated on the knees of St. Anne, her mother, the Virgin leans towards Christ, who holds a lamb by both ears, attempting, with a most charmingly childlike action, to bestride it. His figure may possibly have been painted by a pupil or by an imitator; it is unfinished, but there are weak points in the technical execution. With St. Anne and the Virgin the case is quite different, for into these figures Leonardo has put all his genius, and in them the interest of the picture centres. One is the mother of the other; but Leonardo chose to represent them both as young with the same youth, beautiful with the same haunting beauty, and no logical objections prevented his carrying out this design. The pure loveliness and harmony of the two figures is enthralling. They are both enchantresses, dowered with a strange, mysterious and sensuous beauty that seems made up of light and shade,— pure spirit, with no admixture of human clay. Nowhere more fully than in the Virgin's face has the master expressed that seductive and profane loveliness which haunted his own visions. The landscape which serves as a background to the figures — a landscape of strewn rocks and water and purple distances hemmed in by azure mountains with the rugged and broken outlines that he loved — adds an ineffable something to their mystery, and their grandeur."

ADORATION OF THE MAGI — UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

THIS unfinished work is generally believed to be the altar-piece which Leonardo was commissioned by the monks of San Donato at Scopeto to paint for their church, on condition that it should be finished within two years and a half. As Leonardo failed to comply with this condition, the work was intrusted to Filippino Lippi.

A writer in 'The Athenæum,' in describing the study, says, "There are few pictures that awaken more ardent curiosity in the student of painting than this panel. Little more than a dark monochrome, at first glance almost chaotic, and with many of the figures veiled in obscurity, it is without any of the alluring qualities which solicit popular attention. The figures are firmly outlined with a pen, and the shadows rubbed in with umber. Only a portion of the background — the sky and some foliage — is commenced in solid pigments, but Leonardo's dramatic conception fortunately remains in all its force and intensity. He has placed the Virgin, holding the Saviour in her arms, in the centre of the panel and in the immediate foreground. A choir of angels lean over the grassy bank behind her. On either side two compact groups of men press forward towards the Child. There is no stable nor manger, but in the background are antique ruins, with large flights of steps, and on these are groups of armed men. Other groups of horsemen, dimly apparent behind the principal figures, are in violent action, and really anticipate the composition of 'The Battle of the Standard,' designed more than twenty years later."

THE PAINTINGS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Portrait of Mona Lisa (Plate I); St. John the Baptist (Plate VI); Virgin of the Rocks (Plate II); St. Anne, the Virgin, and the Christ-child (Plate IX) — ITALY. FLORENCE, ACADEMY: Angel in Verocchio's 'Baptism' (Plate VIII) — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Adoration of the Magi (Plate X) — MILAN, STA. MARIA DELLE GRAZIE: The Last Supper (Plate V) — ROME, VATICAN GALLERY: St. Jerome.

PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS ASCRIBED TO LEONARDO DA VINCI

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Portrait of a Young Woman — ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Virgin of the Rocks (Plate III) — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: 'La Belle Féronnière' (Plate VII); Annunciation; Bacchus — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: The Resurrection — ITALY. FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Portrait of a Jeweller; 'La Monaca' — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Annunciation — MILAN, AMBROSIAN LIBRARY: Portrait of an Unknown Princess (Plate IV); Portrait of a Man — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Litta Madonna.

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Dürer

GERMAN SCHOOL

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

ALBRECHT DÜRER
STEPHAN PAUMGÄRTNER
LEFT WING OF THE PAUMGÄRTNER ALTAR-PIECE
MUNICH GALLERY

ALBRECHT DÜRER
STEPHAN PAUMGÄRTNER
LEFT WING OF THE PAUMGÄRTNER ALTAR-PIECE
MUNICH GALLERY

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

ALBRECHT DÜRER
CHRIST ON THE CROSS
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

Mail

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III
PHOTOGRAVURE BY BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

ALBRECHT DÜRER
PORTRAIT OF HANS IMHOF THE ELDE
PRADO, MADRID

Mac U

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

ALBRECHT DÜRER
MADONNA OF THE FI[illegible]
BERLIN GALLE[illegible]

Mau

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. A. STEIN

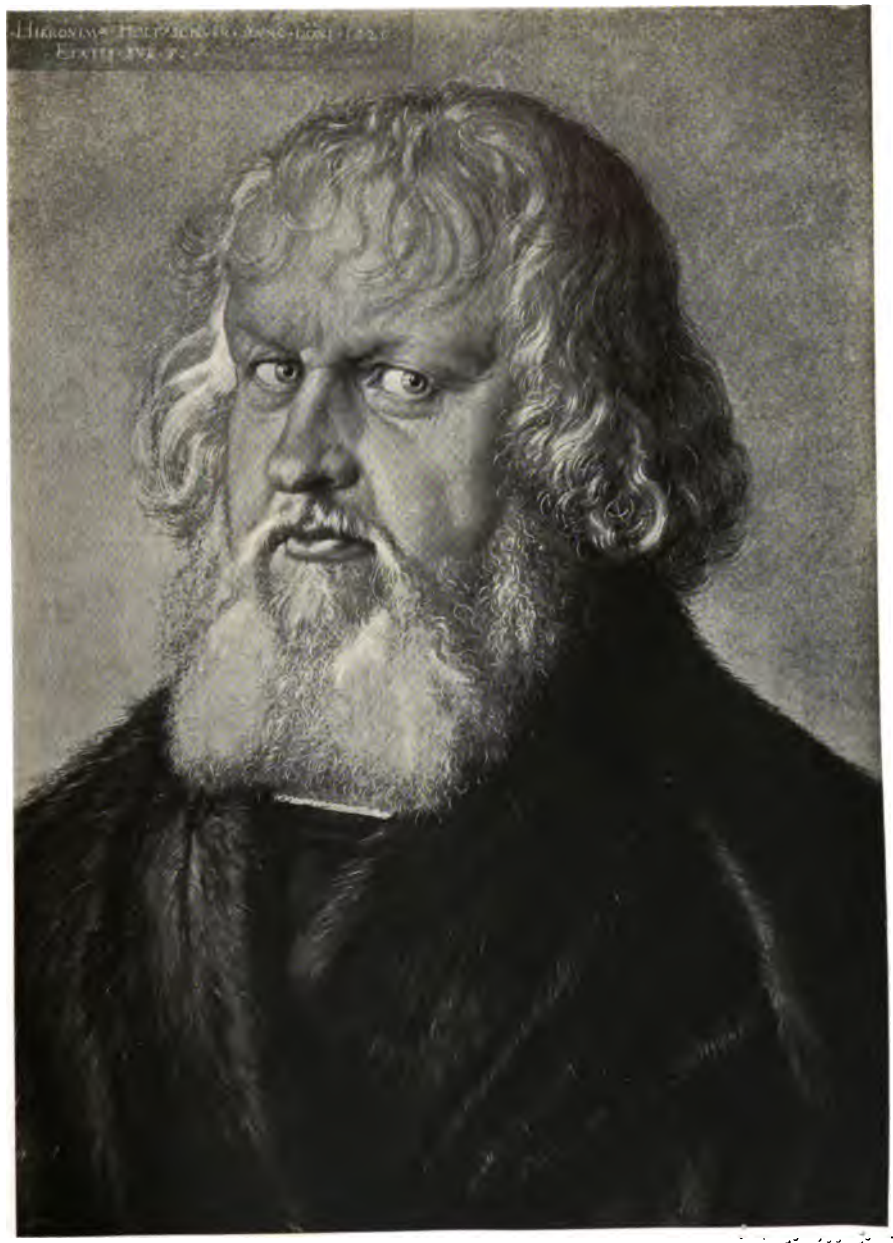
ALBRECHT DÜRER
FEAST OF THE ROSE GARLANDS
MONASTERY OF STRAHOW, PRAGUE

Mau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

ALBRECHT DÜRER
MADONNA OF THE CUT PEAR
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

Mail



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

ALBRECHT DÜRER
PORTRAIT OF HIERONYMUS HOLZSCHUHER
BERLIN GALLERY

ALBRECHT DÜRER
ADORATION OF THE TRINITY BY ALL SAINTS
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

Mau

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

ALBRECHT DÜRER
ADORATION OF THE MAGI
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

NOT FOR LOAN

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

ALBRECHT DÜRER
THE FOUR APOSTLES
ST. JOHN AND ST. PETER — ST. MARK AND ST. PAUL
MUNICH GALLERY

PORTRAIT OF DÜRER BY HIMSELF MUNICH GALLERY

Dürer was not ignorant of the comeliness of his person, and, like Rembrandt, took delight in painting his own likeness. The best of his portraits, which is here reproduced, was painted when he was about thirty-three years old. The noble oval of the countenance, the full, clear-cut lips and the steadfast, penetrating gaze bear out Camerarius' description, while the arrangement of hair and beard show that Dürer perceived his own resemblance to the ideal type of Christ. The wrongly dated inscription has been added by another hand, and the whole work is but ill preserved.

Albrecht Dürer

GERMAN SCHOOL
BORN 1471: DIED 1528

ALBRECHT DÜRER, the artist who best typifies the art of Germany, was born at Nuremberg on the twenty-first of May, 1471. His father had belonged to an Hungarian family living in the little village of Eytas; but the elder Dürer quitted his native Hungary in early youth, and journeyed into the Netherlands, where the famous masters of Bruges taught him their delicate art of goldsmith work. In 1455 he left the Netherlands and went to Nuremberg, where he engaged himself to a master-goldsmith named Holper, whose young daughter Barbara he married in 1467, becoming at the same time a burgher and master-goldsmith in that city.

Albrecht was the third of eighteen children born to this estimable couple. Almost all that we know of his youth he himself tells us in the brief family chronicle which he compiled in later life.

"My dear Father," he writes, "was very careful with his children to bring them up in the fear of God; for it was his highest wish to train them well, that they might be pleasing in the sight both of God and man. Wherefore his daily speech to us was that we should love God and deal truly with our neighbors.

"And my Father took special pleasure in me, because he saw that I was diligent in striving to learn. So he sent me to the school, and when I had learned to read and write he took me away from it, and taught me the goldsmith's craft. But when I could work neatly, my liking drew me rather to painting than to goldsmith's work, so I laid it before my Father; but he was not well pleased, regretting the time lost while I had been learning to be a goldsmith. Still he let it be as I wished, and in 1486 (reckoned from the birth of Christ), on St. Andrew's day, my Father bound me apprentice to Michael Wolgemut, to serve him three years long. During that time God gave me diligence so that I learned well, but I had much to suffer from his lads."

In a later paragraph he continues: —

"When I had finished my learning, my Father sent me off, and I stayed away four years till he called me back again. As I had gone forth in the year 1490 after Easter, so now I came back again in 1494, after Whitsuntide."

This is all the knowledge we possess of Dürer's *Wanderjahre*, nor is it possible to add much to this meagre record from other sources. It is probable that he made a tour through Germany, and it has been stated, though there is no conclusive evidence to support the theory, that he crossed the

Alps and passed some time in Italy. But wherever he went during this four-year period, he returned to Nuremberg in May, 1494; and two months later, as he himself laconically enough informs us, a noteworthy event in his life took place. He writes: —

"When I returned home Hans Frey treated with my Father, and gave me his daughter, Mistress Agnes by name, and with her he gave me 200 florins, and we were wedded; it was on Monday before Margaret's, in the year 1494."

In all his records and journals thereafter, Dürer only occasionally alludes, and then in the briefest manner, to his wife; but it is traditional that his married life was far from being happy. Professor Thausing has, however, proved that the tradition rests solely upon a letter written after Dürer's death by his friend, the rich, learned, and influential town councillor of Nuremberg, Wilibald Pirkheimer, in which Pirkheimer says: —

"In Albrecht Dürer I have lost the best friend I ever had on earth; and nothing grieves me more than that he should have died so cruel a death. I can ascribe it to no one but his wife (after the decree of God), for she so gnawed into his heart and to such a degree tormented him that he departed hence sooner than he would have done. He dared never seek for amusement or go into company, for she was always uneasy, though there was no need for her to be so. She watched him day and night, drove him to work hard for this reason alone, that he might earn money and leave it to her when he died. For she always thought she was on the borders of ruin, as, for the matter of that, she does still, though Albrecht left her property worth as much as six thousand florins. But there! nothing was enough, and in fact she alone is the cause of his death. She was the enemy of all who were kindly disposed to her husband and fond of his society; and this indeed was a great trouble to Albrecht and brought him to his grave."

Pirkheimer was angry with Agnes when he wrote this letter because she had given away "for a mere trifle" a fine pair of stag's horns and many other beautiful things of Dürer's which he had very much desired; but it is difficult, even under these circumstances, to believe with Thausing that the marriage was a congenial one.

Up to the time of his death in 1502, the young couple lived with Dürer the elder. They then set up for themselves, and later took the widowed mother to live with them until her death, in 1514. With his marriage and settlement in Nuremberg, Dürer's life as a master-painter began; and from this time until 1505, when he journeyed into Venice, is a clearly defined epoch, during which his first important works were produced and his style and ideas assumed definite form. He set up a studio, and had pupils to assist him in his work; for early artists "were no more supposed to paint all the pictures they sold than was a saddler to make all the harnesses in his shop. Both were responsible for the quality of the work turned out, but there their functions might end." His first painting of importance, 'The Adoration of the Magi,' dated 1504, now in Florence, was executed during this period. It is not, however, the pictures that Dürer painted at this time so much as his engravings upon copper and wood that are most worthy of mention.[1] By far the most important of these is the series of fifteen woodcuts illus-

[1] Dürer's engravings on wood and copper will be illustrated in a future number of Masters in Art.

trating the Apocalypse, which in conception, in design, and in skill of execution marks an epoch in the history of wood-engraving.

In 1505 a pestilence visited Nuremberg, and Dürer, borrowing money for the journey from his friend Pirkheimer, left home and travelled to Venice. Vasari states that he went thither to defend his rights against a certain Italian engraver, Marco Antonio, who was copying his plates and monogram; for his wonderful engravings had already penetrated to Italy, and had spread his fame beyond the Alps until it had come to the ears of Raphael, among others, who, a few years later, exchanged drawings with him. That the piracy of his works was the motive which induced Dürer to go to Venice is, however, unlikely; for this piracy, though carried on to a large extent by Antonio and others at a later period, had as yet scarcely begun. It may have been the unhealthiness of Nuremberg, or because of straitened circumstances that Dürer undertook the journey; but it is more probable that before starting he had received a commission from the German merchants resident in Venice for a picture to adorn their church adjoining their new Hall of Exchange, — the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, — upon the decoration of which Titian and Giorgione were employed. At any rate, if he had not received this commission before starting he received it soon after his arrival, and began his work in Venice upon the splendid picture known as the 'Feast of the Rose Garlands,' now in Prague.

If Dürer did not arrive in Venice as a great man, he came, at least, as one not unknown, and it is clear that his presence in Italy created no slight sensation. The main knowledge which we have of his sojourn there is derived from nine letters which, during his two years' stay, he wrote to his friend Pirkheimer. We can give no better idea of his work and his reception among the Venetians than to quote here a few brief extracts from these letters: —

"How I wish you were here at Venice! There are so many good fellows among the Italians who seek my company more and more every day — which is very pleasing to one — men of sense and knowledge, good lute-players and pipers, judges of painting, men of much noble sentiment and honest virtue, and they show me much honor and friendship. On the other hand, there are also amongst them some of the most false, lying, thievish rascals: I should never have believed that such were living in the world. If one did not know them one would think them the best the earth could show. For my own part, I cannot help laughing at them whenever they talk to me. They know that their knavery is no secret, but they don't mind."

"Amongst the Italians I have many good friends who warn me not to eat and drink with their painters. Many of them are my enemies, and they copy my work in the churches and wherever they can find it; and then they revile it and say that the style is not *antique* and so not good. But Giovanni Bellini has highly praised me before many nobles. He wanted to have something of mine, and himself came to me and asked me to paint him something, and he would pay well for it. And all men tell me what an upright man he is, so that I am really friendly with him. He is very old, but is still the best painter of them all."

"I have such a throng of Italians about me that at times I have to shut myself up. The nobles all wish me well, but few of the painters. . . . I have declined much work

in order that I may come home. I have stopped the mouths of all the painters who used to say that I was good at engraving but, as to painting, I did not know how to handle my colors. Now every one says that better coloring they have never seen. My French mantle greets you and my Italian coat also."

"In reply to your question when I shall come home, I tell you that I shall have finished here in ten days; after that I should like to ride to Bologna to learn the secrets of the art of perspective, which a man is willing to teach me. I should stay there eight or ten days and then return to Venice. After that I shall come with the next messenger. How I shall freeze after this sun! Here I am a gentleman, at home only a hanger-on!"

Dürer's picture the 'Feast of the Rose Garlands' made such a sensation that the Venetian senate offered to appoint him to a sinecure post with a salary of two hundred ducats a year if he would take up his abode in their city; but he did not accept the offer, and in 1507 returned to Nuremberg.

With his return to his native town the second epoch in Dürer's career begins. During his stay abroad he had acquired something of the suavity of Venetian art without abandoning his native characteristics. Among the memorable pictures of this time are 'Adam and Eve,' 'The Martyrdom of Ten Thousand Christians,' 'The Assumption of the Virgin' (destroyed by fire in 1674), and the splendid 'Adoration of the Trinity' in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna. Besides painting, he was engaged upon various series of woodcuts; and indeed this branch of his activity proved so much more fruitful to him financially that he repeatedly threatened in his letters to abandon his brush altogether. Amongst the engravings executed at this period should be mentioned 'The Life of the Virgin,' a series of twenty cuts; the series known as 'The Great Passion,' twelve cuts; and 'The Little Passion,' containing thirty-seven cuts. His copper plates were, however, still more extraordinary. Amongst them may be named as perhaps the best, 'Death's Coat of Arms,' 'Prodigal Son,' 'Adam and Eve,' 'The Nativity,' 'The Knight, Death, and the Devil,' 'Melancholia,' 'St. Jerome in his Chamber,' 'The Great Fortune,' 'St. Eustace,' and the beautiful series known as 'The Passion in Copper.'

In the year 1512 the Emperor Maximilian visited Nuremberg, and his visit introduced a new factor into Dürer's life, for he commissioned the artist to execute an immense work in wood-engraving in two parts, one 'The Triumphal Arch of the Emperor Maximilian,' composed of ninety-two blocks, the prints of which when joined together were to form one enormous woodcut, ten and one-half feet high and nine feet wide, and the other an allegory called 'The Triumphal Car of the Emperor Maximilian.' In return for these and other services, the emperor granted him a pension of one hundred florins a year, to be paid out of the city taxes of Nuremberg.

Proud of the fact that their painter stood high in the imperial favor, the council of Nuremberg sent Dürer to Augsburg in the company of two representatives of the city to attend the Diet held there in 1518. This enabled him to discuss with the emperor various matters of detail in connection with the large woodcuts, on which he had now been working for some years. It was at this time that he drew the charcoal portrait of Maximilian from which the oil-painting now in Vienna was afterwards made. By command of

the emperor, the council of Nuremberg was ordered to pay "Albrecht Dürer, our painter, so dear and faithful to our person and empire," a sum of two hundred florins independently of his regular yearly pension; but owing to Maximilian's sudden death, which occurred in 1519, this extra sum was never paid; and Dürer, anxious to secure if possible from the new emperor, Charles V., at any rate a confirmation of his pension, and hearing that Charles was to be in the Netherlands before his coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, set out for that country on July twelfth, 1520.

"On Thursday after Kilian's," he wrote in his journal, "I, Albrecht Dürer, at my own charges and costs, took myself and my wife and maid Susanna away to the Netherlands."

He travelled from city to city, selling his prints to defray expenses, for a period of one year. His diary is the chief source of our knowledge of his doings. From it we learn that he was everywhere received with marks of honor and respect. Immediately upon his arrival in Antwerp, then the most important city of the Netherlands and the centre of her commerce, a magnificent banquet was given him by the agent of the Fuggers, rich bankers who were the Rothschilds of their time, at which all the painters of the city were present. Dürer tells us how the guests rose as he entered, saluting him humbly, and how, when the feast was over, they conducted him home by the light of torches. At Ghent and at Bruges he was received in a like manner. The painters' guilds vied with each other to do him honor; and when he was in Brussels Margaret of Austria, regent of the Netherlands, sent to promise the painter her good offices and those of the new emperor. In return Dürer presented her with some of his finest engravings; but beyond these professions of good will on the part of Margaret, the Nuremberg master seems to have received nothing from her — a fact which he records with some bitterness in his diary. Dürer followed the emperor on his coronation journey to Aix-la-Chapelle; but after waiting in vain for a decision in regard to the ratification of his pension, accompanied the Nuremberg representatives to Cologne, where he finally received the deed of confirmation. Upon his return to Antwerp, we read of his meeting with Christian II., king of Denmark, whose portrait he painted and who treated him very graciously, bidding Dürer follow him to Brussels, and there inviting him to a grand banquet.

At last, on July twelfth, 1521, Dürer began his homeward journey. He had accomplished the main object of his expedition, had added greatly to his fame, and had been everywhere received with marks of distinction; and yet there is a tone of discontent in the last entries made in his journal, owing partly perhaps to the fact that in the final balancing of his accounts the result showed only financial loss, but still more to the state of his health, which during his travels had been undermined by a sickness contracted in Zealand — a sickness from which he never recovered. The town council of Antwerp had tried to retain him permanently, and had offered him a salary of three hundred philipsgulden with a house and freedom from taxation; but his love of home was strong, and he returned to Nuremberg to spend his last years in the city of his birth.

During the remainder of his life he was less active as an artist than he had been before his journey to the North; for though his mind had lost none of its vigor, his body was weakened by constant illness. Still, he painted and engraved several excellent portraits, and wrote out in final form some of his ideas upon artistic and scientific subjects.

The Reformation had been making giant strides in his native town during his absence, and many of his firmest friends, among them Pirkheimer, had embraced the new faith; and when, among the first free towns of the empire, Nuremberg stood forth and declared for the Reformation, Dürer unquestionably approved of the step. He looked upon Luther as a great leader, and had corresponded with him; and Melanchthon, who went to Nuremberg in 1526, became one of his most intimate friends.

The records of the final years of the artist's life are few. He remained quietly at work in Nuremberg. The illness contracted in the Netherlands never left him, and he appears to have had repeated attacks of some kind of fever, which gradually wasted away his once stalwart frame, until it finally brought the release that Camerarius tells us "was desired by himself and only painful to his friends." His last and greatest work, 'The Four Apostles,' was painted in the year 1526. With this task he seems to have felt that his labor in this world had come to an end, for in the year 1527 we find not even drawings of importance from his hand. He died on the sixth of April, 1528.

In the biographical preface to a Latin translation of Dürer's unfinished work on 'Human Proportions,' the editor, Joachim Camerarius, his intimate friend, writing but a few years after his death, thus speaks of him: —

"Nature had bestowed on him a body remarkable in build and stature, and not unworthy of the mind it contained. His head was intelligent, his eyes flashing, his nose nobly formed, his neck long, his chest broad, his body not too stout, his thighs muscular, and his legs firm and steady. As to his fingers — you would vow you had never seen anything more elegant. His conversation was marked by so much sweetness and wit that nothing displeased his hearers so much as the end of it. Letters, it is true, he had not cultivated; but the great sciences of Physics and Mathematics, which are perpetuated by letters, he had almost entirely mastered. . . . An ardent zeal impelled him towards the attainment of all virtue in conduct and life, the display of which caused him to be deservedly held a most excellent man; yet he was not of a melancholy severity nor of a repulsive gravity; nay, whatever conduced to pleasantness and cheerfulness and was not inconsistent with honor and rectitude he cultivated all his life and approved even in his old age. . . . Nature had specially designed him for a painter, and therefore he embraced the study of that art with all his energies, and was ever desirous of observing the works and principles of the famous painters of every land, and of imitating whatever he approved in them. . . . What shall I say of the steadiness and exactitude of his hand? You might swear that rule, square, or compass had been employed to draw lines which he, in fact, drew with the brush, or very often with pencil or pen, unaided by artificial means, to the great marvel of those who watched him. Why should I tell how his hand so closely followed the ideas of his mind that, in a moment, he often dashed upon paper, or as painters say, 'composed,' sketches of every kind of thing with pencil or pen? . . . He drew the smallest things on canvas or wood without sketching them in beforehand, so that, far from giving ground for blame, they always won the highest praise. And this was the subject of greatest wonder to the most distinguished painters, who, from their own great experience, could understand the difficulty of the thing."

The Art of Dürer

SIDNEY COLVIN ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

IN the history of art Albrecht Dürer has a name equal to that of the greatest of the Italians. North of the Alps his only peer was Holbein; but Holbein was not born till 1497, and after 1525 lived principally in England. Dürer dwelt a German among Germans, and is the true representative artist of that nation. All the qualities of his art,—its combination of the wild and rugged with the homely and tender, its meditative depth, its enigmatic gloom, its sincerity and energy, its iron diligence and discipline—all these are qualities of the German spirit.

The hour at which Dürer arose to interpret that spirit in art was the most pregnant and critical in the whole history of his race. It was the hour of the Renaissance, of the transition between the Middle Ages and our own. The awakening of Germany at the Renaissance was not, like the other awakening of Italy at the same time, a movement merely intellectual. It was, indeed, from Italy that the races of the North caught the impulse of intellectual freedom, the spirit of science and curiosity, the longing retrospect towards the classic past; but joined with these in Germany was a moral impulse which was her own, a craving after truth and right, a rebellion against tyranny and corruption, an assertion of spiritual independence—the Renaissance was big in the North, as it was not in the South, with a Reformation to come. The art of printing was invented at the right time to help and hasten the new movement of men's minds. Nor was it by the diffusion of written ideas only that the new art supplied the means of popular enlightenment. Along with word-printing, or, indeed, in advance of it, there had come into use another kind of printing, picture-printing, or what is commonly called engraving. Just as books, or word-printing, were the means of multiplying, cheapening, and disseminating ideas, so engravings, or picture-printing, were the means of multiplying, cheapening, and disseminating images which gave vividness to the ideas, or served, for those ignorant of letters, in their stead.

The genius of Albrecht Dürer cannot be rightly estimated without taking into account the position which the art of engraving thus held in the culture of his time. He was, indeed, first of all a painter; and though in his methods he was too scrupulous and laborious to produce many great works, and though one of his greatest, the 'Assumption of the Virgin,' has been destroyed by fire, and another, the 'Feast of the Rose Garlands,' has suffered irreparably between injury and repair, yet the paintings by his hand which remain are sufficient to place him among the great masters of the world. He has every gift in art except the Greek and the Italian gift of beauty or ideal grace. In religious painting he has profound earnestness and humanity, and an inexhaustible dramatic invention; and the accessory landscape and scenery of his compositions are more richly conceived and better studied than by any painter before him. In portrait, he is equally master of the soul and body, rendering

every detail of the human superficies with a microscopic fidelity, which nevertheless does not encumber nor overlay the essential and inner character of the person represented. Still more, if we judge him by his drawings and studies, shall we realize his power in grasping and delineating natural fact and character, the combined gravity and minuteness of his style, the penetration of his eye, and the almost superhuman patience and accuracy of his line in drawing; whether from persons, animals, plants, or landscape; whether with pen, pencil, charcoal, or (which was his favorite method) in color with the point of the brush.

But neither his paintings nor his drawings could by themselves have won for him the immense popular fame and authority which have been his from his own time to ours; that fame and that authority are due to his pre-eminence in the most popular and democratic of the arts, that of which the works are accessible to the largest number, — the art of engraving.

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE 'HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE'

DÜRER is the most perfectly balanced representative of the German genius; of its gravity, its conscientiousness, its richly imaginative and poetic quality. This balance he attained partly through his wonderfully thorough knowledge of the technique of his profession, partly through an artistic eduction which resulted in an enlightened eclecticism of style — an eclecticism always dominated, however, by great loyalty to his race; for though he loved Italian art and had studied it in all its processes, he was neither dazzled nor seduced by it. He gave the Italians quite as much as he received from them. If he borrowed something of their opulence and grace, they in turn profited by the study of his precision, clearness, skill, and sanity. Further, whatever richness Dürer gained in Italy — and by "richness" we here mean richness of color and touch — he at least maintained, if he did not increase, through his relations with the Netherlands. He thus becomes in some sort a harmonious intermediary between Flanders and Italy, having assimilated something of the art of both countries, and yet remaining withal staunchly a German in race, method, and inspiration.

But he was more than an intermediary between Italy, Flanders, and Germany; he was an intermediary between the Middle Ages and our modern times. Typical of the former in that he was primarily a craftsman, laboring with all the sincerity and unconscious modesty of the good workman who delights in his labor, he yet felt something of the tormented spiritual unrest of the latter; and indeed, so strikingly reflects what we call the "modern spirit" that his work has to-day, three centuries after his death, more influence upon our own thought and art than it had upon that of his contemporaries.

What a supreme part Dürer would have played had not the German school been so suddenly cut off by the course of events! He would have stood in the history of art like some great bridge,— a splendid monument in itself,— spanning the gulf between the old era and the new. But after him the national art was crushed out, and two centuries elapsed before a German

poet arose to take up the work of the German painter — for it is not unjust to say that it was Goethe who continued what Dürer had begun.

To consider the man himself, apart from all history and philosophy, Dürer stands, in a last analysis, as one of the most consummate workmen, one of the most perfect artisans of the world. Every type of work which he has left us, be it a drawing, an engraving on copper or on wood, a figure carved in stone, a portrait like the portrait of himself in Munich, or a complex picture, like the 'Adoration of the Trinity,' in Vienna, bears striking witness to a sovereign honesty and unrivalled skill in craftsmanship, and is the work of a hand which was able to transcribe with inimitable clearness, force, precision and delicacy the conceptions of a man whose thoughts were kindly, whose spirit was lofty, and whose heart was upright. — FROM THE FRENCH.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON 'ROYAL ACADEMY ADDRESSES'

DÜRER'S work was, like nearly all German art, primarily ethic in its complexion; like all German art, it bore traces of foreign influence — drawn, in his case, first from Flanders and later from Italy. In his work, as in all German art, the national character asserted itself above every trammel of external influence. Superbly inexhaustible as a designer, as a draughtsman he was powerful, thorough, and minute to a marvel; but never without a certain almost caligraphic mannerism of hand, wanting in spontaneous simplicity, and never broadly serene. In his color he was rich and vivid, not always unerring as to his harmonies, not alluring in his execution — withal, a giant.

RUDOLPH MARGGRAFF 'MAXIMILIAN I. UND DÜRER IN NÜRNBERG'

ALTHOUGH Albrecht Dürer was never able to fully equal his Italian contemporaries in purity, grace and charm of drawing, and although it was only in exceptional compositions and single figures that he attained to an ideal height of beauty, relapsing the next moment into an individual and homely characterism and structure of form, we nevertheless must marvel at the extraordinary talent of the man who, in spite of the limited feeling for beauty vouchsafed by nature to his nation, in spite, too, of his narrow education, and in spite of the entire lack in Germany at that time of noble and beautiful models in the way of art, was yet able to rise, by his own power, to a height of perfection in composition and drawing that made him an object of respect and admiration for his contemporaries and for all who have come after. Winckelmann spoke truly when he called Dürer and Holbein the fathers of German art, and said that had they been able to study the works of ancient art, as were Raphael, Correggio, and Titian, they would have equalled, and indeed might even have surpassed, those masters.

Dürer strove continually to overcome the deficiency and stiffness of his drawing. Even when he represented the bodily suffering of the Saviour and depicted the malice and cruelty of his torturers, he avoided as much as possible the ugliness, distortion and angularity of the forms, as well as the confusion

of the composition, so characteristic of the work of his predecessors and of many of his contemporaries. How simple and circumscribed he could be in those compositions in which he limited himself to a small number of figures, and how carefully and exactly he sought to observe the laws of perspective and of the anatomy of the human body,— laws unknown to the earlier German painters,— even if he did not wholly succeed! Dürer also strove to avoid more and more in his pictures those sharp and angular lines in the folds of drapery adopted by the painters of Upper Germany in imitation of the sculpture of that period, and tried to acquire in this important branch of painting that grandeur, suppleness, and beauty of outline which we admire in his last and most perfect creation,— the Apostle pictures.

Dürer never lost, however, what had always been valued as the vital quality of German art, but kept as a sacred possession the simple homeliness and earnestness of conception characteristic of the best of his predecessors and contemporaries, the carefulness and conscientiousness of their execution, the life and truth of their power of depicting character, and the splendor, freshness, and clearness of their coloring.— FROM THE GERMAN.

LIONEL CUST 'ALBRECHT DÜRER'

AS a painter, Dürer's works rank high, but not in the first class; as an engraver, he is easily the first of his age; as a draughtsman, he remains unrivalled for precision, dexterity, and variety; as a thinker, he is a worthy representative of the age of Luther and Erasmus. But it is not only as a mere creative artist that Dürer attained his eminence. He was one of the great pioneers of art. Before him, little or nothing had been done north of the Alps to make art a factor in popular life; and now there is probably no branch of the fine arts which has not been affected in one way or another by the fact of his existence. Of how many artists can it be said that they left an impress on the whole subsequent history of art, and that they remain beacon lights or mile-stones by which the course of true art can be followed with the certainty of arriving at some definite conclusion? Giotto, Luca Signorelli, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Titian, Velasquez, Turner, Rembrandt, — it is among these names that that of Dürer will rank forever in the history of the world. He stands, as it were, on the watershed between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, both in the progress of art and in the development of human intellect. Intensely conservative by nature, he yet opened out new roads and paths in art, along which his successors have journeyed and are still journeying in the search for that ideal of truth and beauty which Dürer felt that he himself could never reach. He has written: —

"God sometimes granteth unto a man to learn and know how to make a thing the like whereof in his day no other can contrive; and perhaps for a long time none hath been before him, and after him another cometh not soon."

Truly may it be said that in the history of German art "after him another cometh not soon"; for even at the close of the nineteenth century Dürer remains the typical German artist.

ÉMILE GALICHON 'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS' 1860

IN his treatment of the human figure Dürer seems never to have sought for grace nor for elegance; he chose rather to render the facts of nature truthfully than to give transforming interpretation to them. Profoundly imbued with the native genius of his race, he brought to his task an ardor for minute research, and was inclined to see nature in detail rather than to take broad and comprehensive views. Unmindful of the artistic law of sacrifice, he so far allowed his attention to be engrossed in the study of the particular bit he was engaged upon, that, occupied with smallest vein and tiniest wrinkle, he, as it were, forgot the limb as a whole and its relation to the body. Some of his uncompleted engravings confirm this interpretation of his way of working, for, though minutely finished in the upper part of the plates, there is not even a guiding touch upon the lower part. Such a vicious method could only have been successful in the hands of so consummate a technician, who, as Camerarius has told us, "had such a command of hand and eye that he would often draw the different members of a figure separately, and yet these parts, when united, harmonized so perfectly that it would have been impossible to draw, by any means, a better proportioned body."

The costumes and surroundings which Dürer puts into his paintings are those of his own time and country; and a collection of his drawings is the most interesting and vivid means by which to reconstruct Germany as it was in his day. In them we find depicted with the most scrupulous exactness the brilliant armor of the troopers, the trappings of their horses, the rich robes of the nobles, the fine costumes of the high-born dames, and the quaint garments of the common folk. And not alone in the representation of the personages and costumes of his time did the Nuremberg master manifest his genius. No one has surpassed him in the rendering of delicate flowers, the exquisite plumage of birds, the thick softness of the fur and the shining coats of animals.

As to his landscapes, they are rather picturesque than grandiose. Set with tempest-twisted trees, bordered either by the sea, on which quaint and stately ships sail, or by rugged mountains crowned with fortified castles,—every detail is treated as carefully as is the little flower in the foreground. The lines lack sweep, the various planes lack breadth, and there is an absence of aerial perspective; but nevertheless these landscapes are so interesting in their details, so exquisitely executed, and rendered with such quaint naïveté, that they are wholly delightful, and exactly harmonize with the personages they enframe. . . .

Plato has written, "The artist who fixes his vision upon the immutable, and follows a like model, reproduces, in so far as in him lies, the sentiment and virtue of the immutable, and cannot fail of creating beauty; but he who, his eyes upon what is temporal and transitory, uses this as a model will fail to create beauty." This supreme law was not comprehended by the Nuremberg master. Instead of searching his own heart for an ideal, he believed that only by following nature as she lay revealed before him could the artist arrive at

perfection. For this reason Dürer, great painter that he is, must rank below Mantegna, Michelangelo, Leonardo, and Raphael, who, better taught, better inspired, and more synthetic in genius, dared to seek their models in a higher sphere. While they soared toward the ideal, Dürer, almost wholly analytical in mind, leaned too close to nature, and cramped his force to the mere expression of detail, instead of using detail to develop something which should in equal measure combine form and thought, the ideal and the natural.— FROM THE FRENCH.

ANTON SPRINGER 'ALBRECHT DÜRER'

EVEN Dürer's most ardent admirers sometimes lament that he "could never rise to any conception of the symmetry of beauty," and acknowledge that "ugly shapes and extravagant fancies have interfered with his incomparable talent." No less a man than Goethe uttered this severe criticism; but Goethe, whose thoughts in youth as well as in old age liked to linger with Dürer, also spoke golden words of praise. He bowed before the conscientiousness of the old master. The world which Albrecht saw seemed to Goethe full of meaning, through

"Ihr festes Leben und Männlichkeit,
"Ihre innere Kraft und Ständigkeit."

"Its life of duty and manliness,
"Its inward strength and steadfastness."

"Dürer," — for this is what Goethe's criticism as a whole means, — "can only be explained through himself." And, indeed, he leads us to the right path, and furnishes us with the true key to Dürer's nature and position as an artist.

With no other German painter, and, indeed, with few artists south of the Alps, does the personality of the man stand forth so clearly as in the case of Albrecht Dürer. Individually interesting as they are, his works owe their greatest power of attraction to the fact that always there is to be perceived in and behind them, clear and distinct, the personality of the man who created them. We read in them, as in a mirror, what was passing in Dürer's soul; the total impression we receive from them is one of revealed personality.

It is invariably the case that the first acquaintance with Albrecht Dürer brings disappointment. Above all, he who turns directly from Italian art to Dürer's handiwork finds in it strange and unusual qualities which he cannot immediately understand, and still less does he at once comprehend that these qualities are the consistent and necessary outcome of the artist's individual character. Not until one has made a comprehensive survey of his work as a whole does the richness and greatness of Dürer's peculiar nature disclose itself. Then, and only then, does one discover the inexhaustible inventiveness, the wonderful gift of extracting from a hackneyed thought or model ever new aspects, the striking characterism, and the increasingly living quality. It is in the nobility of his work as a whole that the nobility of the artist himself is reflected. — FROM THE GERMAN.

The Works of Dürer

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

STEPHAN PAUMGÄRTNER — MUNICH GALLERY

UPON his return from his *Wanderjahre* in 1494, Dürer opened a studio in which a number of altar-pieces and single pictures were produced, many of them betraying in their execution the work of assistants or pupils. Some few of these early productions, however, show unmistakably the individuality and force of the master's own brush; and especially is this the case with the Paumgärtner altar-piece,—a triptych, painted in or about the year 1500, as a commission from some of the members of the family of that name for the Church of St. Catherine in Nuremberg. On the middle panel is represented the Nativity, while on the two wings — by far the finest parts of the work — are the full-length figures of the donors, clad in the armor of the period, with red, black-edged gorgets and red leggings, the brothers Stephan and Lucas Paumgärtner. The figure of Stephan, Dürer's friend and the subject of our reproduction, is the finer of the two. Standing beside his horse, in the midst of a rugged landscape, beyond and above which is seen a grayish-blue sky, he presents, in his gleaming armor and red trappings, an effective and imposing appearance.

CHRIST ON THE CROSS — ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

"BELONGING to the year 1506, as is shown by the date on the lower part of the cross, and painted under an Italian sky and in the artistic atmosphere of Venice," writes Janitschek, "is the little picture of 'Christ on the Cross.' The agony of the crucifixion has never been expressed more poignantly in German art. The last sigh has passed the parted lips of Christ, but even the moment of supreme suffering has in no way disfigured the countenance, and the same nobility that characterizes it is observable also in the carefully modelled body; — those slender limbs are faultless! Black clouds cover the heavens, but the lower part of the sky is streaked with green, yellow, and red. A few slender birch-trees in the foreground are all that give life to the utter loneliness of Golgotha. Truly in this tiny panel Dürer has created a monumental work."

"It may be doubted," writes Lionel Cust, "whether any painting of the Italian or any other school can rival this little panel-painting, only seven and a half inches high by six inches broad, in intensity of expression, in truth and precision of drawing, and in charm and richness of color. Executed like a miniature painting, it is as large in conception and rendering as an altar-piece of Bellini's or Raphael's."

PORTRAIT OF HANS IMHOF THE ELDER — THE PRADO: MADRID

"ASSIGNED to the year 1521," writes Knackfuss, "is a portrait of an elderly man in a fur coat and broad black hat, which in some unknown way came into the possession of King Philip IV. of Spain. This superb portrait, thought, though not proved, to represent Hans Imhof the Elder, a banker of Nuremberg, hangs in a place of honor in the Prado, where it holds its own among the choicest masterpieces of various nations and centuries. It is perfect without reservation. The painting is of a quality which marks it as superior even to the celebrated portraits painted by Dürer a few years later."

MADONNA OF THE FINCH — BERLIN GALLERY

UNDOUBTEDLY an authentic work, bearing Dürer's signature and well-known monogram, this picture, dated 1506 and therefore painted during the master's sojourn in Venice, was comparatively unknown until it was exhibited in London in 1871. It was at that time owned by the Marquis of Lothian, New Battle Abbey, Scotland; and at the sale of his effects in 1892 was acquired by the Berlin Gallery.

Dr. Richter considers it "the most charming picture by Dürer in existence." The colors have retained much of their original freshness, and in the golden-haired Madonna and the cherubs holding a crown of flowers and fruit above her head a resemblance may clearly be traced to Dürer's great picture of the 'Feast of the Rose Garlands,' painted at about the same time. The Madonna's mantle and dress are blue with a bodice of bright cherry color, forming a warm background for the Child, who is seated in her lap upon a cushion of red velvet. In his right hand he holds what is known in Germany as a *Lutscher*,—a little linen bag filled with sugar,—and on his other arm perches a finch. The young St. John, clad in the traditional fur garment, stands beside the Madonna, and presents her with a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley, while the little angel at his side holds the reed cross emblematic of the saint. This angel and the two cherubs floating above have rainbow-hued wings. Behind the figure of the Madonna, dividing the landscape background, is a deep red tapestry curtain such as is often seen in the paintings of Bellini and his school. "Everything in the picture," writes Rosenberg, "is light and gay in color. It seems as if each stroke of the brush revealed the joyousness and happiness which, in spite of all anxious thoughts of his cold, cheerless, northern home, formed the key-note of Dürer's existence during his sojourn in Venice."

FEAST OF THE ROSE GARLANDS — MONASTERY OF STRAHOW: PRAGUE

THE most important picture painted by Dürer in Venice was the 'Feast of the Rose Garlands,' executed in 1506. It was ordered by the German merchants resident in that city, to adorn an altar of the little Church of San Bartolommeo adjoining the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, or German Exchange. In a letter to his friend Pirkheimer, written at this time, Dürer says:—

"I have to do a picture for the Germans, for which they are to give me one hundred and ten Rhenish florins, and the expenses will not exceed five."

And again: —

"Know that my picture says it would give a ducat if you could see it; it is good, and beautiful in color. I have gained much praise for it, but little profit. I have also silenced the painters, who said that I was a good engraver but did not know how to manage colors. Now every one says they never saw more beautiful coloring."

The picture when finished created an immense sensation. Dürer's success was assured, and his fame, already great in Venice as an engraver, was now established there as a painter.

The picture represents the glorification of the Virgin at the feast of the Rosary or Rose Garlands. In the centre the Virgin, robed in blue and with golden hair, sits enthroned. The infant Jesus is in her arms, and around her are angels assisting St. Dominic, founder of the festival of the Rosary, to crown with wreaths the kneeling multitude. The Virgin herself crowns the Emperor Maximilian I., while the Pope Julius II. receives his crown from the hand of the Christ-child. Both these dignitaries are richly clad in purple mantles embroidered with gold and pearls. The other persons represented are supposed to be members of the German colony in Venice. In the background at the right is the painter himself, standing beside his friend Pirkheimer, and holding in his hand a scroll with a Latin inscription which tells us that "Albrecht Dürer, the German, executed this work in 1506 in the space of five months."

"Although this painting is for the greater part thoroughly German in conception and spirit," writes Lionel Cust, "there are motives of an Italian origin in it which show how greatly Dürer was influenced by his surroundings." Sidney Colvin considers it "one of Dürer's best-conceived and most multitudinous compositions, and one in which he aims at rivalling the richness and playfulness of Italian art;" and Dr. Janitschek has said that "the little angel playing on a lute at the Virgin's feet, so characteristic of the *sante conversazioni* of the Venetians, seems like a mark of homage offered by the German master to the great Bellini."

The picture was subsequently purchased by the Emperor Rudolph II. for a large sum, and he is said to have had it carried, as a thing beyond price, upon the shoulders of four strong men all the way from Venice to Prague to avoid the risk of its being injured by the jolting of a carriage. Later it came into the possession of the monks of the Abbey of Strahow in Prague, where it may still be seen, though in a much damaged and repainted condition.

MADONNA OF THE CUT PEAR — IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

THE 'Madonna of the Cut Pear' was painted in the year 1512, Dürer's middle period. The Madonna, clothed in blue drapery and with a white veil over her head, is seen against a dark background, bending humbly over the Infant lying on her arm. In his hand he holds the cut pear which gives the picture its name. His attitude is unpleasing and constrained, and there is not much expression in the face. The Madonna's head, on the contrary, exhibits a profound tenderness. The painting is uncommonly limpid

and harmonious; the flesh-tints are rosy in the lights and gray in the shadows, and the hair is rendered with the extremest minuteness and precision.

"Dürer's Italian contemporaries," writes Knackfuss, "like the artists of classical antiquity, depicted their Madonnas as of an earthly beauty in which they saw a means of expression for a spiritual perfection far surpassing anything within the power of the German master; but beauty of form could produce no more lasting effect than the indefinable charm of the purity seen in the girlish face of this Madonna."

PORTRAIT OF HIERONYMUS HOLZSCHUHER — BERLIN GALLERY

THIS portrait of Dürer's friend Hieronymus Holzschuher, member of an old Nuremberg family and a septemvir of that city, was painted in 1526. "It is the pearl of all Dürer's portraits," writes Dr. Bode. "From its execution, its coloring, and its manner of treatment it is evident that it belongs to the master's late period. Generally speaking, Dürer cannot be called one of the great colorists. He uses his brush as a draughtsman uses his pencil, and his color has a metallic gleam which gives somewhat the effect of a painting on glass. Nevertheless in some of his best preserved canvases the brilliancy and harmony of his color has a special and individual charm. This is particularly the case in the portrait of Holzschuher. The dead white of the hair where it enframes the face is relieved against a background of light bluish-gray, which produces a vivid contrast to the deep brown of the fur garment.

"It is not, however, because of its coloring that this picture may rank as one of the most admirable portraits in the world. It owes no small share of its reputation to the imposing personality of the man it represents, and to the remarkable way in which that personality has been depicted; for by the simplest means Dürer has succeeded in expressing the indomitable will and resolute temper of his model. To present this character still more effectively, Dürer has turned the eyes of Holzschuher so that the pupils look out from the corners, and has accentuated the whites by reflecting the light from a window in them. (By a similar artifice, the painter gave the countenance of St. Mark, in the panel representing 'The Apostles,' a like unusual expression.) The clear drawing of the firmly closed lips, the faultless modelling of the face and head, the manner in which the locks of the hair and beard are treated, — every separate hair apparently distinctly rendered, — all these things contribute to stamp the head with a special individuality. To appreciate the consummate perfection of the work, observe that when seen close it has all the delicacy of a miniature, and yet that when seen from a distance it is none the less broadly effective and powerful."

ADORATION OF THE TRINITY BY ALL SAINTS — IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

IN the year 1501, an almshouse for twelve old men was founded in Nuremberg by two of her citizens, Erasmus Schiltkrot and Matthæus Landauer; and when, a few years later, in 1508, a chapel dedicated to All Saints was

added to the almshouse, Dürer was commissioned by Landauer to paint an altar-piece for it, representing the adoration of the Trinity by all the saints.

"The painting is the simplest and most complete conception of Dürer's matured genius," writes Lionel Cust. "The holy Trinity floats in air surrounded by cherubim and seraphim, and adored by tiers of saints, who float around and below the mystic Godhead. Below lies, radiant in evening light, an exquisite view of a land-locked lake with wooded hills, on one side of which stands the painter holding a tablet with an inscription. On this he records that it was the work of Albrecht Dürer of Nuremberg — '*Albertus Dürer Noricus faciebat anno a Virginis partu, 1511.*' It was the first painting he had executed with his own hands for his native town. In the upper tier of saints are those who were the recognized inmates of heaven,— Moses, David, John the Baptist, Catherine, Barbara, Agnes, and others. Below float the emperor, the pope, and other good men and women drawn from every rank of life. Amongst the saints in the lower group on the extreme left is the donor, Landauer, kneeling in modest awe. The whole picture is one of the noblest ever painted, and may be compared to the famous 'Disputa' by Raphael in the Vatican."

Thausing writes of this picture (which, by the way, he strenuously maintains should be called not the 'Adoration of the Trinity,' but the 'All-Saints Picture'): "It is in every respect the most valuable testimony Dürer has left us of his talent. It is an epitome of his life's work, a sort of microcosm, a reflection of his own mind at the very moment that he had reached the culminating point of his power. In no other work of the master can the many-sided aspect of his genius be so well discerned as in this altar-piece. Before all else, Dürer was a painter. He always deliberately so styled himself. This picture is the best witness to his complete mastery of the technique of painting."

In 1585 the town council of Nuremberg robbed Landauer's almshouse of this picture, and sold it to the Emperor Rudolph II., replacing it by a copy.

ADORATION OF THE MAGI — UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

IN 1504 Dürer painted the first great picture which seems to have been executed entirely by his own hand, an altar-piece, ordered by the Elector of Saxony for the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg, representing the 'Adoration of the Magi.' "This wonderful painting," writes Knackfuss, "which now adorns the group of selected masterpieces in the Tribune of the Uffizi, is so excellently preserved that all the original charm of coloring and the loving care of the master's hand, which extended even to the minutest details, can be fully recognized. The fair-haired Virgin, in a blue robe and a white veil, with the delightfully naïve Infant on her knees, receives the three Wise Men, who, magnificent in gold-embroidered garments, approach bearing their gifts. The first, clad in a red mantle bordered with fur, is on his knees before the Child, and presents a golden casket. This group is relieved against a background of ruined architecture with glimpses of copse and mountain illuminated with sunny green."

"Aerial and linear perspective are imperfect," writes Thausing, "but the technical treatment of the figures is as finished as in Dürer's best pictures of the later period. The outlines are sharp, the colors very liquid (laid on, without doubt, in tempera, and covered with oil glazes), and the whole tone is exceedingly fresh, clear, and brilliant."

THE FOUR APOSTLES — MUNICH GALLERY

"THE sight of the Flemish pictures, and above all his travels and observations," writes Charles Blanc, "had, towards the end of his life, profoundly changed Dürer's ideas about the essence and the aim of art. In place of searching for richness and luxury of detail, he now sought simplicity and harmony. He recognized that nature had not the diffuse and somewhat labored variety that he had tried to put into his earlier paintings; and he regretted that he had only come to perceive this when he was so old that it would be difficult for him to change his manner of seeing and his style of painting. Nevertheless, with these noble regrets were mingled the still nobler desire to improve, (so much of youth is there ever in genius,) and it was in 1526, only two years before his death, that he painted the splendid figures of the Apostles, which are conceded to be his greatest achievements."

In these panels, frequently known as 'The Four Temperaments,' Dürer, moved by the religious disorders of his time, wished to represent the four permanent types of Christian character; and Kugler speaks of them as "the fruit of the deepest thought which stirred the mind of the painter. They are executed," he says, "with overpowering force, and form the first complete work of art produced by Protestantism." That Dürer himself considered them his masterpieces is evidenced by the following letter in which he presented them to the town council of Nuremberg: —

"I have been intending for a long time past to show my respect for your Wisdoms by the presentation of some humble picture of mine as a remembrance; but I have been prevented from so doing by the imperfection and insignificance of my works, for I felt that with such I could not well stand before your Wisdoms. Now, however, that I have just painted a panel upon which I have bestowed more trouble than on any other painting, I considered none more worthy to keep it as a reminiscence than your Wisdoms. Therefore, I present it to your Wisdoms with the humble and urgent prayer that you will favorably and graciously receive it."

The council accepted the gift and recompensed the painter; and yet, a century later, the ungrateful city sold this memorial of her most illustrious son to Maximilian of Bavaria, and filled the places of the panels with copies!

Alfred Michiels, in describing the figures, writes: "St. John, who, poring over an open Bible, occupies the foreground of one panel, expresses profound meditation and represents the pensive soul sunk in intellectual research. Behind him, St. Peter leans over the book, and looks seriously upon its contents. An old and gray-haired man, full of contemplative repose, Peter expresses the phlegmatic temperament. The second panel shows rather external activity than activity of the mind, and brings forward the relation of faith to external life. St. Mark, in the background, is a sanguine type of man, and

looks boldly about him, ready to fervently exhort his hearers to draw from the Scriptures the fruit of divine salvation. In the foreground, St. Paul, holding a sword and a Bible, looks with some fierceness over his shoulder, ready to defend the holy word and to punish those who shall blaspheme it; his is the choleric temperament.

"What dignity, what grandeur, there is in the well-characterized heads; what majestic simplicity in the lines of the garments; what noble calm in the movements! The coloring is excellent, — warm, natural, and vigorous. There are no azure tones in the shadows here; there is no hardness in the drawing. Dürer might well have laid down his palette after having finished these pictures, for in them he had attained the end of art, and in them he equals the greatest masters."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF DÜRER, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. PRAGUE, MONASTERY OF STRAHOW: Feast of the Rose Garlands (Plate V) —VIENNA, CZERNIN GALLERY: Portrait of a Man—VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Adoration of the Trinity (Plate VIII); Martyrdom of Ten Thousand Christians; The Virgin; Madonna of the Cut Pear (Plate VI); Portrait of Maximilian I.; Portrait of Johann Kleeberger; Portrait of a Young Man—VIENNA, POSONYI COLLECTION: Salvator Mundi (unfinished)—ENGLAND. HAMPTON COURT: Portrait of a Young Man—SION HOUSE, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Dürer's Father—GERMANY. AUGSBURG, ROYAL GALLERY: Portrait of Katharina Fürleger; Madonna of the Pink—BERLIN GALLERY: Madonna of the Finch (Plate IV); Portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuher (Plate VII); Portrait of Jacob Muffel; Portrait of Frederick the Wise; Portrait of a Young Woman; Virgin at Prayer; Virgin and Child—BREMEN, ART MUSEUM: 'Ecce Homo'; St. Onuphrius and St. John the Baptist (unfinished)—DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Christ on the Cross (Plate II); The Dresden Altar-piece; Portrait of Bernard van Orley—LEIPSIC, FELIX COLLECTION: Portrait of Dürer—MUNICH GALLERY: Paumgärtner Altar-piece [Left wing: Stephan Paumgärtner, Plate I]; Descent from the Cross; the Four Apostles (Plate X); Portrait of Dürer (Page 20); Portrait of Wolgemut; Portrait of Oswald Krell; Portrait of Hans Dürer; Lucretia—NUREMBERG, GERMANIC MUSEUM: Charlemagne; Sigismund; Hercules Battling with the Stymphalian Birds; Pietà—ITALY. FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Adam; Eve—FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Adoration of the Magi (Plate IX); Portrait of Dürer's Father; Madonna of the Cornflower; St. Philip; St. James—GENOA, BRIGNOLE-SALE COLLECTION: Portrait of a Young Man—ROME, BARBERINI PALACE: Christ among the Doctors—SIENA, ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS: St. Jerome—SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Portrait of Dûrer; Portrait of Hans Imhof the Elder (Plate III); Adam and Eve.

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Michelangelo

As a Sculptor

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

MICHELANGELO
DAVID
ACADEMY, FLORENC

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

MICHELANGELO
PIETÀ
ST. PETER'S, ROME

Mall

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

MICHELANGELO
MADONNA AND CHILD
NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

MICHELANGELO
BOUND CAPTIVE
LOUVRE, PARIS

Non

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

MICHELANGELO
MADONNA AND CHILD
CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, BRUGES

M-6U

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

MICHELANGELO
TOMB OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI
IL PENSIEROSO, TWILIGHT, DAWN
SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE

NOT MICROFILMED

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

MICHELANGELO
IL PENSIEROSO
TOMB OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI
SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE

Microfilm

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

MICHELANGELO
MOSES
CHURCH OF SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI, ROME

Non

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

MICHELANGELO
TOMB OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI
GIULIANO DE' MEDICI, NIGHT, DAY
SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE

NOFN

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

MICHELANGELO
GIULIANO DE' MEDICI
TOMB OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI
SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO, FLORE

MICHELANGELO MEDAL, IN SILVER SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON

Probably the most genuine contemporary portrait of Michelangelo is the medal, showing his profile, by his warm friend, the sculptor Leone Leoni. It seems certain that this medal was cast in 1560, when Michelangelo was eighty-five years old, and therefore that the inscription "ÆTS. ANN. 88" is an error. Condivi describes Michelangelo at seventy-nine, as of middle height, with broad shoulders, thin legs, a face small in proportion to his head, a nose broken from a blow "from that beastly and proud man Torrigiano de' Torrigiani," thin lips, small, ever varying gray eyes, black hair, and thin forked beard streaked with gray.

Michelangelo Buonarroti

BORN 1475: DIED 1564
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

In this issue only Michelangelo's works in sculpture are illustrated. His achievements in painting will be considered in the next number of this SERIES.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

MICHELANGELO was born in 1475, at Caprese, where his father, Lodovico, held the office of podestà. His ancestry was honorable; the Buonarroti even claimed descent, but apparently without due reason, from the princely house of Canossa. His mother gave him to be nursed by a stone-cutter's wife at Settignano, so that in after-days he used to say that he had drawn in the love of chisels and mallets with his nurse's milk.

As he grew, the boy developed an invincible determination toward the arts. Lodovico, from motives of pride and prudence, opposed his wishes, but without success, and at last Michelangelo induced his father to sign articles apprenticing him to the painter Domenico Ghirlandajo. In Ghirlandajo's workshop he learned the rudiments of art, helping in the execution of the frescos at Santa Maria Novella, until such time as the pupil proved his superiority as a draughtsman to his teacher.

After leaving Ghirlandajo's *bottega*, at the age of sixteen, Michelangelo procured an introduction to the Medici, and frequented those gardens of San Marco where Lorenzo de' Medici had placed his collection of antiquities. There the youth discovered his vocation. Having begged a piece of marble and a chisel, he struck out a Faun's mask. One is still shown in the Bargello as his work. It is worth noticing that Michelangelo seems to have done no merely prentice work. Not a fragment of his labor from the earliest to the latest was insignificant. There was nothing tentative in his genius. Into art, as into a rich land, he came and conquered. . . .

Lorenzo de' Medici discerned in Michelangelo a youth of eminent genius, and took the lad into his own household. The astonished father found himself suddenly provided with a comfortable post and courted for the sake of the young sculptor. In Lorenzo's palace the real education of Michelangelo began. He sat at the same table with Ficino, Pico, and Poliziano, listening to dialogues on Plato and drinking in the golden poetry of Greece. At the

same time he heard the preaching of Savonarola. Another portion of his soul was touched, and he acquired that deep religious tone which gives its majesty and terror to the Sistine. While Michelangelo was thus engaged in studying antique sculpture and in listening to Pico and Savonarola, he carved his first bas-relief, a 'Battle of Hercules with the Centaurs.'

Meantime Lorenzo died. His successor, Piero, set the young man, it is said, to model a snow statue, and then melted like a shape of snow himself down from his pedestal of power in Florence. Upon the expulsion of the tyrant and the proclamation of the new republic it was dangerous for house-friends of the Medici to be seen in the city. Michelangelo therefore made his way to Bologna, where he spent some months in the palace of Gian Francesco Aldovrandini, studying Dante, and working at an angel for the shrine of St. Dominic. As soon, however, as it seemed safe to do so, he returned to Florence; and to this period belongs the lost statue of the 'Sleeping Cupid,' which was sold as an antique to the Cardinal Raffaello Riario.

A dispute about the price of this 'Cupid' took Michelangelo, in 1496, to Rome, where it was destined that the greater portion of his life should be spent and his noblest works of art should be produced. Here, while the Borgias were turning the Vatican into a den of thieves and harlots, he executed the purest of all his statues, a 'Pietà' in marble. In 1501 he returned to Florence, where he stayed until the year 1505. This period was fruitful of results on which his after-fame depended. The great statue of 'David,' the two unfinished medallions in relief of the Madonna, the 'Holy Family' of the Tribune, and the cartoon of the 'Bathing Soldiers' were now produced; and no man's name, not even Leonardo's, stood higher in esteem thenceforward.

Since Michelangelo at this time was employed in the service of masters who had superseded his old friends and patrons, it may be well to review here his attitude in general toward the house of Medici. Throughout his lifetime there continued a conflict between the artist and the citizen, the artist owing education and employment to successive members of that house, the citizen resenting their despotism and at times doing all that in him lay to keep them out of Florence. As a patriot, as the student of Dante and the disciple of Savonarola, Michelangelo detested tyrants. As an artist, owing his advancement to Lorenzo, he had accepted favors binding him by ties of gratitude to the Medici, and even involving him in the downfall of their house. For Leo X. he undertook to build the façade of San Lorenzo and the Laurentian Library. For Clement VII. he began the statues for the Medici tombs. Yet, while accepting these commissions from Medicean popes, he could not keep his tongue from speaking openly against their despotism. During the siege of Florence, in 1529, he fortified San Miniato, and allowed himself to be named one of the *Otto di Guerra* chosen for the express purpose of defending Florence against the Medici; yet after the fall of the city he made peace with Clement by consenting to finish the tombs of San Lorenzo. When Clement VII. died the last representative of Michelangelo's old patrons perished, and

the sculptor was free to quit Florence forever. It is thus clear that the patriot, the artist, and the man of honor were at odds in him. Loyalty obliged him to serve the family to whom he owed so much; he was, moreover, dependent for opportunities of doing great work on the very men whose public policy he execrated. Hence arose a compromise and a confusion, hard to accommodate with our conception of his upright and unyielding temper. Only by voluntary exile, and after age had made him stubborn to resist seductive offers, could Michelangelo declare himself a citizen who held no truce with tyrants.

This digression, though necessary for the right understanding of Michelangelo's relation to the Medici, has carried me beyond his Florentine residence in 1501–1505. The great achievement of that period was not the 'David,' but the cartoon for the 'Bathing Soldiers.' The hall of the Consiglio Grande had been opened, and one wall had been assigned to Leonardo. Michelangelo was now invited by the signory to prepare a design for another side of the state chamber. When he displayed his cartoon to the Florentines they pronounced that Da Vinci, hitherto the undisputed prince of painting, was surpassed. It is impossible for us to form an opinion in this matter, since both cartoons are lost beyond recovery. We only know that, as Cellini says, "while they lasted, they formed the school of the whole world," and made an epoch in the history of art. When we inquire what was the subject of Michelangelo's famous picture, we find that he had aimed at representing nothing of more moment than a group of soldiers suddenly surprised by a trumpet-call to battle while bathing in the Arno, — a crowd of naked men in every posture indicating haste, anxiety, and struggle. Not for its intellectual meaning, not for its color, not for its sentiment, was this design so highly prized. Its science won the admiration of artists and the public.

Meanwhile, a new pope had been elected, and in 1505 Michelangelo was once more called to Rome. Throughout his artist's life he oscillated thus between Rome and Florence — Florence the city of his ancestry, and Rome the city of his soul; Florence where he learned his art, and Rome where he displayed what art can do of highest. Julius was a patron of different stamp from Lorenzo the Magnificent. Between Julius and Michelangelo there existed the strong bond of sympathy due to community of temperament. Both aimed at colossal achievements in their respective fields of action. Both were *uomini terribili*, to use a phrase denoting vigor of character made formidable by an abrupt, uncompromising temper. Both worked *con furia*, with the impetuosity of dæmonic natures, and both left the impress of their individuality graven indelibly upon their age.

Julius ordered the sculptor to prepare his mausoleum. Michelangelo asked, "Where am I to place it?" Julius replied, "In St. Peter's." But the old basilica was too small for this ambitious pontiff's sepulchre as designed by the audacious artist. It was therefore decreed that a new St. Peter's should be built to hold it. In this way the two great labors of Buonarroti's life were mapped out for him in a moment. But, by a strange contrariety of fate, to Bramante and San Gallo fell respectively the planning and the spoiling of

St. Peter's. It was only in extreme old age that Michelangelo crowned it with that world's miracle, the dome. The mausoleum, to form a canopy for which the building was designed, dwindled down at last to the statue of 'Moses' thrust out of the way in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli. "*La tragedia della Sepoltura*," as Condivi aptly terms the history of Julius' monument, began thus in 1505 and dragged on till 1545. Rarely did Michelangelo undertake a work commensurate with his creative power but something came to interrupt its execution; while tasks outside his sphere, for which he never bargained, — the painting of the Sistine Chapel, the façade of San Lorenzo, the fortification of San Miniato, — were thrust upon him in the midst of other more congenial labors. What we possess of his achievements is a torso of his huge designs.

Julius' tomb, as Michelangelo conceived it, would have been the most stupendous monument of sculpture in the world. Of this gigantic scheme only one imperfect drawing now remains. The 'Moses' and the 'Bound Captives' are all that Michelangelo accomplished. For forty years the 'Moses' remained in his workshop. For forty years he cherished a hope that his plan might still in part be executed, complaining the while that it would have been better for him to have made sulphur matches all his life than to have taken up the desolating artist's trade. "Every day," he cries, "I am stoned as though I had crucified Christ. My youth has been lost, bound hand and foot to this tomb."

Michelangelo spent eight months at this period among the stone-quarries of Carrara, selecting marble for the pope's tomb. In November, 1505, the marble was shipped, and the quays of Rome were soon crowded with blocks destined for the mausoleum. But when the sculptor arrived he found that enemies had been poisoning the pope's mind against him, and that Julius had abandoned the scheme of the mausoleum. On six successive days he was denied entrance to the Vatican, and the last time with such rudeness that he determined to quit Rome. He hurried straightway to his house, sold his effects, mounted, and rode without further ceremony toward Florence, sending to the pope a written message bidding him to seek for Michelangelo elsewhere in future than in Rome. It is related that Julius, anxious to recover what had been so lightly lost, sent several couriers to bring him back. Michelangelo announced that he intended to accept the Sultan's commission for building a bridge at Pera, and refused to be persuaded to return to Rome. When the sculptor had reached Florence Julius addressed himself to Soderini, who, unwilling to displease the pope, induced Michelangelo to seek the pardon of the master he had so abruptly quitted. It was at Bologna that they met. "You have waited thus long, it seems," said the pope, well satisfied but surly, "till we should come ourselves to seek you." The prelate who had introduced the sculptor now began to make excuses for him, whereupon Julius turned in a fury upon the officious courtier, and had him beaten from his presence. A few days after this encounter Michelangelo was ordered to cast a bronze statue of Julius (later destroyed) for the frontispiece of St. Petronius of that city.

It seems that Michelangelo's flight from Rome in 1506 was due not only to his disappointment about the tomb, but also to his fear lest Julius should give him uncongenial work to do. Bramante, if we may believe the old story, had whispered that it was ill-omened for a man to build his own sepulchre, and that it would be well to employ the sculptor's genius upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Accordingly, on his return to Rome in 1508, this new task was allotted him. In vain did Michelangelo remind his master of the months wasted in the quarries of Carrara; in vain he pointed to his designs for the monument, and pleaded that he was not a painter by profession. Julius had made up his mind that he should paint the Sistine. Whatever the sculptor's original reluctance may have been, it was speedily overcome; and the cartoons for the ceiling, projected with the unity belonging to a single great conception, were ready by the summer of 1508.

The difficulty of his new task aroused the artist's energy. If we could accept the legend whereby contemporaries expressed their admiration for this Titanic labor, we should have to believe the impossible, — that only twenty months were devoted to the execution of a series of paintings almost unequalled in their delicacy, and surpassed by few single masterpieces in extent. Though some uncertainty remains as to the exact dates of the commencement and completion of the vault, we now know that Michelangelo continued painting it at intervals during four successive years; and though we are not accurately informed about his helpers, we no longer can doubt that able craftsmen yielded him assistance. There is good reason to believe that he began his painting during the autumn of 1508; and before the end of the year 1512 the whole was completed. The conception was entirely his own. The execution, except in subordinate details and in matters pertaining to the mason's craft, was also his. The rapidity with which he labored was astounding. Nor need we strip the romance from that time-honored tale of the great master's solitude. Lying on his back beneath the dreary vault, communing with Dante, Savonarola, and the Hebrew prophets in the intervals of labor, locking up the chapel doors in order to elude the jealous curiosity of rivals, eating but little and scarcely sleeping, he accomplished in sixteen months the first part of his gigantic task. From time to time Julius climbed the scaffold and inspected the painter's progress. Dreading lest death should come before the work was finished, he kept crying, "When will you make an end?" "When I can," answered the painter. "You seem to want," rejoined the petulant old man, "that I should have you thrown down from the scaffold." Then Michelangelo's brush stopped. The machinery was removed, and the frescos were uncovered in their incompleteness to the eyes of Rome. . . .

The star of Raphael, meanwhile, had arisen over Rome. It does not appear that the two artists engaged in petty rivalries, or that they came much into personal contact with each other. While Michelangelo was so framed that he could learn from no man, Raphael gladly learned of Michelangelo; and after the uncovering of the Sistine frescos, his manner showed evident signs of alteration.

After the death of Julius, Leo X., in character the reverse of his fiery predecessor, and by temperament unsympathetic to the austere Michelangelo, found nothing better for the sculptor's genius than to set him at work upon the façade of San Lorenzo at Florence. The better part of the years between 1516 and 1520 was spent in quarrying marble at Carrara, Pietra Santa, and Seravezza. This is the most arid and unfruitful period of Michelangelo's long life, a period of delays and thwarted schemes and servile labors. What makes the sense of disappointment greater is that the façade of San Lorenzo was not even finished. We hurry over this wilderness of wasted months, and arrive at another epoch of artistic production.

Already in 1520 the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici had conceived the notion of building a sacristy in San Lorenzo to receive the monuments of Cosimo, the founder of the house; Lorenzo the Magnificent; Giuliano, Duke of Nemours; Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino; Leo X., and himself. To Michelangelo was committed the design, and in 1521 he began to apply himself to the work. This new undertaking occupied him at intervals between 1521 and 1534, a space of time decisive for the fortunes of the Medici in Florence. Leo died, and Giulio, after a few years, succeeded him as Clement VII. Rome was sacked by the Imperial troops; then Michelangelo quitted the statues and helped to defend his native city against the Prince of Orange. After the failure of the Republicans he was recalled to his labors by command of Clement. Sullenly and sadly he quarried marbles for the sacristy. Sadly and sullenly he used his chisel year by year, making the very stones cry that shame and ruin were the doom of his country. At last, in 1534, Clement died. Then Michelangelo flung down his mallet. The monuments remained forever unfinished, and the sculptor set foot in Florence no more.

Michelangelo had now reached his fifty-ninth year. Leonardo and Raphael had already passed away, and were remembered as the giants of a bygone age of gold. Correggio was in his last year. Andrea del Sarto was dead. Nowhere except at Venice did Italian art still flourish; and the mundane style of Titian was not to the sculptor's taste. He had overlived the greatness of his country, and saw Italy in ruins. Yet he was destined to survive another thirty years, and to witness still worse days. When we call Michelangelo the interpreter of the burden and the pain of the Renaissance, we must remember this long, weary old age, during which in solitude and silence he watched the extinction of Florence, the institution of the Inquisition, and the abasement of the Italian spirit beneath the tyranny of Spain. His sonnets, written chiefly in this latter period of life, turn often on the thought of death. His love of art yields to religious hope and fear, and he bemoans a youth and manhood spent in vanity.

In 1534 the Cardinal Alessandro Farnese was made pope under the name of Paul III. Michelangelo had shed lustre on the reigns of three popes, his predecessors. After Julius, Leo, and Clement, the time was now come for the heroic craftsman to serve Paul. The pope found him at work in his *bottega* on the tomb of Julius; for the "tragedy of the mausoleum" still dragged on. The statue of Moses however was finished. "That," said Paul, "is enough

for one pope. Give me your contract with the Duke of Urbino; I will tear it. Have I waited all these years, and now that I am pope at last, shall I not have you for myself? I want you in the Sistine Chapel." Accordingly Michelangelo, who had already made cartoons for the 'Last Judgment' during the life of Clement, once more laid aside the chisel and took up the brush. For eight years, between 1534 and 1542, he labored at the fresco, devoting his terrible genius to a subject worthy of the times in which he lived.

After the painting of the 'Last Judgment,' one more great labor was reserved for him. By a brief of September 1535, Paul III. had made him the chief architect, as well as sculptor and painter, of the Holy See. He was now called upon to superintend the building of St. Peter's, and to this task, undertaken for the repose of his soul without emolument, he devoted the last years of his life, and the dome of St. Peter's, as seen from Tivoli or the Alban hills, like a cloud upon the Campagna, is Buonarroti's.

Michelangelo's thoughts meanwhile were turned more and more, as time advanced, to piety; and many of his sonnets breathe an almost ascetic spirit of religion. It is pleasant to know that these last years were also the happiest and calmest. Though his brothers had passed away before him one by one, his nephew Leonardo had married, and begotten a son called Michelangelo. Thus he had the satisfaction of hoping that his name would endure and flourish, as indeed it has done almost to this very day in Florence. What consolation this thought must have brought him is clear to those who have studied his correspondence and observed the tender care and continual anxiety he had for his kinsmen. Wealth now belonged to him; but he had never cared for money, and he continued to live like a poor man, dressing soberly and eating sparely, often taking but one meal in the day, and that of bread and wine. He slept little, and rose by night to work upon his statues, wearing a cap with a candle stuck in front of it that he might see where to drive the chisel home. During his whole life he had been solitary, partly by preference, partly by devotion to his art, and partly because he kept men at a distance by his manner. Not that Michelangelo was sour or haughty; but he spoke his mind out very plainly, had no tolerance for fools, and was apt to fly into passions. Time had now softened his temper and removed all causes of discouragement. He had survived every rival, and the world was convinced of his supremacy. Princes courted him; the Count of Canossa was proud to claim him for a kinsman; strangers, when they visited Rome, were eager to behold in him its greatest living wonder. His old age was the serene and splendid evening of a toilsome day. But better than all this, he now enjoyed both love and friendship.

If Michelangelo could ever have been handsome is more than doubtful. Early in his youth a quarrelsome fellow pupil broke his nose with a blow of the fist. Henceforth the artist's soul looked forth from a sad face, with small gray eyes, flat nostrils, and rugged weight of jutting brows. Good care was thus taken that light love should not trifle with the man who was destined to be the prophet of his age in art. He seemed incapable of attaching himself to any merely mortal object, and wedded the ideal. In that century of intrigue

and amour, we hear of nothing to imply that Michelangelo was a lover till he reached the age of sixty. How he may have loved in the earlier periods of his life, whereof no record now remains, can only be guessed from the tenderness and passion outpoured in the poems of his later years. That his morality was pure and his converse without stain is emphatically witnessed by both Vasari and Condivi. But that his emotion was intense, and that to beauty in all its human forms he was throughout his life a slave, we have his own sonnets to prove.

In the year 1534 he first became acquainted with the noble lady Vittoria, daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, and widow of the Marquis of Pescara. She was then aged forty-four. Living in retirement in Rome, she employed her leisure with philosophy and poetry. Artists and men of letters were admitted to her society. Among the subjects she had most at heart was the reform of the Church and the restoration of religion to its evangelical purity. Between her and Michelangelo a tender affection sprang up, based upon the sympathy of ardent and high-seeking natures. If love be the right name for this exalted and yet fervid attachment, Michelangelo may be said to have loved her with all the pent-up forces of his heart. When they were together in Rome they met frequently for conversation on the themes of art and piety they both held dear. When they were separated they exchanged poems and wrote letters, some of which remain. On the death of Vittoria, in 1547, the light of life seemed to be extinguished for our sculptor. It is said that he waited by her bedside, and kissed her hand when she was dying. The sonnets he afterwards composed show that his soul followed her to heaven.

At last the moment came when this strong solitary spirit, much suffering and much loving, had to render its account. On the eighteenth of February, 1564, having bequeathed his soul to God, his body to the earth, and his worldly goods to his kinsfolk, praying them on his death-bed to think upon Christ's passion, he breathed his last. His corpse was transported to Florence, and buried in the church of Santa Croce with great pomp and honor by the Duke, the city, and the Florentine Academy.

The Art of Michelangelo

CHARLES C. PERKINS — 'ITALIAN SCULPTURE'

IN none of the manifestations of Michelangelo's genius does he appear greater than in sculpture. For sculpture his preference was so marked that he always turned to it when not actually forced by some one of his taskmasters to build or to paint. In one of his letters he says, "It is only well with me when I have a chisel in my hand;" and he tells us in one of his most beautiful sonnets,—

"The best of artists hath no thought to show
"What the rough stone in its superfluous shell
"Doth not include."

Teeming with possibilities, the virgin block seemed to his mind the prison of a captive idea waiting to be set free by the action of his strong hand, with which he dealt blow after blow, until, possessed by a fresh thought, he left the half-revealed image in a state vague as music, and as suggestive to the imagination.

An enemy to tradition in art as well as to a positive imitation of nature, following neither the conventionalists, the realists, nor the worshippers of the antique, he was a great dreamer, who developed man into something more than man, and by the novelty and strangeness of his creations placed himself out of the pale of ordinary criticism. His defects, which are palpable to all, are surrounded, like the spots in the sun, by a dazzling indistinctness which renders it impossible to examine them closely. Many are the artists who suit our taste better, move our feelings more deeply, and satisfy us a thousand times more than this Titan of a late time; but we know of none, ancient or modern, who leaves a stronger impression of power upon the mind, or who more unmistakably imprinted the stamp of genius upon all that he touched.

EUGÈNE GUILLAUME GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS: 1876

SCULPTURE is Michelangelo's domain. Herein he has no rivals among the moderns. That art was his predilection, and yet it was in that art that he found his greatest torments; for his was no facile genius, and to such a man sculpture could be no mere distraction. The all-embracing thoughts which stirred within him, and which are echoed in the high poetry of his sonnets, could not be bodied forth within the restricted domain of material form, and his lifelong effort to broaden that domain made the practice of sculpture a continual struggle to him.

It has been said that the sublime is distinguished from the beautiful in that, while the latter expresses the idea of something exalted yet serene, like the fair azure of the sky, the former always connotes the sense of struggle, — a struggle against superior forces, the travail of sentiment and thought in the iron bonds of art. If we accept these definitions, Michelangelo's works are sublime rather than beautiful. Traces of a fierce struggle with the material is evident in all of them. Power is more strongly expressed than order, and awe is commingled with our admiration. The 'Il Pensieroso' and the 'Moses' represent the art of sculpture carried to its highest pitch of grandeur, of energy, and of passion.

It is a false and unjust point of view, however, to see in Michelangelo's work only what his critics have so exclusively considered, — the force, the excess of violence which surprises the mind, the torrent which carries us out of our accustomed commonplaces of thought. There is also a science in them which we must recognize, and admire without reserve. In all his works he exhibits a mastery of the science of movement, the science of anatomy, the

science of execution, which humiliates us. The grandeur of his figures, the dignity of their outlines, the monumental character of one and all, is unmatched; and in the art of posing, constructing, and basing a figure, whatever may be the subject or the action, the student must always bow before Michelangelo as incomparable. His supremacy in the essential and distinctive qualities of sculpture (qualities of which sculptors are so justly jealous), equilibrium, justness of movement, the exact balance of masses, order, — in a word, those which give to Michelangelo's figures, even the most tormented, an imposing stability which gives them the aspect of something eternal, — these architectonic qualities have not been sufficiently remarked or brought to the attention of students of his work. Because of them, and through them, however, Michelangelo is absolutely classic, the most classic of all modern artists.

And yet, all this said and granted, we must always come back finally to the supreme and distinctive and dominant quality of all — power. Through every one of his works, howsoever incomplete, shines the underlying inspiration, and the spectator may follow the master's thought through all the baffling obstacles and stormy crises. Through the material veil the idea is always splendidly apparent. The genius of the artist is ever superior to his handiwork.

Such works of art as these are not made only to be looked at, or to produce mere sensual delight. Michelangelo's sculptures are to be thought over and brooded upon. They propound new questionings to us endlessly; they torment our spirits; they evoke and germinate new thoughts. — FROM THE FRENCH.

MARCEL REYMOND 'LA SCULPTURE FLORENTINE'

IT is most difficult to speak of Michelangelo. How is it possible to find just words to tell of the extraordinary beauty of his art and yet to tell also of that excess which mars even the most beautiful of them; to show how the excellent and the detestable elbow one another?

His type is not altogether unique in art. To unite bad taste and the most sublime beauties is the lot of such ardent souls as his, such violent temperaments, overflowing with activity, and it is also a trait proper to precocious epochs in which too much science leads to exaggeration and forgetfulness of nature. In Michelangelo's case, both the time in which he lived and the character of his genius jointly conspired to lead him from beauty of style, and to lure him into excesses. There is nothing in his work which can justify the comparison of him to Phidias. If he is to be compared to any Greek artists, it is to those sculptors of the decadence, the masters of the school of Pergamos and Rhodes, who carved the 'Torso' and the 'Laocoon.'

It is a mistake through admiration for great geniuses to blink their faults and to speak only of their glories. The greater a man and the more he imposes upon our imaginations, the more important it is to discern and to discriminate clearly the qualities in which his genius is most manifest, and in Michelangelo's case such discrimination is the more necessary because his very defects were for long taken for his merits and therefore imitated.

In an essay upon the architectural works of Michelangelo, Charles Garnier has clearly touched the nature of his genius. "Michelangelo," he says, "even Michelangelo has failed. Too often in seeking for the grand he has found only the tormented, in seeking the original he has found only the strange and even the ignoble." As if frightened by this dictum, Garnier hastens to add that he judges Michelangelo thus only in his architectural works, and attempts to point out why such reproaches are not just when applied to his painting and his sculpture. The truth is, however, that what Michelangelo was as an architect he was as a painter and sculptor. "Tormented," "strange," were the words written by an architect studying Michelangelo as an architect — do they not seem at least as just when we study the Medici tombs, or, above all, the 'Last Judgment,' which is truly the strangest and most tormented work that has ever been created? Yet, and in spite of all his defects, Michelangelo remains one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all modern artists. Let us see why.

In the first place, from the point of view of technical knowledge of his art he is unrivalled. Nobody has ever drawn better than he drew; nobody has ever known the human body better. He abused his knowledge without doubt, for in his Medici tombs, and above all in his 'Last Judgment,' he has represented attitudes contrary to nature; but he has represented them always with such impeccable science that it is impossible not to admire even his most violent aberrations. He was, moreover, a marvellous workman. None ever carved stone with more *brio*, none ever had such a passion for the material side of his art; and for this reason he will always be the ideal of those of his own calling.

These abilities, however, make up but a small part of his genius. Michelangelo's true title to glory lies in his thought rather than in the means of its expression. He divorced himself from the Renaissance to join with the great Christian school of a preceding time. He is great because in the vaulting of the Sistine Chapel he recreated the prophets and the sibyls, and impressed them with all the nobility of his own soul. He is great, above all, through his suffering. In the presence of those strange figures of the Medici tombs we hear that cry which man would ever fain stop his ears against, and yet perforce must always listen to hear,— the cry of suffering of the human soul. . . .

If through Michelangelo's varied work we seek to spell out the mind which conceived it, and seek therein the dominant note, it seems to me that we shall find it to be an immense *pride*. From such a pride would flow the expression of power, the moral and physical sovereignty of his Virgins, his 'David,' his 'Victory,' and all the figures of the Sistine; and as a correlative quality, the rebellion, the revolt, the mighty resistance, which we find in the 'Bound Captive,' the 'Day,' and the 'Moses.' To such a pride, also, we may trace the sources of that great suffering (so deeply are the souls of men of genius susceptible to wounds) which cries out of the 'Dawn,' the 'Twilight,' the 'Descent from the Cross,' and the 'Last Judgment'— sufferings of which the ultimate result is profound misanthropy, disgust with life, and the imperious desire "to see no more, to feel no more." . . .

Michelangelo has played too important a part in the history of art for even the least details of his work to lack interest. It would be unjust, truly, to say that he lacks invention,— he who created so new a style and endowed with life so many figures,— but nevertheless he repeated himself often. Certain formulas seemed to impose on his thought. Having an idea to express, he demanded nothing from a model, but sought in his own mind for the form which he was to create, and the mirror of his mind seems always to have reflected that form with something of its own idiosyncrasy. Let me subjoin a list of what I may call the "habits" of Michelangelo: —

For the general outline of a statue he was accustomed to adopt on one side a long straight line, and on the other a curved and broken one. He liked to hug one arm close to the body, or to throw it behind in such a fashion as to make it practically disappear, and in opposition, to raise the other, and so place it as to form a sharp angle with the body. The arm which is advanced is always of the greatest beauty, but the gesture, too often violent, is not always rational. Of the two legs, he makes one support all the weight of the body, and raises the other; and to augment this difference, which seemed to please him, he often, and for no logical reason, placed the foot of the raised leg on a pedestal. In his seated figures one leg is advanced and the other usually sharply bent beneath the body. One shoulder is always higher than the other, a characteristic which became more striking in each successive work. If the body is seen three-quarters front, the head is full front. The head is almost always bent forward, and over the hair of his women he throws heavy veils which have something the aspect of helmets.

Too often Michelangelo did not seek to evolve from his subject the ideas which should have led him to a choice of forms. He rather employed the forms which he deemed beautiful in themselves; and these forms have sometimes no link with the idea which he wished to express.— FROM THE FRENCH.

WILHELM LÜBKE 'GESCHICHTE DER PLASTIK'

SINCE the period of classic antiquity, no master has been endowed with such eminent plastic talent as Michelangelo. However important his works in architecture and sculpture may be, sculpture was, and remained, his favorite art. Even the purest and greatest of his painted figures, such as the sibyls and prophets of the Sistine Chapel, are plastic in conception.

In order to completely master the human figure, Michelangelo gave up many years of his youth to a more thorough study of anatomy than ever has been undertaken by any other modern master. He, first since the ancients, valued the human form in all its majesty and for its own sake; and the aim of his endeavor became to exhibit it in all conceivable attitudes and foreshortenings, to delineate it grandly, freely, and broadly, after the manner of the antique.

But Michelangelo was more — he was an idealist in the strictest sense of the word. In his earliest works he strove after a perfect beauty, such as is expressed in the creations of antique sculpture. Seeking thus for a universal mode of expression, he was forced to wholly abandon the individual concep-

tion which had occupied so prominent a place throughout the fifteenth century. What could his age afford to such a Titan? Christian personages and the spiritual idea which animated them were ill-adapted to an art of which the aim was to glorify the human figure in its pure beauty; yet antique mythology had died out; and if, at times, a mythological subject presented itself, the occasions were too rare, and the subject, in spite of all the prevalent enthusiasm for antiquity, too far removed from modern subjective feeling. Still more alien to Michelangelo's genius was the historical subject, with its exact and individual features. Nothing, therefore, remained to him but the realm of allegory, the vague forms of which offered themselves as ready vehicles for the presentation of his subjective ideas. Allegory, then, presented the only means of outlet, and a dangerous one, to the capricious fancy of the artist. Unfettered subjectivity prevailed in the world of art for the first time. It recognized no subjective bonds in its absolute sway; it had cast off the leading-strings of tradition and, absorbed in its own profound inspirations, wrestled mightily to produce from them the grandest effect. All Michelangelo's works betray such a struggle — the struggle of sublime ideas striving to surge up into being from the wonderful depths of his mind, and bearing upon them every mark of the mighty throes which gave them birth.

There can be no calm enjoyment of such works. They irresistibly involve us in their passion, and, whether we will or no, make us sharers of their tragedy. This is the impression which even his contemporaries felt when they spoke of the "terrible" in Michelangelo's works.

In order to procure an adequate expression for these mighty, profound, and yet scarcely definable ideas, Michelangelo soon began to make the human form the manikin of his sovereign will. The fundamental ideal, laboriously produced through an internal conflict, could only become externally available by making the laws of physical organization yield to it. Thus, then, began his sway of idea over form. It became a matter of little importance to the master whether an attitude was natural or unconstrained if only it thrillingly expressed what was surging within his mind; and so he moulded the human form at will, gave to certain parts exaggerated colossal might, increased the power of the muscles, and neglected other parts (as, for example, almost always the back of the head in his statues), and thus prescribed new laws to the human frame.

In the greatest masterpieces, even among the ancients, small intentional departures from truth are often just the points on which the spiritual effect of the whole depends; but Michelangelo frequently indulges too far in this poetic license, and falls into exaggeration, and therefore into ugliness. Thus the same Michelangelo who possessed the highest idea of the beauty of the human body at last arrived at a conception of form which, as it were, wilfully avoided the beautiful.

But rude and unpleasing as they sometimes may be, his figures are never petty or ordinary. In these bold forms, grandly outlined and executed with unsurpassable breadth and freedom, he sets before us a higher type of being, in whose presence everything low falls from us, and our feelings experience

the same elevation that they do before true tragedy. Lastly, that which ever and ever anew sympathetically attracts us, even to those of his figures which we at first found repellent, is the fact that they are inwardly allied to the best within us, to our own striving after all that is high and ideal. Elevated though they may be above all human measure, they are still flesh of our flesh, spirit of our spirit. Because of this kinship we read into them more than we actually see — and herein lies the mysterious power of modern subjectivity. . . .

Supremely powerful and supremely individual, Michelangelo completely transformed the sphere of plastic art, and assigned new limits to it. During his long life he had comprised all its phases, from the naturalistic beginnings of the fifteenth century, through the gradual stages of its development, up to the first symptoms of decline and mannerism. He has been called, and not untruly, the "Fate" of modern art; but it should not be forgotten that he was after all but the agent of an impelling historical movement, and that so much of this movement seems to have been accomplished through him only because he was so supremely great.— FROM THE GERMAN.

The Works of Michelangelo

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

DAVID — ACADEMY: FLORENCE

IN the year 1501 Michelangelo was commissioned by Soderini, then gonfaloniere of Florence, to carve a statue from a huge block of marble which the sculptor Bartolommeo di Pietro, called Baccellino, had unsuccessfully begun to work on forty years before, and which had been lying thus damaged and idle ever since. The ambitious task was undertaken by the master, and his colossal figure of David — popularly called 'The Giant'— was the result. When it was completed, a meeting of all the principal artists in Florence was called to decide upon the best site for it. Various positions were suggested, but the final decision was left to Michelangelo himself, who chose a spot in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, where the statue remained until 1873, when it was removed, for protection, to a hall in the Florentine Academy. "In the 'David,'" writes Symonds, "Michelangelo first displayed that quality of *terribilità*, of spirit-quailing, awe-inspiring force, for which he afterwards became so famous. The statue imposes, not merely by its size and majesty and might, but by something vehement in the conception. Wishing perhaps to adhere strictly to the Biblical story, Michelangelo studied a lad whose frame was not developed. The 'David,' to state the matter frankly, is a colossal hobbledehoy. His body, in breadth of the thorax, depth of the abdomen, and general stoutness, has not grown up to the scale of the enormous hands and feet and heavy head. We feel that he wants at least two years to become a fully developed man, passing from adolescence to the maturity of strength and beauty. The attitude selected is one of great

dignity and vigor. The heroic boy, quite certain of victory, is excited by the coming contest. His brows are violently contracted, the nostrils tense and quivering, the eyes fixed keenly on the distant Philistine. In his right hand, kept at a just middle point between the hip and knee, he holds the piece of wood on which his sling is hung. The sling runs round his back, and the centre of it, where the stone bulges, is held with the left hand, poised upon the left shoulder, ready to be loosed. Michelangelo invariably chose some decisive moment in the action he had to represent, and though he was working here under difficulties, owing to the limitations of the damaged block, he contrived to suggest the imminence of swift and sudden energy which shall disturb the equilibrium of his young giant's pose."

PIETÀ ST. PETER'S: ROME

THE 'Pietà was executed in Rome in 1499, by order of the Abbot of St. Denis, when Michelangelo was twenty-four years old. Vasari tells us that such was the love and care which the master had given to this group, that hearing the work one day ascribed to Christoforo Solari, a Lombard sculptor, he shut himself by night into the chapel where it then stood, in the old basilica of St. Peter's, and engraved his name upon the cincture of the Madonna's robe, "a thing he never did again for any work."

"The composition of the group is pathetic," writes the sculptor M. Guillaume. "Although the figures are not quite life size, the ensemble is imposing, and from every point of view the mass is excellent. The Virgin holds the body of her son supine on her knees. Grief breathes from her whole attitude and person. She is the Virgin, she is the mother, and the dead Christ lies in the lap where she has so often borne Him as a little child. In her face all is purity, forgetfulness of self, and sanctity; but a sanctity so profound, so wide and universal, that we may find its equivalent even upon the Buddhist images. The figure of Christ is marvellous in its suppleness. The lithe harmony of the form is perfect. The two figures are not only juxtaposed, but they are identified. The body of Christ, dragging down the drapery behind it by its weight, thus, with most exquisite art, takes on something of the character of a bas-relief."

"Here, more completely than in any other work of modern sculpture," writes Perkins, "art and Christianity are allied; and here alone, among the plastic works of Michelangelo, do we find evidence of that religious spirit which he embodied in his sonnets. In his sublime frescos at the Sistine Chapel he is a historian of sacred things, who, in his own peculiar language, rises to the lofty height of the inspired Hebrew writers; but he is not, from the nature of the subjects with which he there dealt, what he is in his 'Pietà,' — an exponent, through form, of the gospel spirit of absolute submission to the will of God, whose type is the prostrate figure of the dead Christ. . . .

"Sculptured in the very last years of the fifteenth century, the 'Pietà' stands like a boundary-stone on the extreme limits of the Quattrocento. Its devotional spirit marks its connection with the art of the past, while its anatomical precision and masterly treatment connect it with that of the future. With it the first period of Michelangelo's development ends."

MADONNA AND CHILD (BAS-RELIEF) NATIONAL MUSEUM: FLORENCE

"IF Vasari can be trusted," writes Symonds, "it was during his residence at Florence, when his hands were fully occupied, that Michelangelo found time to carve the two unfinished Madonnas in relief, enclosed in circular spaces, one of which is now in the Royal Academy, London, and the other, made for Bartolommeo Pitti, in the National Museum at Florence. We might fancifully call them a pair of native pearls or uncut gems, lovely by reason even of their sketchiness. They illustrate what Cellini and Vasari have already taught us about his method: that he refused to work by piecemeal, but began by disengaging the first, the second, then the third surfaces, following a model and a drawing."

Of the two reliefs, that of the National Museum is the simpler, more tranquil, and more stately. Eugène Müntz writes of it, "Seated upon a block of stone (remark the distaste of Michelangelo for all such inventions of the decorative arts as thrones, canopies, and the like), the Virgin holds the infant Jesus, who, half asleep, as it were, leans upon the open book which lies upon his mother's lap. Behind appears the head of the little St. John Baptist. The Virgin is posed with perfect freedom and grace, and the whole motive, though one of the simplest that Michelangelo ever employed, is full both of charm and power. It shows us the sculptor as still young in heart, still susceptible to fresh, smiling, and amiable impressions."

BOUND CAPTIVE LOUVRE: PARIS

THIS statue was one of the two so-called 'Captives,' or 'Slaves,' originally intended for the tomb of Pope Julius II.; but when the mausoleum was planned on a reduced scale Michelangelo gave both figures to his friend Roberto Strozzi, by whom they were taken to France, where they became the property of the Constable de Montmorency, remaining in his château at Écouen until 1632, when they were given to Cardinal Richelieu, who removed them to Poitou. In 1749 they were in the possession of the cardinal's nephew, the Maréchal de Richelieu, whose wife somewhat later put them in the stable of her house in Paris, where M. Alexandre Lenoir found them in 1793, and purchased them for the French nation.

"Among all Michelangelo's works," writes Perkins, "there is perhaps none more beautiful than this sleeping prisoner, who, worn out with futile efforts to escape, rests with his noble head thrown back so as to expose his throat, his left arm raised and bent above his head, and his right reposing upon his breast." "It deserves," writes Symonds, "to be called the most fascinating creation of the master's genius, and together with the 'Adam,' may be taken as fixing his standard of masculine beauty. Praxiteles might have so expressed the Genius of Eternal Repose; but no Greek sculptor would have given that huge girth to the thorax, or have exaggerated the mighty hand with such delight in sinewy force. These qualities, peculiar to Buonarroti's sense of form, do not detract from the languid pose and supple rhythm of the figure, which flows down, a sinuous line of beauty, through the slightly swelling flanks, along the finely moulded thighs, to the loveliest feet emerging from the marble. Like

melody, this figure tells no story, awakes no desire, but fills the soul with something beyond thought or passion, subtler and more penetrating than words."

MADONNA AND CHILD — CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME: BRUGES

ALTHOUGH both Condivi and Vasari speak of a work sculptured by Michelangelo for certain Flemish merchants as a relief in bronze, it is now believed that these early biographers were mistaken in so describing it, and that the beautiful marble group of the 'Madonna and Child' in Bruges, perhaps the most charming of the master's works, is the one sent by Michelangelo to Flanders. Albrecht Dürer saw it when he was in Bruges in 1521, and wrote in his journal, "Then I saw in Our Lady's Church the alabaster Madonna sculptured by Michelangelo of Rome." The date of its execution is uncertain, but it is generally supposed to be later than that of the 'Pietà' in St. Peter's.

MEDICI TOMBS — SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO: FLORENCE

"FITLY to estimate the power of Michelangelo as a sculptor," writes the sculptor William Wetmore Story, "we must study the great works in the Medici Chapel in the Church of San Lorenzo, which show the culmination of his genius in this branch of art.

"The original Church of San Lorenzo was founded in 930, and is one of the most ancient in Italy. It was burned in 1423, but one hundred years later, by the order of Leo X., Michelangelo designed and began to execute the new sacristy, which was intended to serve as a mausoleum to Giuliano de' Medici, Duke of Nemours, brother of Leo X., and younger son of Lorenzo the Magnificent; and to Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, and grandson of the great Lorenzo. Within this mausoleum were placed the statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo. They are both seated on lofty pedestals, and face each other on opposite sides of the chapel. At the base of Giuliano's tomb, reclining on a huge sarcophagus, are the colossal figures of 'Day' and 'Night,' and at the base of Lorenzo's the figures of 'Dawn' and 'Twilight.'

"The chapel is quite separated from the church itself. It is solemn, cold, bare, white, and lighted from above by a lantern open to the sky. A chill comes over you as you enter it; and the whole place is awed into silence by these majestic and solemn figures. You at once feel yourself to be in the presence of an influence serious, grand, impressive, and powerful, and of a character totally different from anything that sculpture has hitherto produced, either in the ancient or modern world. Whatever may be the defects of these great works, and they are many and evident, one feels that here a lofty intellect and power has struggled, and fought its way, so to speak, into the marble, and brought forth from the insensate stone a giant brood of almost supernatural shapes. It is not nature that he has striven to render, but rather to embody thoughts, and to clothe in form conceptions which surpass the limits of ordinary nature. It is idle to apply here the rigid rules of realism. The attitudes are distorted and almost impossible. No figure could ever retain the position of the 'Night' at best for more than a moment, and to sleep

in such an attitude would be scarcely possible. And yet a mighty burden of sleep weighs down this figure, and the solemnity of night itself broods over it. So also the 'Day' is more like a primeval Titanic form than the representation of a human being. The head itself is merely blocked out, and scarcely indicated in its features. But this very fact is in itself a stroke of genius; for the suggestion of mystery in this vague and unfinished face is far more impressive than any elaborated head could have been. It is supposed that he left it thus because he found the action too strained. So be it; but here is 'Day' still involved in clouds, but now arousing from its slumbers, throwing off the mists of darkness, and rising with a tremendous energy of awakening life. The same character also pervades the 'Dawn' and 'Twilight.' They are not man and woman; they are types of ideas. One lifts its head, for the morning is coming; one holds its head abased, for the gloom of evening is drawing on. A terrible sadness and seriousness oppresses them. 'Dawn' does not smile at the coming of the light, is not glad, has little hope, but looks upon it with a terrible weariness, almost with despair — for it sees little promise, and doubts far more than it hopes. 'Twilight,' again, almost disdainfully sinks to repose. The day has accomplished nothing; oppressed and hopeless, it sees the darkness close about it.

"What Michelangelo meant to embody in these statues can only be guessed — but certainly it was no trivial thought. It was not beauty, or grace, or simple truth to nature, that he sought to express. In making them, the weight of the unexplained mystery of life hung over him; the struggle of humanity against superior forces oppressed him. The doubts, the despair, the power, the indomitable will of his own nature, are in them. They are not the expressions of the natural day of the world, of the glory of the sunrise, the tenderness of the twilight, the broad gladness of day, or the calm repose of night; but they are seasons and epochs of the spirit of man — its doubts and fears, its sorrows and longings and unrealized hopes. The sad condition of his country oppressed him. Its shame overwhelmed him. His heart was with Savonarola, to whose excited preaching he had listened, and his mind was inflamed by the hope of a spiritual regeneration of Italy and the world. The gloom of Dante enshrouded him, and terrible shapes of the 'Inferno' had made deeper impression on his nature than all the sublime glories of the 'Paradiso.' His colossal spirit stood fronting the agitated storms of passions which then shook his country, like a rugged cliff that braves the tempest-whipped sea — disdainfully casting from it violent and raging waves, and longing almost with a vain hope for the time when peace, honor, liberty, and religion should rule the world.

"This at least would seem to be implied in the lines he wrote under his statue of 'Night,' in response to the quatrain written there by Giovan' Battista Strozzi. These are the lines of Strozzi: —

'Night, which in peaceful attitude you see
'Here sleeping, from this stone an Angel wrought.
'Sleeping, it lives. If you believe it not,
'Awaken it, and it will speak to thee.'

"And this was Michelangelo's response: —

'Grateful is sleep — and more, of stone to be;
'So long as crime and shame here hold their state,
'Who cannot see or feel is fortunate —
'Therefore speak low, and do not waken me.'

"This would clearly seem to show that under these giant shapes he meant to embody allegorically at once the sad condition of humanity and the oppressed condition of his country. What lends itself still more to this interpretation is the character and expression of both the statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano, and particularly that of Lorenzo, who leans forward with his hand raised to his chin in so profound and sad a meditation that the world has sometimes given it the name of 'Il Pensiero' — not even calling it 'Il Pensieroso,' the thinker, but 'Il Pensiero,' thought itself; while the attitude and expression of Giuliano is of one who helplessly holds the sceptre and lets the world go, heedless of all its crime and folly, and too weak to lend his hand to set it right.

"But whatever the interpretation to be given these statues, in power, originality, and grandeur of character they have never been surpassed. There is a lift of power, an energy of conception, a grandeur and boldness of treatment, which redeems all defects. They are the work of a great mind, spurning the literal, daring almost the impossible, and using human form as a means of thought and expression. In them is a spirit which was unknown to the Greeks and Romans. The antique sculptors sought the simple, the dignified, the natural; beauty was their aim and object. Their ideal was a quiet, passionless repose, with little action, little insistence of parts. Their gods looked down upon earth through the noblest forms of Phidias with serenity, heedless of the violent struggles of humanity, like grand and peaceful presences. But here in these Titans of Michelangelo there is a new spirit — better or worse, it is new. It represents humanity caught in the terrible net of Fate, storming the heavens, Prometheus-like, breaking forth from the bonds of convention, and terrible as grand.

"Every man has a right to be judged by his best. It is not the number of his failures but the value of his successes which afford the just gauge of every man's genius. In these great statues Michelangelo succeeded, and they are the highest tide-mark of his power as a sculptor."

MOSES — CHURCH OF SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI: ROME

THE history of the tomb of Pope Julius II. has been outlined in the preceding life of the sculptor (see page 23). According to Condivi's account of the original design, the tomb was to have been in general shape a great rectangle, standing isolated in the tribune of St. Peter's, ornamented with bronze bas-reliefs and more than forty statues. The lower part, or pedestal, was to have been adorned with niches containing statues, and against the pilasters between these niches were to have stood ten figures bound like prisoners, typifying the Liberal Arts as taken captive by the pope's death, since they would never find such another patron. The platform surmounting this base was to have been ornamented by four heroic figures, one of which we may safely identify as the 'Moses.' Above this platform, on a second

level, was to have stood a sarcophagus, supported by angels. After the pope's death Michelangelo modified the original plan in some particulars, but his specifications for this second scheme are not sufficiently explicit to enable us to reconstruct it with any accuracy. The only figures for the tomb which Michelangelo in any degree completed are the 'Moses,' now in San Pietro in Vincoli, and the two 'Bound Captives' of the Louvre.

"The 'Moses,'" writes Eugène Guillaume, "would alone have sufficed to make its sculptor forever glorious. It sums up and gives the measure of his art. Moses has the grandiose aspect of the prophets in the Sistine Chapel; like them he is seated on a throne-like marble chair. His attitude expresses a majestic calm and breathes the authority of him who has talked alone with God within the cloud on Sinai. His eye, looking into the future, seems to foresee the continuance of his race and the permanence of those mighty laws engraven upon the table on which his right arm leans. But the repose of the law-giver is charged with animation; he is ready at the word of divine command to start up and lead his people forth. The character of the Israelite race is strongly marked on his features, and, conforming to the text of Exodus, his forehead bears two horns.

"The dominant notes of the figure are grandeur, vitality, and simplicity. It matches the majestic narrative of the Bible. Here are none of those torments under which the slaves and the figures in the Medici Chapel writhe in a sort of grim despair; but instead the calm energy of an exalted faith.

"The costume of Moses has been criticised, and indeed is strange in some particulars, but detracts in no way from the aspect of the work as a whole. The workmanship is of an extreme perfection; and one feels that Michelangelo, brooding over his design for the great tomb, came back again and again to this statue and lavished all pains upon it. With the exception of the 'Il Pensieroso,' which seems a conception still more perfect, saner, and more enduring in its character, it is his masterpiece."

THE WORKS OF MICHELANGELO IN SCULPTURE, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATION

BELGIUM. BRUGES, CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME: Madonna and Child (Plate V)—ENGLAND. LONDON, ROYAL ACADEMY: Madonna and Child (bas-relief)—LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: Cupid—FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Bound Captive (Plate IV) Bound Captive—GERMANY. BERLIN MUSEUM: St. John (attributed)—ITALY. BOLOGNA, CHURCH OF SAN DOMENICO: Kneeling Angel; St. Petronius (drapery only)—FLORENCE, ACADEMY: David (Plate I); St. Matthew—FLORENCE, BOBOLI GARDENS: Four Unfinished Figures—FLORENCE, CASA BUONARROTI: Centaurs (bas-relief); Madonna and Child (bas-relief)—FLORENCE, CATHEDRAL: Descent from the Cross—FLORENCE, NATIONAL MUSEUM: Bacchus; Brutus; Madonna and Child, bas-relief (Plate III); Apollo; Adonis; Victory—FLORENCE, SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO: Tomb of Lorenzo de' Medici (Plates VI, VII); Tomb of Giuliano de' Medici (Plates IX, X); Madonna and Child—ROME, ST. PETER'S: Pietà (Plate II)—ROME, CHURCH OF SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI: Moses (Plate VIII)—ROME, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA SOPRA MINERVA: Christ with the Cross.

NOTE—A brief list of the principal books on Michelangelo will be found in the next issue of this SERIES, in which his works in painting are to be considered.

Michelangelo

As a Painter

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

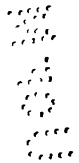
MICHELANGELO
HOLY FAMILY
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORE

NOFN

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

MICHELANGELO
THE CREATION OF THE SUN AND MOON
SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME



MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

MICHELANGELO
THE CREATION OF MAN
SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

MICHELANGELO
THE TEMPTATION AND EXPULSION
SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

MICHELANGELO
JEREMIAH
SISTINE CHAPEL, ROM

Wiley

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

MICHELANGELO
THE DELPHIC SIBYL
SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME

NOT FOR LOAN

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

MICHELANGELO
DANIEL
SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME

non

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

MICHELANGELO
THE CUMAEAN
SISTINE CHAPEL

Wrau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & C.E.

MICHELANGELO
DECORATIVE FIGU
SISTINE CHAPEL

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

MICHELANGELO
LAST JUDGME
SISTINE CHAPEI

PORTRAIT OF MICHELANGELO — UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

Vasari mentions but two painted portraits of Michelangelo; one by his friend Bugiardini, the other by Jacopo del Conte. Del Conte's work has disappeared; but Symonds is inclined to think that the portrait here reproduced may "with some show of probability" be assigned to Bugiardini.

Michelangelo Buonarroti

BORN 1475: DIED 1564
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

In this issue only Michelangelo's works in painting are illustrated. His achievements in sculpture were considered in the preceding number of this SERIES, in which an account of his life was also given.

H. TAINE 'VOYAGE EN ITALIE'

THERE are four men in the world of art and of literature so exalted above all others as to seem to belong to another race; namely, Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Michelangelo. No profound knowledge, no possession of all the resources of art, no fertility of imagination, no originality of intellect, sufficed to secure them this position; these they all had, but these are of secondary importance. That which elevated each of them to this rank was his soul, — the soul of a fallen deity, struggling irresistibly after a world disproportionate to our own, always suffering and combating, always toiling and tempestuous, and as incapable of being sated as of sinking, devoting itself in solitude to erecting before men colossi as ungovernable, as vigorous, and as sadly sublime as its own insatiable and impotent desire. Michelangelo is thus a modern spirit, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that we are able to comprehend him without effort.

Was he more unfortunate than other men? Regarding things externally, it seems that he was not. If he was tormented by an avaricious family, if on two or three occasions the caprice or the death of a patron prevented the execution of an important work already designed or commenced, if his country fell into servitude, if minds around him degenerated or became weak, these are not unusual disappointments, or serious and painful obstacles. How many among his contemporary artists experienced greater? But suffering must be measured by inward emotion, and not by outward circumstance; and if ever a spirit existed which was capable of transports of enthusiasm and passionate indignation, it was his.

Sensitive to excess, he was therefore lonely and ill at ease in the petty concerns of society, to such an extent, for example, that he could never bring himself to entertain at dinner. Men of deep, enduring emotions maintain an outward reserve, and fall back upon introspection for lack of out-

ward sympathy. From his youth up society was distasteful to Michelangelo, and he had so applied himself to solitary study as to be considered proud and even insane. Later, at the acme of his fame, he withdrew himself still more completely from his kind; he took his walks in solitude, was served by one domestic, and passed entire weeks on his scaffoldings, wholly absorbed in self-communion. He could hold converse with no other mind: not only were his sentiments too powerful, but they were too exalted.

From his earliest years he had passionately cherished all noble things; first his art, to which he gave himself up entirely, notwithstanding his father's opposition, investigating all its accessories, measure and scalpel in hand, with such extraordinary persistence that he became ill; and next, his self-respect, which he maintained at the risk of his life, facing imperious popes and forcing them to regard him as an equal, braving them, says his historian, "more than a king of France would have done." Ordinary pleasures he held in contempt; "although rich, he lived laboriously, as frugally as a poor man," often dining on a crust of bread; treating himself severely, sleeping but little and then often in his clothes, without luxury of any kind, without household display, without care for money, giving away statues and pictures to his friends, twenty thousand francs to his servant, thirty thousand and forty thousand francs at one time to his nephew, besides countless other sums to the rest of his family.

More than this: he lived like a monk, without wife or mistress, chaste in a voluptuous court, knowing but one love, and that austere and Platonic, for one woman as proud and as noble as himself. At evening, after the labor of the day, he wrote sonnets in her praise, and knelt in spirit before her, as did Dante at the feet of Beatrice, praying to her to sustain his weaknesses and keep him in the "right path." He bowed his soul before her as before an angel of virtue, showing the same fervid exaltation in her service as that of the mystics and knights of old. She died before him, and for a long time he remained "downstricken, as if deranged." Several years later his heart still cherished a great grief, — the regret that he had not, at her deathbed, kissed her brow or cheek instead of her hand.

The rest of his life corresponds with such sentiments. He took great delight in the "arguments of learned men," and in perusal of the poets, especially Petrarch and Dante, whom he knew almost by heart. "Would to heaven," he one day wrote, "I were such as he, even at the price of such a fate! For his bitter exile and his virtue I would exchange the most fortunate lot in the world!" The books he preferred were those imbued with grandeur, the Old and New Testaments, and especially the impassioned discourses of Savonarola, his master and his friend, whom he saw bound to the pillory, strangled, and burnt, and whose "living word," he wrote, "would always remain branded in his soul."

A man who lives and feels thus knows not how to accommodate himself to this life; he is too *different*. The admiration of others produces no self-satisfaction. "He disparaged his own works, never finding that his hand had expressed the conception formed within him." One day some one encountered

him, aged and decrepit, near the Colosseum, on foot and in the snow. He was asked where he was going. "To school," he replied; "to school, to try and learn something." Despair seized him often. Once, having injured his leg, he shut himself up in his house, waiting and longing for death. Finally, he even went so far as to separate himself from himself,— from that art which was his sovereign and his idol: "Picture or statue," he wrote, "let nothing now divert my soul from that divine love on the Cross, with arms always open to receive us!" It was the last sigh of a great soul in a degenerate age, among an enslaved people! Self-renunciation was his last refuge. For sixty years his works gave evidence of the heroic combat which maintained itself in his breast to the end.

Superhuman personages as miserable as ourselves, forms of gods rigid with earthly passion, an Olympus of human tragedies, such is the sentiment of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. What injustice to compare with Michelangelo's works the 'Sibyls' and the 'Isaiah' of Raphael! The latter are vigorous and beautiful, I admit, nor do I dispute that they testify to an equally profound art; but the first glance suffices to show that they have not the same soul: they do not issue like Michelangelo's forms from an impetuous, irresistible spirit; they have never experienced like his the thrill and tension of a nervous being, concentrated and launching itself forth at the risk of ruin. There are souls whose impressions flash out like lightning, and whose actions are thunderbolts. Such are the personages of Michelangelo. His colossal 'Jeremiah,' with eyes downcast, and with his enormous head resting on his enormous hand,— on what does he muse? His floating beard descending in curls to his breast, his laborer's hands furrowed with swollen veins, his wrinkled brow, his impenetrable mask, the suppressed mutter about to burst forth,— all suggest one of those barbarian kings, a dark hunter of the urus, preparing to dash in impotent rage against the golden gates of the Roman empire. 'Ezekiel' turns around suddenly, with an impetuous interrogation on his lips —so suddenly that the motion raises his mantle from his shoulder. The aged 'Persic Sibyl' under the long folds of her falling hood is indefatigably reading from a book which her knotted hands hold up to her penetrating eyes. 'Jonah' throws back his head, appalled at the frightful apparition before him, his fingers involuntarily counting the forty days that still remain to Nineveh. The 'Libyan Sibyl,' in great agitation, is about to descend, bearing the enormous book she has seized. 'The Erythræan Sibyl' is a Pallas of a haughtier and more warlike expression than her antique Athenian sister. On the curve of the vault, close to these figures, appear nude adolescents, straining their backs and displaying their limbs, sometimes proudly extended and reposing, and again struggling or darting forward. Some are shouting, and some, with rigid thighs and grasping feet, seem to be furiously attacking the wall. Beneath, an old stooping pilgrim is seating himself, a woman is kissing an infant wrapped in its swaddling-clothes, a despairing man is bitterly defying destiny, a young girl with a beautiful smiling face is sleeping tranquilly;—and many others, the grandest of human forms, that speak with every least detail of their attitudes, with every least fold of their garments.

These are merely the paintings on the curve of the ceiling. On the centre of the vault itself, two hundred feet long, are displayed historical scenes from the book of Genesis,—an entire population of figures of tragic interest. You lie down on the old carpet which covers the floor and look up. They are nearly a hundred feet above you,—smoked, scaling off, and crowded to suffocation, and remote from the demands of our art, our age, and our intellect,—yet you comprehend them at once. This man is so great that differences of time and of nation cannot subsist in his presence.

The difficulty lies not in yielding to his sway, but in accounting for it. When, after your ears have been filled with the thunder of his voice, you retire to a distance, so that only its reverberations reach you, and reflection succeeds to emotion, you try to discover the secret by which he renders his tones so vibrating, and at length arrive at this,—he possessed the soul of Dante, and he passed his life in the study of the human figure. These are the two sources of his power.

The human form, as he represented it, is all expression, expressive in its skeleton, its muscles, its drapery, its attitudes, and its proportions, so that the spectator is affected simultaneously by every part of the subject. And this form is made to express energy, pride, audacity, and despair, the rage of ungovernable passion or of heroic will, and in such a way as to move the spectator with the most powerful emotion. Moral energy emanates from every physical detail; we feel the startling reaction corporeally and instantaneously.

Look at Adam asleep near Eve, whom Jehovah has just taken from his side. Never was creature buried in such profound, deathlike slumber. In the 'Brazen Serpent' the man with a snake coiled round his waist, and tearing it off, with arm bent back and body distorted as he extends his thigh, suggests the strife between primitive mortals and the monsters whose slimy forms ploughed the antediluvian soil. Masses of bodies, intermingled one with the other and overthrown with their heels in the air, with arms bent like bows and with convulsive spines, quiver in the toils of the serpents; hideous jaws crush skulls and fasten themselves on howling lips; miserable beings tremble on the ground with hair on end and mouths agape, convulsed with fear in the midst of the heaps of humanity around them. In the hands of a man who thus treats the skeleton and muscles, who can put rage, will, and terror into the fold of a thigh, the projection of a shoulder-blade, the flexions of the vertebræ, the whole human animal is impassioned, active, and combatant.

Alone since the Greeks, Michelangelo knew the full value of all the members. With him, as with them, the body lived by itself, and was not subordinated to the head. Supplemented by his solitary study, he rediscovered the sentiment of the nude with which the Greeks were imbued by their gymnastic life. Before his Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise nobody thinks of looking to the face to find grief; it resides in the entire torso, in the active limbs, in the frame with its internal parts, in the friction and play of its moving joints; it is the ensemble which strikes you. The head enters into it only as a portion of the whole; and you stand motionless, absorbed in contemplating thighs that sustain such trunks and indomitable arms that are to subject the hostile earth.

But what, to my taste, surpass all are the twenty youthful figures seated on the cornices at the four corners of each fresco,— veritable painted sculpture that gives one an idea of some superior and unknown world. They all seem adolescent heroes of the time of Achilles and Ajax, as noble in race, but more ardent and of fiercer energy. Here are the great nudities, the superb movements of the limbs, and the raging activity of Homer's conflicts, but with a more vigorous spirit and a more courageous, bold, and manly will. Who would suppose that the various attitudes of the human figure could affect the mind with such diverse emotions? The hips actively support; the breast respires; the entire covering of flesh strains and quivers; the trunk is thrown back over the thighs; and the shoulder, ridged with muscles, is about to raise the impetuous arm. One of them falls backward and draws his grand drapery over his thigh, whilst another, with his arm over his brow, seems to be parrying a blow. Others sit pensive, and meditating, with all their limbs relaxed. Several are running and springing across the cornice, or throwing themselves back and shouting. You feel that they are going to move and to act, yet you hope that they will not, but maintain the same splendid attitudes. Nature has produced nothing like them; but she ought thus to have fashioned the human race. In the ceiling of the Sistine she might find all types: giants and heroes, modest virgins, stalwart youths, and sporting children; that charming 'Eve,' so young and so proud; that beautiful 'Delphic Sibyl,' who, like some nymph of the Golden Age, looks out with eyes filled with innocent astonishment,— all the sons and daughters of a colossal militant race, who preserved the smile, the serenity, the pure joyousness, the grace of the Oceanides of Æschylus, or of the Nausicaa of Homer. The soul of a great artist contains an entire world within itself. Michelangelo's soul is unfolded here on the Sistine ceiling.

Having thus once given it expression, he should not have endeavored to repeat the attempt. His 'Last Judgment,' on the altar-wall beneath, does not produce the same impression. When he finished the latter picture Michelangelo was in his sixty-seventh year, and his inspiration was no longer fresh. He had long brooded over his ideas, he had a better hold of them, but they had ceased to excite him. He had exhausted the original sensation,— the only true one,— and in the 'Last Judgment' he but exaggerates and copies himself. Here he intentionally enlarges the body and inflates the muscles; he is prodigal of foreshortenings and violent postures; here he converts his personages into mere athletes and wrestlers engaged in displaying their strength. The angels who bear away the cross clutch each other, throw themselves backward, clench their fists, strain their thighs, as in a gymnasium. The saints toss about the insignia of their martyrdoms, as if each sought to attract attention to his strength and agility. Souls in purgatory, saved by cowl and rosary, are extravagant models that might serve for a school of anatomy. The artist had just entered on that period of life when sentiment vanishes before science, and when the mind takes especial delight in overcoming difficulties.

Even so, however, this work is unique; it is like a declamatory speech in the mouth of an old warrior, with a rattling drum accompaniment. Some

of the figures and groups are worthy of his grandest efforts. The powerful Eve, who maternally presses one of her horror-stricken daughters to her side; the aged and formidable Adam, an antediluvian colossus, the root of the great tree of humanity; the bestial, carnivorous demons; the figure among the damned that covers his face with his arm to avoid seeing the abyss into which he is plunging; another in the coils of a serpent, rigid with horror; and especially the terrible Christ, like the Jupiter in Homer overthrowing the Trojans and their chariots on the plain; and, by his side, almost concealed under his arm, the timorous, young, shrinking Virgin, so noble and so delicate; — all these form a group of conceptions equal to those of the ceiling. They animate the whole design; and in contemplating them we cease to feel the abuse of art, the aim at effect, the domination of mannerism; we only see the disciple of Dante, the friend of Savonarola, the recluse feeding himself on the menaces of the Old Testament, the patriot, the stoic, the lover of justice who bears in his heart the grief of his people, who has been a mourner at the burial of Italian liberty, one who, alone, amidst degraded characters and degenerate minds, labored for many daily saddening years at this immense work, listening beforehand to the thunders of the Last Day, his soul filled with thoughts of the supreme Judgment.— FROM THE FRENCH.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX — REVUE DES DEUX-MONDES: 1837

MICHELANGELO'S genius, like that of Homer among the ancients, is the fountain-head from which all great painters since have drunk. Raphael and the Roman school, the schools of Florence and of Parma, including Andrea del Sarto and Correggio, the school of Venice, including Titian, all reflect his influence. Rubens, in the north, owes much of his exuberance and audacity to him — indeed, there has been none in painting since his advent so self-poised as not to have felt his potent influence.

Art will never overstep the bounds that Michelangelo has traced for her; he leaped at once to limits that cannot be surpassed. Into whatever deviations she may be led by caprice or the desire for novelty, the great style of the Florentine master will always serve as the magnetic pole to which all must turn who would rediscover the road to true grandeur and beauty.—FROM THE FRENCH.

BERNHARD BERENSON — 'FLORENTINE PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

THE first person since the great days of Greek sculpture to comprehend fully the identity of the nude with great figure art was Michelangelo. Before him, it had been studied for scientific purposes — as an aid in rendering the draped figure. He saw that it was an end in itself, and the final purpose of his art. For him the nude and art were synonymous. Here lies the secret of his successes and his failures.

First, his successes. Nowhere outside of the best Greek art shall we find, as in Michelangelo's works, forms whose tactile values so increase our sense of capacity, whose movements are so directly communicated and inspiring.

Other artists have had quite as much feeling for tactile values alone — Masaccio, for instance; others still have had as much sense of movement and power of rendering it — Leonardo, for example; but no other artist of modern times having at all his control over the materially significant has employed it as Michelangelo did, on the one subject where its full value can be manifested — the nude. Hence, of all the achievements of modern art, his are the most invigorating. Surely not often is our imagination of touch roused as by his Adam in the 'Creation,' by his Eve in the 'Temptation,' or by his many nudes in the same ceiling of the Sistine Chapel — there for no other purpose, be it noted, than their direct tonic effect! And to this feeling for the materially significant and all this power of conveying it, to all this more narrowly artistic capacity, Michelangelo joined an ideal of beauty and force, a vision of a glorious but possible humanity, which, again, has never had its like in modern times. Manliness, robustness, effectiveness, the fulfilment of our dream of a great soul inhabiting a beautiful body, we shall encounter nowhere else so frequently as among the figures in the Sistine Chapel. Michelangelo completed what Masaccio had begun, the creation of the type of man best fitted to subdue and control the earth, and, who knows! perhaps more than the earth.

But unfortunately, though born and nurtured in a world where his feeling for the nude and his ideal of humanity could be appreciated, he passed most of his life in the midst of tragic disasters, and while yet in the fulness of his vigor, in the midst of his most creative years, he found himself alone, perhaps the greatest, but alas! also the last, of the giants born so plentifully during the fifteenth century. He lived on in a world he could not but despise, in a world which really could no more employ him than it could understand him. He was not allowed, therefore, to busy himself where he felt most drawn by his genius, and, much against his own strongest impulses, he was obliged to expend his energy upon such subjects as the 'Last Judgment.' His later works all show signs of the altered conditions, first in an overflow into the figures he was creating of the scorn and bitterness he was feeling; then in the lack of harmony between his genius and what he was compelled to execute. His passion was the nude, his ideal power; but what outlet for such a passion, what expression for such an ideal, could there be in subjects like the 'Last Judgment,' or the 'Crucifixion of Peter'—subjects which the Christian world imperatively demanded should incarnate the fear of the humble and the self-sacrifice of the patient? Now humility and patience were feelings as unknown to Michelangelo as to Dante before him, or, for that matter, to any other of the world's creative geniuses at any time. Even had he felt them, he had no means of expressing them, for his nudes could convey a sense of power, not of weakness; of terror, not of dread; of despair, but not of submission. And terror the giant nudes of the 'Last Judgment' do feel, but it is not terror of the Judge, who, being in no wise different from the others, in spite of his omnipotent gesture, seems to be *announcing* rather than *willing* what the bystanders, his fellows, could not *unwill*. As the representation of the moment before the universe disappears

in chaos,—gods huddling together for the *Götterdämmerung*,—the 'Last Judgment' is as grandly conceived as possible; but when the crash comes none will survive it—no, not even God. Michelangelo therefore failed in his conception of the subject, and could not but fail. But where else in the whole world of art shall we receive such blasts of energy as from this giant's dream, or, if you will, nightmare? What a tragedy, by the way, that the one subject perfectly cut out for his genius, the one subject which required none but genuinely artistic treatment, his 'Bathing Soldiers,' executed forty years before these last works, has disappeared, leaving but scant traces! Yet even these suffice to enable the competent student to recognize that this composition must have been the greatest masterpiece in figure art of modern times.

That Michelangelo had faults of his own is undeniable. As he got older, and his genius, lacking its proper outlets, tended to stagnate and thicken, he fell into exaggerations—exaggerations of power into brutality, of tactile values into feats of modelling. I have already suggested that Giotto's types were so massive because such figures most easily convey values of touch. Michelangelo tended to similar exaggerations, to making shoulders, for instance, too broad and too bossy, simply because they make thus a more powerful appeal to the tactile imagination. Indeed, I venture to go even farther, and suggest that his faults in all the arts, sculpture no less than painting, and architecture no less than sculpture, are due to this selfsame predilection for salient projections. But the lover of the figure arts for what in them is genuinely artistic and not merely ethical, will in Michelangelo, even at his worst, get such pleasures as, excepting a few, others, even at their best, rarely give him.

EUGÈNE MÜNTZ 'HISTOIRE DE L'ART PENDANT LA RENAISSANCE'

AS if to stand in living antithesis, Destiny placed Michelangelo and Raphael together on the threshold of a new era in art—the latter to die before he had been able to give the full measure of his genius, the former to bridge generations with his tireless activity.

Before Michelangelo's advent, art, trammelled by the timidity and hesitations of the Primitives, had advanced slowly, never falling back, it is true, but scrupulous and self-mistrustful, feeling its way tentatively and with deliberation, and always leaving some newly discovered problem for solution by those who should follow.

Then, sudden as a thunder-clap, came Michelangelo, and struck into life the frescos of the Sistine, the 'Bound Captives' of the Louvre, the 'Moses,' and the tombs of the Medici—and three great arts were definitely enfranchised! In these unheralded masterpieces he had proclaimed and illustrated unlimited liberty of expression, absolute liberty of movement and attitude, and the expression of a whole world of uplifting sentiments,—majesty, pride, melancholy, terror, justice,—all with a maximum of intensity which no one since has been able to approach.

Such was Michelangelo's rôle in the evolution of the Renaissance.—FROM THE FRENCH.

HEINRICH WÖLFFLIN 'DIE KLASSISCHE KUNST'

LIKE a mighty mountain torrent, enriching and devastating at the same time, did the appearance of Michelangelo affect Italian art. Irresistible in his force, carrying all along with him, he became a deliverer to a few — a destroyer to many.

From the very beginning Michelangelo was a distinct personality, almost fearful in his one-sidedness. He grasped life as a sculptor, and only as a sculptor. What interested him was the solid form, and to him the human body was alone worthy of being represented. His type of man was not that of this earth, but rather of a race by itself, gigantic and powerful. In the strength of his delineation of form and in the clearness of his conception he is entirely beyond comparison. No experiments, no tentative efforts; with the first stroke he gives the definite expression. We find in his drawings a profoundly penetrating quality. The internal structure, the mechanical movements of the body, are so rendered as to be full of expression even to the smallest detail. Each turn, each bend of the limbs, shows a secret power. There is an incomprehensible force even in the exaggerations, and so great is the impression produced that it does not occur to us to criticise. It was characteristic of the master to exercise his talent ruthlessly for the sake of producing the utmost possible effect.

Michelangelo enriched art with new and hitherto undreamed-of qualities, but at the same time he impoverished it by taking from it all delight in simple, every-day subjects, and he it was who brought about a dissonance in the Renaissance, and prepared the way for a new style,—the barocco. . . . No one, however, should hold Michelangelo responsible for the fate of Italian art. He was as he had to be, and he will always remain supremely great. But the effect that he produced was indeed disastrous, for all beauty came to be measured by the standard of his works, and an art brought into the world under peculiarly individual conditions became universal. — FROM THE GERMAN.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

THE personality of Michelangelo is so tremendous, he is so different from all other artists who have gone before, or come after him, that when the critic is called upon to place this sculptor, painter, architect, in the long series of Italian artists, his formidable figure starts forth from the frame and will not be fitted to any usual environment. But the more Michelangelo is studied the more this "man with four souls" is seen to have been in his central artistic consciousness a sculptor; moreover, — we have the word of another sculptor for it, — this autocratically personal artist underwent the gradual evolution of a sculptor. Though he so impressed his own character upon his own style that, once formed, it was perhaps more completely *sui generis* than that of any artist who has lived, yet he did form it; he felt the influence of antiquity in the Medici gardens, and in his first visit to Rome he felt, too, the influence of predecessors, and vibrated instinctively to the

quality of force in others, — grave force in Giotto, rude force in Della Quercia, feverishly vital force in Donatello, violent force in Signorelli. He became the disciple of Savonarola, the spiritual brother of Dante, the interpreter of the Hebrew prophets; he lived among Titans, and his creations were Promethean; man and man's body alone in nature interested him; and the body used as the material for the expression of his thought became colossal to suit that thought whose purpose was to picture the creation, the promise of redemption, and the wrath to come.

The work of Michelangelo may be broadly divided into three periods. His youthful period included the creation of the 'Bacchus,' the South Kensington 'Cupid' (Apollino?), the 'Adonis,' the two Madonne in tondo, the 'Madonna of Bruges,' and ended with the execution of the colossal 'David' and of the 'Pietà,' — which showed Michelangelo at the age of twenty-four to be the greatest sculptor in Europe,— and the cartoon ('Bathing Soldiers'), which proclaimed him the greatest draughtsman. His second period was that epoch of tremendous gestation which witnessed the birth of the most potent, fascinating, and dominating painting and sculpture the world had seen for eighteen hundred years, work which warped the talent of a generation of artists, — the frescos of the Sistine Chapel and the sculptures of the Medici tombs in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo. To the army of Titans of the vaulting and the seven colossal shapes of San Lorenzo must be added the 'Moses' and the so-called 'Captives' of the Louvre. His style was determined and had reached its highest point. His final period as painter and sculptor included the 'Last Judgment,' the frescos of the Pauline Chapel, and the 'Pietà,' or 'Descent from the Cross,' of the Duomo of Florence. After the execution of this latter work the sculptor-painter became architect and poet, and laid aside brush and chisel forever.

The achievement of Michelangelo, phenomenal in its strength and depth, may yet be followed by its development. Even his very early work, the 'Sleeping Cupid,' was (if we may believe Vasari) the marvellously precocious work of one who had quickly learned the lesson of Greek antiquity. When he was but twenty-four years old he had passed onward to a style of his own, and, in the execution of the 'Pietà,' of a science which looked back upon the art of the Quattrocento and forward beyond anything that, save from his own chisel, we have had since. His 'David,' called by the sculptor-critic, M. Guillaume, his "*chef-d'œuvre de maîtrise*," is yet a youthful work in its fault of choice, the selection of a stripling that should become a colossus. In his 'Bathing Soldiers' he relinquished for a time his *terribilità*, which, hinted at in the 'Pietà,' was seen in the 'David;' and in that world-famous cartoon he produced (this much can be told even from the flotsam that has reached us) the very ultimate expression of the academy drawing, the perfect examples which set all young Italy, crayon and portfolio in hand, to copying in the hall of the Medici Palace.

Upon the upper vaulting of the Sistine Chapel Michelangelo next rose (in spite of what Cellini has told us) far above his figures of the cartoon, and yet here the departure from nature began; but here, too, commenced that use of

his knowledge of nature for the expression of a spiritual thought so great as to pass, says Symonds, beyond the comprehension of his contemporaries, who still worshipped the naturalistic perfection of the cartoon of the 'Bathing Soldiers.' By regular progression this departure from nature continued, as Michelangelo passed down the vaulting of the Sistine Chapel; it is seen in the 'Persic Sibyl' and in the huge Prophets more than in the Adam and Eve above. It is shown more plainly in the 'Last Judgment;' here knowledge and mannerism are perilously near each other; at last, in the Pauline Chapel, mannerism has full possession of the field. Between the Sistine frescos and the 'Last Judgment,' at the time of Michelangelo's best technical and spiritual creativeness, he gave to the world the second of his great ensembles, his completest expression in sculpture, the seven statues of the Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

In the technical achievement of Michelangelo nothing has made his work more fascinating, more personal, than his application (emphasized so felicitously and authoritatively by M. Eugène Guillaume) of sculptural qualities in his painting, of pictorial qualities in his sculpture. The isolation, relief, self-contained and statue-like character of his Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel is not more noticeable than the surface treatment of the marble in his Medici statues; portions polished here, portions left in the rough there, enhancing each other, giving color, making the stone live; and again his use of light and shadow upon these same rough or polished spaces, most of all upon his masses—witness the casqued face of his 'Pensieroso.' It is easy, where all is so individual, to point out idiosyncrasies which become indifference or exaggeration in the artist, but by this very indifference or exaggeration Michelangelo produced the effect which he sought for. It is easy to say that he eschewed naturalism in its ordinary sense, though few naturalistic artists have studied the body more conscientiously, or to see that he disdained the portrait.

In these same figures of the Sistine and San Lorenzo we may note the master's bias as to physical type: the small head, the huge thorax, the tendency to turn the latter to one side, while the legs, reversing the movement, are turned to the other, the pelvis becoming the pivot, and the abdominal and stomach muscles especially testifying to the science of the artist. The hips are narrow, the thighs powerful, and in many of his seated figures of the Sistine Michelangelo liked to foreshorten the legs from the knees down till they seem almost dissimulated by pose and shadow. We come to the head last of all, and it apparently was what came last in the sculptor's thought. At Oxford there is a sheet covered with drawings in red chalk, of profile or three-quarter heads, by Michelangelo. They are what a modern student would call "chic" heads; that is to say, they are such profiles as the artist would draw without the model (or using the model, if at all, only as a suggestion of the broad relations of light and mass), varying each head a little from the other, making this one a caricature, that one almost antique in its outlines. Anton Springer is perhaps the only critic who has pointed out how strongly Leonardo has influenced Buonarroti in such work. These heads are neither beautiful, deli-

cate, nor subtle, yet in them can be found the characteristics of the type which includes the heads of all Michelangelo's most famous statues—the high-bridged nose with its depressed end, the hollow between the chin and jaw, the flattening of the end of the chin, the horizontal depression running in Greek fashion across the middle of the forehead. Make them finer, subtler, more real in every way, and from three of these heads you might evolve many of Michelangelo's; for though no man differed more from other men, no one adhered more faithfully to the type which he had selected. The heavy slumbering features of the 'Night' proclaim her, nevertheless, own sister to the strong yet alert-faced duke who sits above; even the strange "goat-face" of the 'Moses' is but an exaggeration of the nose and forehead which the sculptor carved almost instinctively. The 'Adonis,' the 'Dawn,' the 'Madonna of Bruges,' the noble Madonna of the Roman 'Pietà,' all share the same facial construction.

Besides type, proportion, modelling, movement, common to Buonarroti as painter and sculptor, we have also to consider the purely pictorial quality of color. His color is known only by the vaulting frescos of the Sistine, since the 'Last Judgment' has suffered too greatly to afford us any data. In this vast decorative ensemble of the chapel vaulting Michelangelo's intense sense of dignity has saved him, in spite of inexperience, or of inherited Florentine tendencies, from the slightest triviality of juxtaposition of gaily varied tones, or from hardness; the color-scheme is as measured, restrained, perfectly fitting, as if Leonardo and Andrea del Sarto had stood at either elbow; and the sculptor, in his first great essay with pigments, models delicately in a tonality which, though sober, is neither heavy nor muddy.

In composition Michelangelo differed widely from his great rival, Raphael, and much in the same way as he differed from him in his attitude toward those about him. Raphael's relations with all men were harmonious, and in his pictures each figure, too, was harmoniously related to every other. To Michelangelo it was as hard to make his figures accord with each other as it was for him personally to accord with his fellows. As artist he was spiritually and creatively autonomous; his figures are autonomous, and every one is sufficient to itself, as is a detached statue. Often Michelangelo's groups are not ill-composed, but there is no such relation between the parts of the composition as with Raphael, Titian, or Veronese. Each figure has plenty of harmony within itself, between its own proportions and parts, but it is centralized harmony. Take, for instance, the 'Last Judgment;' the groups are so many masses arranged symmetrically, one group balancing another as a mass; but once within these masses each figure seems to be thought of for itself only, as if this tremendously personal artist could not bear the yoke even of his own creations, and must know each artistic thought as independent and subject only to itself. Even in a great architectonic distribution, where the artist is successful and deeply impressive, as in the arrangement of the Sistine vaulting, he still refuses to in any way co-ordinate his decorative scheme with that of the men who had gone before him and had painted the lower walls.

There are many to whom Michelangelo's art stands first and last for exaggeration; they say that they cannot admire him because of the huge muscles which he gives to his people; this is largely because the exaggeration, which upon the vaulting of the Sistine was full of meaning, became meaningless in the work of an army of followers. The very volume of this work so impresses on-lookers of to-day that they forget that Michelangelo's force was not material alone, but spiritual as well. Let his censors set aside the 'Last Judgment' and the Pauline frescos, the works of his old age, and they will find that in the infinite strength of his 'Night' and 'Twilight,' his 'Adam' and his 'Moses,' there is also infinite delicacy, infinite subtlety.

His influence upon the art of his time was in many senses most unfortunate; but he did not cause the decline of Italian art, he only precipitated it; Italian art decayed because it bloomed.

He possessed the most wonderful technique of his time, but what impresses far more than his technique is his spirit. Vittoria Colonna said rightly that what was in Michelangelo's work was as little beside what was in his soul. From the time that he finished the 'David' and the cartoon of the 'Bathing Soldiers' began a period of eternal struggle with his own art, of disdain for that of others. In all that he did was seen a mighty force, struggling, Enceladus-like, to upheave, as if he felt that every creature which came from his brush or chisel needed its giant shoulders to support the burden of man's fate. In its supreme technique his achievement became all-powerful, the tyrant of sixteenth-century art; but in his spirit as artist in his ceaseless struggle against human limitations, Michelangelo the man is an incarnate protest.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'LIFE OF MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI'

MICHELANGELO, as Carlyle might have put it, is the Hero as Artist. When we have admitted this, all dregs and sediments of the analytical alembic sink to the bottom, leaving a clear crystalline elixir of the spirit. About the quality of his genius opinions may, will, and ought to differ. It is so pronounced, so peculiar, so repulsive to one man, so attractive to another, that, like his own dread statue of Lorenzo de Medici, "it fascinates and is intolerable." There are few, I take it, who can feel at home with him in all the length and breadth and dark depths of the regions that he traversed. The world of thoughts and forms in which he lived habitually is too arid, like an extinct planet, tenanted by mighty elemental beings with little human left to them but visionary Titan-shapes, too vast and void for common minds to dwell in pleasurably. The sweetness that emerges from his strength, the beauty which blooms rarely, strangely, in unhomely wise, upon the awful crowd of his conceptions, are only to be apprehended by some innate sympathy or by long incubation of the brooding intellect. It is probable, therefore, that the deathless artist through long centuries of glory will abide as solitary as the simple old man did in his poor house at Rome. But no one, not the dullest, not the weakest, not the laziest and lustfullest, not the most indifferent to

ideas or the most tolerant of platitudes and paradoxes, can pass him by without being arrested, quickened, stung, purged, stirred to uneasy self-examination by so strange a personality expressed in prophecies of art so pungent.

The Works of Michelangelo

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

HOLY FAMILY — UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

THIS work, executed about the year 1503 for Angelo Doni, of Florence, is the only finished easel picture which can without question be attributed to Michelangelo. It is, as the recent editors of Vasari have said, "rather a colored cartoon than a painting, hard and dry and disagreeable, yet full of the power of Michelangelo, magnificently drawn, having decorative beauty in the composition of its lines, and impressing, by its force, its originality, and its difference from other artists' conceptions of the same subject." "Michelangelo's love of restless and somewhat strained actions," writes Sidney Colvin, "is illustrated by the introduction (wherein he follows Luca Signorelli) of some otherwise purposeless undraped figures in the background." Springer calls attention to the fact that these figures are not the only evidence of the plastic character of the picture. "The whole work," he says, "is full of it, showing how decidedly the artist's mind turned to finely drawn and well modelled forms. The color, in the upper part of the Madonna's robe reddish, in the lower part blue, in Joseph's dress bluish-gray above and orange below, and in the flesh scarcely more than a prevailing brownish tone, serves to emphasize the light and shade, to round the surfaces and give prominence to the limbs, but is used only as a secondary means of expression."

SISTINE CHAPEL — VATICAN: ROME

THE Sistine Chapel was built by Baccio Pintelli, a Florentine architect, in the year 1473, for Pope Sixtus IV. It is oblong in shape, and is lighted by twelve round-arched windows, six on either side. Two painted windows are at the entrance end, and upon the clear wall above the altar at the opposite end is Michelangelo's fresco of the 'Last Judgment.' The side walls of this celebrated chapel are decorated in fresco with scenes from the life of Moses and of Christ by Perugino, Pinturicchio, Signorelli, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and Cosimo Rosselli. In the year 1508 Michelangelo was called upon by Pope Julius II. to decorate the ceiling, and in spite of remonstrance on the part of the artist, who declared that painting was not his trade, in that same year the task was begun.

"Destiny so ruled," writes Sidney Colvin, "that the work thus thrust upon him remains his chief title to glory. His history is one of indomitable will and almost superhuman energy, yet of will that hardly ever had its way,

and of energy continually at war with circumstance. The only thing which in all his life he was able to complete as he had conceived it was this of the decoration of the Sistine ceiling. The pope had at first proposed a scheme including figures of the twelve apostles only. Michelangelo would be content with nought so meagre, and furnished instead a design of many hundred figures, embodying all the history of creation and of the first patriarchs, with accessory personages of prophets and sibyls dreaming on the new dispensation to come, and, in addition, those of the forefathers of Christ. The whole was to be enclosed and divided by an elaborate frame-work of painted architecture, with a multitude of nameless human shapes supporting its several members or reposing among them, — shapes meditating, as it were, between the features of the inanimate frame-work and those of the great dramatic and prophetic scenes themselves. Michelangelo's work was accepted by the pope, and by May, 1508, his preparations for its execution were made. Later in the same year he summoned a number of assistant painters from Florence. Trained in the traditions of the earlier Florentine school, they were unable, it seems, to interpret Michelangelo's designs in fresco either with sufficient freedom or sufficient uniformity of style to satisfy him. At any rate, he soon dismissed them, and carried out the remainder of his colossal task alone, except for the necessary amount of purely mechanical and subordinate help. The physical conditions of prolonged work, face upwards, upon this vast expanse of ceiling were adverse and trying in the extreme. But after four and a half years of toil the task was accomplished. Michelangelo had during its progress been harassed alike by delays of payment and by hostile intrigue. His ill-wishers at the same time kept casting doubts of his capacity, and vaunting the superior powers of Raphael. That gentle spirit would by nature have been no man's enemy, but unluckily Michelangelo's moody, self-concentrated temper prevented the two artists being on terms of amity such as might have stopped the mouths of mischief-makers. Once during the progress of his task Michelangelo was compelled to remove a portion of the scaffolding and exhibit what had been so far done, when the effect alike upon friends and detractors was overwhelming. Still more complete was his triumph when, late in the autumn of 1512, the whole of his vast achievement was disclosed to view."

"Entering the Sistine Chapel," writes Symonds, "and raising our eyes to sweep the roof, we have above us a long and somewhat narrow oblong space, vaulted with round arches, and covered from end to end, from side to side, with a network of human forms. The whole is colored like the dusky, tawny, bluish clouds of thunder-storms. There is no luxury of decorative art — no gold, no paint-box of vermilion or emerald green, has been lavished here. Sombre and aërial, like shapes condensed from vapor, or dreams begotten by Ixion upon mists of eve or dawn, the phantoms evoked by the sculptor throng that space."

The ceiling of the chapel — some ten thousand square feet in area — forms a flattened arch, of which the central portion, an oblong, flat surface, is divided into nine sections, four larger alternating with five smaller ones.

The subjects depicted in these are, reckoning from the altar-end, over which is the figure of the prophet Jonah (see design), (1) 'The Separation of Light and Darkness,' (2) 'The Creation of the Sun and Moon' (Plate II), (3) 'The Creation of Vegetable Life,' (4) 'The Creation of Man' (Plate III), (5) 'The Creation of Woman,' (6) 'The Temptation and Expulsion' (Plate IV), (7) 'The Sacrifice of Noah,' (8) 'The Deluge,' and (9) 'The Drunkenness of Noah.' Outside of this central panel, and on either side of those subjects denoted above as numbers 1, 3, 5, and 7, are seated alternate, colossal figures of prophets and sibyls, foretellers of the coming of the Saviour, and at each end of the central panel are the figures of two other prophets, — at one end Zachariah, at the other Jonah. "Michelangelo's prophets," writes Kugler, "embody the highest ideas of inspiration, meditation, and prophetic woe. Jeremiah may be singled out as their grandest personification" (Plate V). In the triangular spaces at the four corners of the ceiling are depicted the 'Brazen Serpent,' the 'Punishment of Haman,' 'David and Goliath,' and 'Judith and Holofernes.' In the twelve lunettes above the windows, and in the twelve triangular vaulted spaces over them, are groups of figures known as the 'Ancestors of the Virgin.' On projecting parts of a painted simulated cornice which surrounds the great panel in the centre of the ceiling are seated, in pairs, twenty nude, decorative figures, each pair holding ribbons which support medallions. Among the creations of Michelangelo none are more beautiful than these seated youths (Plate IX). "Equally distinct from modern character, or from reminiscence of the antique," says Kugler, "these figures, like the Sibyls, are a new race."

Including the nameless and subordinate figures too numerous to mention here, it has been estimated that there are in the vaulting of the Sistine Chapel three hundred and forty-three figures. Of these more than two hundred are important, and many are in size colossal.

"If we consider the painting of the Sistine ceiling simply as a work of art," write the recent editors of 'Vasari's Lives,' "nothing in the history of painting equals the boldness and the grandeur of this decoration in its entirety. If we think of it as the intellectual conception and physical achievement of one man, it is equally tremendous. If we consider it only architectonically, and in reference to the principles and laws of decoration, a wholly different ground may be taken by the critic; here Michelangelo's painted architecture and arrangement, as Symonds has said, 'bordered dangerously upon the barocco style, and contained within itself the germs of a vicious mannerism,' but the arrangement is frankly chosen, and frankly adhered to, and there is no loss of dignity anywhere from tricks of perspective foreshortening."

Sidney Colvin writes: "The work represents all the powers of Michelangelo at their best. His sublimity, often in excess of the occasion, is here no more than equal to it; moreover, it is combined with the noblest elements of grace, and even of tenderness. Whatever the soul of this great Florentine, the spiritual heir of Dante, with the Christianity of the Middle Age not shaken in his mind, but expanded and transcendentalized by the

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knowledge and love of Plato, — whatever the soul of such a man, full of suppressed tenderness and righteous indignation, and of anxious questionings of coming fate, could conceive, that Michelangelo has expressed or shadowed forth in this great and significant scheme of paintings."

LAST JUDGMENT . SISTINE CHAPEL: ROME

IN a brief issued by Pope Paul III., September 1, 1535, appointing Michelangelo chief architect, sculptor, and painter at the Vatican, allusion is made to the fresco of the 'Last Judgment,' which was therefore probably begun about this time, although the cartoon for the work had been made the year before, during the lifetime of Clement VII., from whom Michelangelo had received the original commission. The great fresco was completed in 1541, and shown to the public on Christmas day of that year. It measures fifty-four feet six inches in height by forty-three feet eight inches in width, and occupies the end wall-space above the altar in the Sistine Chapel—a space which had previously been decorated with frescos by Perugino.

Vasari tells us that when Michelangelo had almost finished the work, Pope Paul went to see it, accompanied by Messer Biagio da Cesena, his master of ceremonies, and that the latter, being asked his opinion of it, found fault with the nude figures introduced into the composition. "Displeased by his remarks," says Vasari, "Michelangelo resolved to be avenged; and Messer Biagio had no sooner departed than our artist drew his portrait from memory, and placed him in hell, under the figure of Minos, with a great serpent wound around him, and standing in the midst of a troop of devils: nor did the entreaties of Messer Biagio to the pope and Michelangelo, that this portrait might be removed, suffice to prevail on the master to consent; it was left as first depicted, a memorial of that event, and may still be seen." It is said that when Messer Biagio complained to the pope, Paul assured him that he could do nothing. "Had the painter sent thee to purgatory," said his Holiness, "I would have used my best efforts to release thee; but since he hath sent thee to hell, it is useless to come to me, as I have no power there."

After the accession of Paul IV. it was arranged that the painter Daniele da Volterra should add draperies to some of the figures, whereby he earned the title of "il Braghettone," the breeches-maker. In 1566 the fresco was again retouched, and still later, in 1762, more draperies were added, probably by Stefano Pozzi.

"Time, negligence, and outrage," writes Symonds, "the dust of centuries, the burned papers of successive conclaves, the smoke of altar-candles, the hammers and the hangings of upholsterers, the brush of the breeches-maker and restorer, have so dealt with the 'Last Judgment' that it is almost impossible to do it justice now. What Michelangelo intended by his scheme of color is entirely lost. Not only did Daniele da Volterra, an execrable colorist, dab vividly tinted patches upon the modulated harmonies of the flesh-tones painted by the master, but the whole surface has sunk into a bluish fog, deepening to something like lampblack around the altar. Nevertheless, in its composition the fresco may still be studied, and we are not unable to understand the

enthusiasm which so nobly and profoundly planned a work of art aroused among contemporaries.

"It has sometimes been asserted that this enormous painting, the largest and most comprehensive in the world, is a tempest of contending forms, a hurly-burly of floating, falling, soaring, and descending figures. Nothing can be more opposed to the truth. Michelangelo was sixty-six years of age when he laid his brush down at the end of the gigantic task. He had long outlived the spontaneity of youthful ardor. His experience through half a century in the planning of monuments, the painting of the Sistine vault, the designing of façades and sacristies and libraries, had developed the architectonic sense which was always powerful in his conceptive faculty. Consequently, we are not surprised to find that, intricate and confused as the scheme may appear to an unpractised eye, it is in reality a design of mathematical severity, divided into four bands, or planes, of grouping. The pictorial divisions are horizontal in the main, though so combined and varied as to produce the effect of multiplied curves, balancing and antiphonally inverting their lines of sinuosity. The pendentive upon which the prophet Jonah sits descends and breaks the surface at the top, leaving a semicircular compartment on each side of its corbel. Michelangelo filled these upper spaces with two groups of wrestling angels, the one bearing a huge cross, the other a column,—chief emblems of Christ's Passion. The crown of thorns is also there, the sponge, the ladder, and the nails. It is with no merciful intent that these signs of our Lord's suffering are thus exhibited. Demonic angels, tumbling on clouds like Leviathans, hurl them to and fro in brutal wrath above the crowd of souls, as though to demonstrate the justice of damnation. The Judge is what the crimes of the world and Italy have made him. Immediately below the corbel, and well detached from the squadrons of attendant saints, Christ rises from his throne. His face is turned in the direction of the damned; his right hand is lifted as though loaded with thunderbolts for their annihilation. The Virgin sits in a crouching attitude at his right side, slightly averting her head, as though in painful expectation of the coming sentence. The saints and martyrs who surround Christ and his Mother, while forming one of the chief planes in the composition, are arranged in four unequal groups of subtle and surprising intricacy.

"The two planes which I have attempted to describe occupy the upper and larger portion of the composition. The third in order is made up of three masses. In the middle floats a band of Titanic cherubs, blowing their long trumpets over earth and sea to wake the dead. Dramatically, nothing can be finer than the strained energy and superhuman force of these superb creatures. Their attitudes compel our imagination to hear the crashing thunders of the trump of doom. To the left of the spectator are souls ascending to be judged, some floating through vague ether, enwrapped with grave-clothes, others assisted by descending saints and angels, who reach a hand, a rosary, to help the still gross spirit in its flight. To the right are the condemned, sinking downwards to their place of torment, spurned by seraphs, cuffed by angelic grooms, dragged by demons, hurling, howling, huddled in a mass of horror. There is a wretch, twined round with fiends, gazing straight before him as

he sinks; one-half of his face is buried in his hand, the other fixed in a stony spasm of despair, foreshadowing perpetuity of hell. Just below is the place to which the doomed are sinking. Michelangelo reverted to Dante for the symbolism chosen to portray hell. Charon, the demon, with eyes of burning coal, compels a crowd of spirits in his ferry-boat. They land and are received by devils, who drag them before Minos, judge of the infernal regions. He towers at the extreme right end of the fresco, indicating that the nether regions yawn infinitely deep, beyond our ken; just as the angels above Christ suggest a region of light and glory, extending upward through illimitable space. The scene of judgment on which attention is concentrated forms but an episode in the universal, sempiternal scheme of things. Balancing hell, on the left hand of the spectator, is brute earth, the grave, the forming and the swallowing clay, out of which souls, not yet acquitted or condemned, emerge with difficulty, in varied forms of skeletons or corpses, slowly thawing into life eternal.

"Vasari, in his description of the 'Last Judgment,' seized upon what after all endured as the most salient aspect of the puzzling work, at once so fascinating and so repellent. 'It is obvious,' he says, 'that the peerless painter did not aim at anything but the portrayal of the human body in perfect proportions and most varied attitudes, together with the passions and affections of the soul. That was enough for him, and here he has no equal. He wanted to exhibit the grand style,— consummate draughtsmanship in the nude, mastery over all problems of design. He concentrated his power upon the human form, attending to that alone, and neglecting all subsidiary things, as charm of color, capricious inventions, delicate devices and novelties of fancy.' Vasari might have added that Michelangelo also neglected what ought to have been a main object of his art,— convincing eloquence, the solemnity proper to his theme, spirituality of earthly grossness quit. As a collection of athletic nudes in all conceivable postures of rest and action, of foreshortening, of suggested movement, the 'Last Judgment' remains a stupendous miracle.

"The note is one of sustained menace and terror, and the total scheme of congregated forms might be compared to a sense-deafening solo on a trombone. While saying this, we must remember that it was the constant impulse of Michelangelo to seize one moment only, and what he deemed the most decisive moment, in the theme he had to develop. Having selected the instant of time at which Christ, half risen from his judgment-seat of cloud, raises an omnific hand to curse, the master caused each fibre of his complex composition to thrill with the tremendous passion of that coming sentence.

"Partial and painful as we may find the meaning of the 'Last Judgment,' that meaning has been only too powerfully and personally felt. The denunciations of the prophets, the woes of the Apocalypse, the invectives of Savonarola, the tragedies of Italian history, the sense of present and indwelling sin, storm through and through it. Technically, the masterpiece bears signs of fatigue and discontent, in spite of its extraordinary vigor of conception and execution. The man was old and tired, thwarted in his wishes and op-

pressed with troubles. His very science had become more formal, his types more arid and schematic, than they used to be. The thrilling life, the divine afflatus, of the Sistine vault have passed out of the 'Last Judgment.'"

THE PAINTINGS OF MICHELANGELO, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Virgin and Child with Angels (unfinished); Entombment (unfinished)—ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Holy Family (Plate I)—ROME, PAULINE CHAPEL, VATICAN: Conversion of St. Paul (fresco); Martyrdom of St. Peter (fresco)—ROME, SISTINE CHAPEL, VATICAN: Ceiling (frescos) (Plates II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX); Altar Wall, Last Judgment (fresco) (Plate X).

Michelangelo Bibliography

THOSE who desire a comparatively comprehensive bibliography relating to Michelangelo are referred to Luigi Passerini's 'Bibliografia di Michelangelo Buonarroti' (Florence, 1875), to 'La Bibliographie Michelangelesque,' by M. Anatole de Montaiglon, in the 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts' for 1876 (Paris, 1876), to Mr. Charles Eliot Norton's 'List of the Principal Books relating to the Life and Works of Michel-Angelo' (Cambridge, 1879), and to the more recent bibliography, compiled by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins, editors, in their 'Vasari's Lives of the Painters' (New York, 1897). In the following list are named only a few principal works chosen from the enormous literature upon Michelangelo.

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Corot

FRENCH SCHOOL

UOFM

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

COROT

DANCE OF NYMPHS, E[illegible]

PRIVATE COLLEC[illegible]

Mail

COROT
LANDSCAPE
LOUVRE, PARIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

U of M

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

COROT
ORPHEUS GREETING THE MORN
PRIVATE COLLECTION

Withdrawn

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

COROT
THE BATHERS
PRIVATE COLLECTION

Mau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

COROT
A ROAD IN SUNSH[illegible]
PRIVATE COLLECT

NAU

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

COROT
A GUST OF WIND
PRIVATE COLLECTION

Mail

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY GAVET

COROT
VILLE D'AVRAY
ROUEN MUSEUM

OGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

COROT
THE BENT TREE
PRIVATE COLLECTION

Non

COROT
WILLOWS NEAR A
PRIVATE COLL

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

Mon

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

COROT
DANCE OF NYMPHS, MORNING
LOUVRE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF COROT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PETIT, PARIS

Corot was a man of herculean build and fine physique. Frank and genial in manner, he had a kindly expression which was very winning. His eyes were dark blue, his hair white, and his face smooth shaven. There was usually a smile upon his lips, but in repose his mouth showed strength of will, as well as a trace of melancholy. Erect in carriage, ruddy and well-favored, he looked at first sight more like a prosperous farmer than a painter-poet.

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot

BORN 1796: DIED 1875
FRENCH SCHOOL

HENRI DUMESNIL 'COROT: SOUVENIRS INTIMES'

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT was born in Paris on July 26, 1796. His father kept a shop at the corner of the rue du Bac and the quai Voltaire, where were sold millinery and ribbons, or, as Corot used to express it, "frivolities and gewgaws, which gave us a living and even quite a little fortune." He had two sisters, one of whom, Madame Forment, died young. For the other and elder, Madame Sennegon, Corot had ever a strong affection, and did not long survive her death. He himself never married.

In 1806, when Corot was ten years old, his father sent him to a boarding-school at Rouen on an arrangement by which he was received at half price. There he remained for seven years. He spent his holidays with an old friend of his father's who lived at Rouen,—a somewhat grave and solitary man, who would take the boy for long walks in the dusk of evening, through the outskirts of the city, over unfrequented roads, under the spreading trees of the open country, or along the banks of the river. The images that were then engraved on the child's mind made a deep and lasting impression. Later, after his return to Paris, he used to spend the summers at Ville d'Avray, where, in 1817, his father had bought a country house. This house was near a pond, and often the youth would remain the greater part of the night at the open window of his room, absorbed in watching the sky, the water, and the trees. Corot always felt that these early influences had given a bent to his whole artistic career.

At this early period, however, the aspirations of the young man were but dreams. His father, whom he always held in the greatest respect, placed him in the shop of a cloth merchant in the St. Honoré quarter in Paris, and later he entered another similar shop in the rue de Richelieu. Here at last his natural inclination displayed itself, and he made drawings by stealth under the counter at every leisure moment. His new master was indulgent, and facilitated his future career by assuring the elder Corot that the young fellow would never amount to anything in trade, and would much better be allowed to follow his inclination. He continued a clerk for eight years, however, and while so engaged contracted habits of order and regularity which remained with him

throughout his life. One of these habits, for example, was to rise early even in winter, and to his last days he always arrived at his studio as he had at the shop, punctually "at three minutes before eight in the morning."

While Corot was still engaged as a draper's clerk he became acquainted with the young painter Michallon, the first winner of the grand prize of Rome for landscape painting, and his love of art was fostered by this friendship. At last he took courage, and begged his father to let him give up trade and take to the brush. His father, a thrifty and successful man of business, was by no means pleased by his son's request, but finally stated conditions on which he would give his consent. "Your sisters' marriage portions were ready when they were needed," said he, "and I was hoping to soon provide you too with a good establishment, for you are old enough now to be at the head of a house; but since you refuse to continue in trade, and wish to be a painter instead, I warn you that as long as I live you will have no capital at your disposition. I will, however, make you a yearly allowance of fifteen hundred francs. Do not count on anything more, but try whether you can live on that!" Camille, much moved, thanked his father, saying that it was all that was necessary, and that this decision made him very happy.

The first day that he was free, and as soon as he had provided himself with artists' materials, he made his first study, not far from his father's house, on the steep bank of the Seine, looking toward the city. All who have had access to Corot's studio know this first study, which always hung there, carefully and lovingly preserved. He liked to tell the story of it. "While I was painting that," he used to say,—"it was thirty-five years ago,—the young girls who worked for my mother were curious to see Monsieur Camille at his new occupation, and ran from the shop to watch me paint. One, whom we will call Mademoiselle Rose, came oftener than the others. She is living still, and sometimes comes to see me;—she was here only last week. O my friends, what changes have taken place, and what thoughts they bring! My picture has not changed; it is always young, and recalls the very hour when I made it; but Mademoiselle Rose and I—what are we?"

His youthful friend Michallon was Corot's first master. The precepts that he gave his pupil may be summed up in a few words: to come face to face with nature, to endeavor to render it exactly, to paint what one sees, and to translate the impression received. The advice was good, and was almost identical with that which Corot later gave to his own pupils. Michallon, however, died when only twenty-six years old, and Corot then entered the Paris studio of Victor Bertin, a pure classicist, whose pictures have, if one may so express it, all the coldness of the stage accessories of tragedy. It was surely not under his teaching that Corot acquired the suppleness, the manner of rendering masses, the transparency of atmosphere, and the tremulous movement of foliage—in a word, his own delicate and tender way of depicting nature. Fortunately, all these qualities were already sufficiently rooted in him to resist the influence of Bertin; and the lessons received from the classicist were of value in teaching him precision of drawing and the foundations of composition.

In 1825 Corot visited Italy for the first time. At Rome he found a galaxy of young French painters, among whom were Léopold Robert, Schnetz, Aligny, Édouard Bertin, Bodinier, and others, besides Pierre Guérin, who was then the director of the French Academy in that city. The new-comer was welcomed on his merits as a "good fellow," but his work was not considered worth a thought. His sunny nature made him a favorite. He sang well, and in the evenings at the restaurant Della Lepre or at the Caffè Greco, which were the artists' usual meeting-places after the work of the day, they listened with pleasure to his songs, but paid no attention to what he had done in the way of painting. Things went on in this way, until one day Aligny, who was director of the landscape section of the Academy, happening to pass near the spot where Corot was engaged in making a study of the Colosseum, was struck with its truth, and looking at the sketch attentively, was surprised to find in it qualities of the first order. He congratulated the artist, who at first took his congratulations as a joke; but Aligny was in earnest, and the same evening repeated his remarks at the gathering of the painters, concluding with the prediction that this young man, who had until now been unnoticed, would in time be the master of them all. Aligny's praises worked a miracle, and from this moment Corot was considered an artist of worth, who had a future before him.

Sustained by the example and advice of Aligny, who had given him confidence in himself, Corot now devoted a large portion of his time to outdoor studies. The works which belong to this period are marked by firmness and precision in drawing, and strict adherence to nature. They are hard and tight in execution, and nothing is left to the imagination as in his later works.

Upon his return to Paris in 1827, Corot exhibited for the first time at the Salon, and thenceforth until his death he never left the battle-field of the exhibitions. For him, indeed, it was a battle, and a long one. He was alone, ranged under no banner. He wished to be truthful, but at the same time felt within himself a poetic fire which demanded expression, and could not be content with the mere translation of material things, or in an exclusive naturalism, however strong. Consequently his works were unnoticed and treated almost with contempt.

About 1833 he went again to Italy, but this time his travels were confined to the northern part of that country, and he did not journey even so far south as Rome, because of his father's distress at his prolonged absence. In 1843 he made a third visit to Italy, but remained only five or six months. The rest of his life was spent in France. He lived in Paris during the winter, and at Ville d'Avray in summer.

At the close of the Salon of 1846, at which his 'View of the Forest of Fontainebleau' was exhibited, Corot was awarded the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He was at this time in his fiftieth year. Hereafter his way lay in broad sunlight, although he was still far from being accepted by the "idolatrous and enthusiastic crowd," to use his own words, that afterwards besieged his studio in the rue de Paradis-Poissonnière, in Paris. Even his father, who had always looked upon him as a very poor painter, could not for a long time believe in his son's genius, and one day asked Français—

one of Corot's pupils who had already gained a reputation—if Camille *really* had any talent. "Tell me the truth," said he, "for you know what painting is." And even then Français found it hard to persuade the old man that his son Camille was "stronger than all the others."

Corot was nearly sixty before public favor was accorded him to any marked extent, and seventy-one before he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor. His fellow artists were the first to appreciate him. In his later years, when success had come to him, he loved to recall the chances and changes which had befallen his various pictures. For instance, one which was exhibited at the Salon of 1851 was badly placed, and every one passed by without noticing it. Corot, seeing that no one paid any attention to his landscape, said to himself, "Men are like flies; as soon as one lights on a dish others immediately follow. Perhaps if I stand here before my picture and seem to admire it others will stop too." True enough, a young couple soon approached the picture, and the gentleman said, "That is not bad; it seems to me there is something in that painting." But his wife, a sweet-looking woman, pulled him by the arm, saying, "It is frightful; do come away!" "Well," said Corot to himself, "are you satisfied, now that you know the opinion of the public? So much the worse for you!" After remaining for several years in his studio without attracting any one, this same picture was finally bought for seven hundred francs; later, at a public sale, for twelve thousand; and this time the purchaser was so delighted to have it that he gave a fête in honor of the occasion. But it was the selfsame picture that once no one wanted. "I am doing the same things to-day," said Corot, "but now the public run after them. Only forty years of work have been necessary to bring that about! It is not I who have changed, but my principles have triumphed, and now *je nage dans le bonheur*."

During the Franco-Prussian War, Corot, foreseeing the siege of Paris, returned to the city in August, 1870, and remained there during the siege. "I took refuge in my painting," said he in speaking of those days, "and I worked hard; otherwise I believe I should have gone mad." But while busy with his painting he did not forget the wounded and their needs. He visited them and comforted them by his sympathy and kindness, and allowed them to want for nothing that it was possible for him to procure. Indeed Corot opened his purse at all times so freely that he had regular clients, the frequency of whose visits he did not seem to realize. He would go to his table-drawer, take out the amount asked for, and give it to the solicitor as a matter of course. A friend who was present on one of these occasions exclaimed at his prodigal generosity. "Not at all," replied Corot. "It is my temperament and my pleasure. I can earn the money again so quickly, just by making a little branch. Charity always brings me in more than it costs, for I work better with a heart at ease. Once I gave away a thousand francs,—a good deal for my little hoard just then,—but the very next day I sold a picture for six thousand. You see it brought me good fortune; and that 's the way it always is."

So modest was Corot in his estimate of the pecuniary value of his works

that at last his friends remonstrated with him, and insisted that he should raise his prices. His reply, when he at length succumbed to their importunities, was characteristic: "Very well," he said; "go and mark the prices on them yourselves!" And so they did. Only once is he known to have asked a large sum for his work. It was in 1856, when on the day of the opening of the Salon he received a telegram from a stranger, inquiring whether a certain picture was unsold, and if so what was the price. "I do not know," Corot used to say in recounting the anecdote, "what idea possessed me; but the manner in which this sudden offer at the very opening of the Salon was made induced me to believe that a success was in store for me, and I was emboldened to a pitch of audacity. I replied, also by telegram, 'Picture unsold; price 10,000 francs.' I never did such a thing before! In an hour's time came an answering telegram, saying that my terms were accepted with pleasure. I thought at first that I must have left out a cipher in my message, but it was all right." Although he allowed his friends to have their own way about fixing the prices of his pictures, he reserved the right to give them away whenever it seemed good to him to do so. In this way the town of Semur came to possess his 'Orchard'; the church of Ville d'Avray his 'St. Jerome'; and Lille his 'Fête.'

Corot scarcely felt the weight of years. His faculties remained intact, and he knew nothing of the usual indifference of the old. His pictures in the Salon of 1874 were very beautiful, but, to the surprise of every one, did not gain him the grand medal of honor. When the award of the jury became known his friends sent him a letter expressing their admiration for his work, and their regret at the decision; and this proved to be the beginning of a movement in the art world of Paris which culminated in the presentation to the great landscapist of a gold medal, in testimony of the affection and esteem in which he was held.

In October, 1874, a great sorrow came to Corot in the death of his sister, Madame Sennegon, with whom he had always lived when he was at Ville d'Avray, and to whom he was devotedly attached. Her death was a premonition of his own approaching end. From this time on his health, until then so robust, began to fail. By the end of the following month he had become very feeble, and his appearance plainly showed that his condition was serious. He still sometimes went to his studio, for, even though he could no longer work, he liked to be among his paintings.

Corot had finished the pictures intended for the Salon of 1875, and when his failing strength obliged him to give up going to his studio they lacked only his signature. That this might be added they were brought to his bedside, and after the effort of signing them—the last touch of his brush—he said, "That is all; I can do no more." During his last moments his mind dwelt on his painting, and as if still holding a brush he moved his right arm to the wall, exclaiming, "Look! how beautiful! I have never seen such lovely landscapes!" These were almost his last words. He died on the evening of the twenty-third of February, 1875.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

The Art of Corot

[illegible] BROWN. "FRENCH ART"

[illegible] of [illegible] temperament and [illegible] Poussin [illegible] treatment.—possibly his work [illegible]—[illegible] seem [illegible] serious [illegible] but he is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] but Corot is [illegible] [illegible] Claude's, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] like Claude's, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] But his [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] more [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

cool gray of dusk. A man of no reading, having only the elements of an education in the general sense of the term, his instinctive sense of what is refined was so delicate that we may say of his landscapes that, had the Greeks left any, they would have been like Corot's. And this classic and cultivated effect he secured not at all, or only very incidentally, through the force of association, by dotting his hillsides and vaporous distances with bits of classic architecture, or by summing up his feeling for the dawn in a graceful figure of Orpheus greeting with extended gesture the growing daylight, but by a subtle interpenetration of sensuousness and severity, resulting in precisely the sentiment fitly characterized by the epithet *classic*.

The other trait peculiar to Corot's representation of nature and expression of himself is his color. No painter ever exhibited, I think, quite such a sense of refinement in so narrow a gamut. Green and gray, of course, predominate and set the key; but he has an interestingly varied palette of the hither side of splendor whose subtleties are capable of giving exquisite pleasure. Never did any one use tints with such positive force. Tints with Corot have the vigor and vibration of positive colors,—his lilacs, violets, straw-colored hues, his almost Quakerish coquetry with drabs and slates and pure, clear browns, the freshness and bloom he imparted to his tones, the sweet and shrinking wild-flowers with which as a spray he sprinkled his humid dells and brook margins.

But Corot's true distinction—what gives him his unique position at the very head of landscape art—is neither his color, delicate and interesting as his color is, nor his classic serenity, harmonizing with, instead of depending upon the chance associations of architecture and mythology with which now and then he decorates his landscapes; it is the blithe, the airy, the truly spiritual way in which he gets farther away than any one from both the actual pigment that is his instrument, and from the phenomena that are the objects of his expression—in a word, his ethereality. He has communicated his sentiment almost without material, one may say, so ethereally independent of their actual analogues is the interest of his trees and sky and stretches of sward. This sentiment, thus mysteriously triumphant over color or form, or other sensuous charms (which nevertheless are only subtly subordinated, and by no means treated lightly or inadequately) is as exalted as any that has in our day been expressed in any manner.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY 'A CENTURY OF ARTISTS'

COROT is a culmination. On his own ground he may challenge comparison with the greatest. He entered upon his career at a juncture when the classic convention, as developed by the descendants of the Poussins, was mined with decay and tottering to its fall, while as yet the forerunners of Romanticism were but groping their way towards new truths and new ideas; and it was his to unite in his art the best tendencies of both. It is to be supposed, as I have said, that his interest in pure nature and his perception of her inexhaustible suggestiveness were stimulated and determined by the revelations of certain artists who were at once his ancestors and his

contemporaries; it is at any rate certain that he was himself as ardent and curious a student of facts as has ever painted, and that the basis of his art is a knowledge of reality as deep and sound as it is rich and novel. On the other hand, the essentials of Classicism—composition, selection, treatment, the master quality of style—were his by genius and inheritance alike. In the artistic completeness of his formula he stands with Claude; in the freshness and novelty of his material, with Constable and the moderns.

In him, however, there is much that is not Claude, and much more that is not Constable. There is Corot himself: a personality as rare, exquisite, and charming as has ever found expression in the plastic arts. He had that enjoyment of his medium for its own sake denied, they tell us, even to Raphael; his sense of color was infallibly distinguished and refined; his treatment of the best type. Given such means, and no more, and it is possible to do great things. To Corot, who painted, as Jules Dupré declared, "with wings in his back, so to speak," much more was possible.

In his most careless work there is always art and there is always quality —a strain of elegance, a thrill of style, a hint of the unseen; while at his best he is not only the consummate artist, he is also the most charming of poets. If I remember aright, it is Cherbuliez who says of Mozart that he was "the only Athenian who ever wrote music." The phrase is a good one, it suggests so happily an ideal marriage of sentiment with style. With the substitution of landscape for music, it applies as happily to Corot. Corot is the Mozart of landscape.

CHARLES BIGOT 'PEINTRES FRANÇAIS CONTEMPORAINS'

COROT loved to paint the early spring, when the outmost twigs upon the branches put forth little leaves of tender green which quiver in every breath of air. He had a wonderful power of rendering the effect of the tiny blades of grass that spring up in the flower-enamelled meadows of June. He delighted in the borders of a stream where tall bushes bend towards the water, and dearly loved the water itself, with its vague outline and shimmering reflections, here dark and shadowy, there light and gleaming. He loved the sky reflected upon the pale surface of the pond or at the bend of the river, and the clouds sailing across the firmament, revealing in spaces between them spots of the clear, limpid blue of heaven. He loved those white mists which hover in early morning over the ponds and pools, disappearing like gauzy veils at the first rays of the sun. He loved the soft vapors which gather and thicken in the evening, as peace and silence descend upon the earth with the approach of night. He loved all that is subtle and floating, all that avoids absolute form and defined outlines, all that is vague and invites to reverie. What attracts plastic artists was never what attracted him; by his own acknowledgment drawing was not his forte. He almost invariably failed when he attempted to paint a figure; and the weak parts of his landscapes are the nymphs and cupids so frequently introduced, and never seen to better advantage than when so placed that only the delicate silhouettes of their half-defined forms can be discerned as they dance in the sunset glow. There was in Corot more the soul of a poet

than that of a sculptor. A poet? That is hardly enough to say. Corot's soul was more that of a musician; and music is the least plastic of all the arts. He loved music almost as passionately as he loved painting, and in speaking of his art it was from music that he liked to draw his comparisons.

Was Corot a realist? Many would no doubt deny his right to the title, for he certainly was never bent upon any exact rendering of nature, nor did he concern himself with any precision of detail; and although he worked much in the open air, he worked far more in his studio, there transcribing to canvas more than one view which he had seen, making changes whenever by changing he felt that he could produce a more harmonious result. He always had a number of unfinished canvases in his studio, on any one of which he would paint as the fancy seized him. When a tempting composition offered itself to his mind he would select that canvas best suited to his subject, and at once begin, with a firm and rapid hand, to paint what he saw in his mind's eye. M. Dumesnil tells of a picture begun as a study of Ville d'Avray and finally transformed into the poetic 'Souvenir du Lac Némi,' exhibited in the Salon of 1865. Is it really Lac Némi? Certainly not; but it is, all the same, full of freshness and poetry, and none the less charming because it exists nowhere in reality. . . .

It was therefore not always nature itself that Corot represented, but rather the impression which nature made upon him. All its varied aspects were seemingly engraved upon his soul, and what he painted was not any particular scene, but the very spirit of the scene itself,—what the poet has called "the soul of things." A dangerous method this, and one that cannot be recommended to any young artist; but at the same time a method which is allowable in an artist sure of his own power, for the reason that no unnecessary detail can then interfere with his pure poetic conception.

To sum up the general character of Corot's work, it may be said that it is one of joyousness—joyousness, freshness, and grace. He was above all a happy man; and surely no one more deserved happiness, for he had within himself the very spirit of joy. His nature was lovable and charming, his disposition always equal, and so universally was he beloved that he was called by all who knew him "Père Corot." His were a calm heart and a peaceful spirit. Passion never disturbed his soul any more than the tempest ever troubles the surface of his tranquil lakes. But the words "calm" and "peace" are not sufficient to express the master quality of his genius. The word that best describes him is *serene*. He was serene as a man, serene as an artist. What he saw above all else in nature, and what he sought to reproduce, was an impression of serenity. It is in his pure and placid ponds, in the mists which float over their surfaces, and it is in his sunsets. He loved best those serene hours just before the rising of the sun and those which follow its going down. He loved, too, the deep serenity of starlit summer nights, when every breath of wind is hushed to silence. If I may so express it, I should say that there is about Corot's landscapes something even benign, so perfect is their serenity.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

J. COMYNS CARR 'ESSAYS ON ART'

TO understand the distinctive quality of Corot's work, we must recall his own phrase: "I am only a skylark, singing little songs in my gray clouds." His pictures are in reality songs sent forth from the gray clouds that overspread the world of his art. . . .

No one has so delicately or so faithfully interpreted certain elements of landscape; and in certain effects of light and air he has been the first to attempt and to perfect pictorial expression. In looking at one of these landscapes, where the colors of the earth and sky curiously unite, the white fleecy clouds above blanching the green of leaves and grass and turning the pools of water to their own likeness, we feel as if the face of nature were as sensible to passing emotions as the human face. So refined and unobtrusive is the portraiture that the momentary aspect of the scene seems to have been unconsciously arrested. The painter has caught, in the sudden agreement of changing lights and flitting shadows, a beauty that was almost too delicate for portraiture, and has also given the sense of impending movement and the impression of a shifting and changing world. The swaying, restless trees take an uncertain outline against the white sky; the movement of the leaves blurs their image on the canvas; so that we feel not only that the artist has seized a beautiful moment, but that it is only a moment, and that the scene will pass in the next into some new harmony, wrought by the all-powerful rule of the weather.

THEODORE ROBINSON 'MODERN FRENCH MASTERS'

CLASSICAL landscape was strongly intrenched in France at the beginning of this century, and Corot inherited in direct line through his masters, Michallon and Bertin, the "Poussinesque tradition." He was, perhaps, too young in his art or too loyal to his masters to be much influenced by the little band of Englishmen, Constable, Bonington, and Fielding, whose landscapes made such a sensation in 1824 in Paris. Going to Italy the year after, he worked as Michallon had taught him, painting simply what he saw, but thoroughly in the classic spirit. His changes later on were forced upon him as a lover of nature, seeing his own shortcomings, and realizing the possibilities of a painting that should give more of nature's charm in atmosphere, light, and delicacy of feeling,—qualities that he rightly considered of more importance than accuracy, minuteness of detail, and skilfulness of execution. But Corot's manner is perhaps the least of his claims to our admiration. It was admirable, indeed, in so far as it enabled him to show forth upon canvas his joyous visions of morning skies and moving foliage, of nature never fixed nor stagnant, nature even in her calmest moods vibrating with life; but aside from that it was nothing remarkable. How he came to adopt it we can imagine from his own narration. "I arrived in Rome the merest tyro in sketching. Two men stopped to converse; I began to sketch them, beginning with one part, the head, for example. They would separate, and leave me with two scraps of heads on my paper. I resolved not to return without having *something* in its entirety. I attempted, therefore, to sketch, in the winking of an

eye, the first group that presented itself. If the figures remained in position for but a moment I had, at least, the character, the general outline; if they remained long I added details." In that quotation we have Corot's whole creed of expression. He considered the *impression* of the whole the matter of first importance, and a wise suppression of the infinity of details a necessity. Hence the unfailing unity of his pictures. He was one of the first painters who dared to maintain that a picture is finished when it gives the desired effect; and perhaps for that reason he is by many called the founder or father of the present-day Impressionistic movement.

Corot was often reproached for his souvenirs of the antique, and his work was disdained by both the Classical and the Romantic schools of his day. He was not the most intellectual of artists, and his life-work seems to me less logical than Millet's, whose more sombre art Corot frankly admitted that he could not appreciate. Millet in his youth painted charming little figures taken from mythology and classic lore, but in later years he was the consistent painter of peasant life, seen indeed through the eyes of a poet and seer. But Corot, beginning to paint under the influence of the Classic school, continued to the end of his life to people his landscapes with nymphs and dryads, though occasionally introducing, with greater realism, peasants, boatmen, and cattle. In neither case are the figures incongruous—that would have been impossible with such a consummate artist as Corot; but the variations show that he was not a thorough classicist, and the moderns have perhaps a right to claim that he made concessions to the modern spirit.

Technically, Corot is sometimes said to be a thin, superficial, and foggy painter; but the subjects he loved best to paint often precluded any severe registration of form. To demand in his foregrounds, seen through the early morning light, and covered with rank herbage and flowers, the masterly and obvious construction of a Rousseau, who loved the open and the full light of day, would be manifestly absurd. Draughtsmanship in the highest sense is as intangible a quality as color. It may be defined to be, briefly, a feeling for form and line independent of mere accuracy; and this Corot possessed in a high degree. It has been well said: "There are painters who draw more than Corot; there are none who draw better." The drawing of his figures is not academic; but how well the little groups stand or move, and how well they belong to their landscape! Even his cows, with their droll length of body, it would be possible to defend from a decorative point of view. But his *values* are faultless. Everything is in its place; you go around and between his trees; you look from point to point of his ground, receding just as it does in nature. Finally, how consummately right and beautiful are his silhouettes of trees and their distances as seen against the sky. Were ever trees so drawn before?

Corot's numerous early studies, which, as a critic once declared, "shine from their qualities of exactitude," insured a sound foundation to his art. Vigorous and uncompromising in their drawing, they gave him the right to simplify later on. He *knew;* and little by little he began to conceal that knowledge, until the observer sees in one of his landscapes only a happy improvisation. None the less, at bottom there is effort, and of the most gen-

uine kind. His whole life was spent in study—not topographic study of detail, but of the more subtle qualities of modelling and drawing, and the law of *enveloppe* and values. Nor is he careless and slovenly as a painter. At the right place he knows how to be as precise as a knife-edge, and then again how to lose and confuse details, as nature herself loses and confuses them.

Corot's long and tranquil life, his singleness of aim, and perhaps the fact that success came to him late, resulted in an art that is exceptionally individual and personal in its spirit. It shows, of course, his constant dependence on nature, but beyond that it shows the charm of a simple-minded, frank, loyal character. His art to many is a painted music. It is lyric and suggestive in the highest degree; and under the influence of certain music, before a landscape by Corot, one has varied and delightful emotions, vague as memories evoked by perfumes. As a friend, himself a poet, said, "Corot has in him all of youth; he is the poet's painter." Certainly no painter has evoked the poetry of morning and evening, the charm of air and water, of silvery mists, of woodland glades, and the serenity of summer skies, better than Corot. Before his time there was little possibility, with the then existing ideas, of a landscape which should have the charm of intimacy; and even in the work of his contemporaries, the Fontainebleau-Barbizon men, great as they are, and much as we praise and admire them, we find little to love as we love and admire the work of Corot.

Corot belongs to a category of painters, not large, who possess what is called "charm." They do not take themselves too seriously. In them there is nothing of pedantry, and they are perhaps often reproached for their lack of intellectuality. But before one of their canvases we stop involuntarily. It breathes forth so much honesty and simple radiance! It has not been painted by cold-blooded skill, but has painted itself. It is interesting to hear Corot speak about this: "There are days when it is I who paint; in those days the work is bad. The days when it is not I—an angel has come and worked for me; then it is good." The spirit in which the work is done is almost everything.

Broadly speaking, we may divide Corot's landscapes into three classes. The first comprises his early work. It is full of detail, carefully and severely drawn and painted, yet even in the beginning not without charm of color. There are great accuracy, both in values and drawing, and a rare conscientiousness and naïveté of workmanship. Little by little he began to work with more freedom, until among his later productions we have landscapes that may be divided into two classes: the classical and the natural. Of the latter there are many painted directly from nature, and with very few added touches; and these for most people rank among the highest achievements of the painter's brush. Their impression is more direct, and there is a certain *imprévu* quality, a naïveté, that one misses in the classic canvases. These classic canvases, many of them studio pictures, while of great beauty and distinction, are a little cloying in their completeness, a little too perfect in the arrangement of line and mass. They lack the acid note, the discord, that gives an added value to so much sweetness. . . .

Truly Corot's was an enviable existence. With a fine physique and a joyous temperament that enabled him to accept without bitterness the slight recognition that was his for years, his success yet came in time for him to enjoy it. He was adored by the younger painters; and men of the most varied and opposed ideas and practices are as one in their regard for the good Père Corot. He has gained all suffrages, and is indeed the painter of the poets and of all who love nature, not so much for her brilliant and obvious qualities as for her mystery, her poetry, and her charm.

R. A. M. STEVENSON ART JOURNAL: 1889

COROT was a man of the fields; he was no dilettante or connoisseur versed in the galleries of Europe. Alfred Robaut says that he looked little at pictures, and then to please himself at the moment, taking as much stock of a terrible example of what *not* to do as of a crowning monument of art. Indeed, for a man that was to work out his own salvation in style, the good was perhaps more dangerous than the bad picture. His style was made to convey his own impressions, and such a style cannot be taken ready-made. Yet his impressions are consonant with the vision of all those who take a large view of nature. A lifetime of open-air study lies behind his facile and poetical elegance, and you will not easily catch him tripping as a realist.

Many people, some of them painters, accuse Corot of want of finish. By study of his pictures these censors might find themselves dealing with a broader and larger logic of vision than their own. They would find him admirably conscientious in his purpose of modelling the large masses perfectly, and of suggesting the smaller detail only so far as he could do it without sacrifice of what is greater. Others have denied him the gift of color, proclaiming him merely a "tonist." This would seem a pedantic survival of theories of mural decoration. It argues a total misapprehension of the aims and merits of modern painting. People who cannot call a man a colorist unless he knocks them on the head with red, blue, and yellow are, of course, justified in their taste, though wrong in their principles of criticism. As well abuse the great decorators of Italy for not admitting realistic truths incompatible with their art as attack the moderns for not stultifying their new and noble realism of atmosphere by the introduction of bright, impossible tints. Corot was quite sincere in his intention to render the open air, and surely no one denies the reality of open-air colors, or that they are as beautiful, subtle, and varied as the pigments in a color-box or the stuffs in a draper's shop.

There is also decorative beauty in Corot's art, consonant with, and, to my mind, inseparable from, his view of the world. One dare not say how much of his beauty is, as it were, realism sublimed. Your eye embraces his pictures in their entirety, and nothing distracts or worries the attention. A great part of this unity, this harmony, comes from his logical and consistent rendering of atmosphere, the result of his most unusually complete grasp of the field of vision as a whole.

J. BUISSON GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS: 1875

THOSE critics whose turn of mind is unalterably prosaic have sometimes complained that Corot always painted the same landscape. This is not true; what they feel arises from the fact that he applied the same method of what we may call "unification" to the most diverse subjects,—a method personal to himself and only acquired through forty years of effort and struggle, or better phrased, of alliance with nature. The truth is that only when we bring a number of his works together can we fully appreciate how original and various he was. Yet various as these impressions are, they are all similar, but similar only because they are all the work of an artist who brought no formula, no cut-and-dried process, no system, to the observation of nature, but who allowed himself simply to be penetrated and possessed by her. He offered himself as a docile and delicate instrument; he reduced himself to take a purely objective attitude, at once sensitive and indifferent. From this both the extreme unity and the extreme variety of his studies arise.

And such in truth is the secret of the greatness of all masters. They are great because they know how to be impersonal before nature, and thus, and thus only, are enabled to create works truly strong and personal. They are able to penetrate nature's secrets as only such souls can, because of their very disinterestedness. And so, slowly mastering her inner meaning, the elements of nature's poetry are little by little amassed in their minds by a slow and patient process of intellectual gestation which endures sometimes throughout half the artist's life. There comes a day at last, however, when the artist's mind is charged, when the least contact with reality suffices to awake in him a whole world of stored impressions; and then the spectator stands amazed at the result, awestruck by the accumulated fecundity. The children of the painter's brain are born by the dozen, loading the studio; but one and all of them bear clear upon them the double resemblance to nature, who is their mother, and to the great artist, who is their father. The originality of the finished works of such an artist will, often enough, then, be in direct ratio to the naïveté of the rough studies.

Corot's innocence before nature was the gift which he received from the good fairy who, as it were, took him by the collar behind the counter in the draper's shop, and cried, "In spite of all, you *shall* be a landscape painter." Never did he lose this gift, but preserved in his work and in his personality to the end of his life the inexpressible charm of the reunion, in an intelligent creature, arrived at his full development, of science and candor.

To this happy gift of impartial attentiveness, this impersonality, which, in their hours of preparation, is the sovereign faculty of the strong who are content to wait for the moment in which they are to take command, he added another gift which was no less precious,—the instinct for synopsis, the instinct which taught him how to give the whole impression by seizing only those salient points which are necessary to convey it. From this comes the striking unity of his pictures. When that hour struck when the artist, now become a master, was to exercise his own personal domination over things,

Corot showed his power of making a résumé, in the widest and most artistic sense of the word. Then no medium of expression seemed fluent enough to enable him to fix his instinctive poetical conception. His burning thought rushed over the natural forms which served as electrical points of contact for his inspiration, so that it seemed as if the result were merely his inspiration made visible. Never was there like spontaneity. With marvellous rapidity he fixed unerringly upon the essential points, every touch vibrating with inner meaning. There was no confusion anywhere. There is no possible similarity between such an outpouring of genius as this and the facility acquired by mere practice. Such facility results in giving us almost entirely what is superficial and superfluous. Corot gives us nothing but what is essential. Study any one of his pictures whatever, and you will find that the principal thing is always in the right place, that the image speaks, that it burns itself upon the memory.

Corot was a poet, and a modern poet. His was all the subtle charm that comes from the modern liberty to seek in everything, even the humblest, its own intrinsic poetry. In him we may find the least reproachable and the most elevated representative of that sentiment for the daily aspect of nature which is our new birthright in the present era. His title to fame will lie mainly, in spite of all his technical merits and his incomparable naïveté, in his great imagination. Because of his imagination it will be granted to him to sit among the lesser gods of painting.

As for his faults—oh, is it *always* necessary to stifle our delight with "buts" and "ifs"? For once, with thankfulness, let us rest upon the *quid divinum* of his work. Rigor of judgment seems but ingratitude toward such a kindly genius. There are critics enough who can tell us what he lacks, perhaps without considering that had he possessed scientific precision, brilliancy of execution, and a variety of splendor, truly there would have been nothing left to attain for the landscapists who are to come.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

'COROT' THE ATHENÆUM: 1875

COROT'S art reflected nothing that had gone before, either as regards technical development or pathos; neither in fancy nor style was there anything in his pictures which one could refer to those of another. Confining the remark to paintings of the class associated with his name during the fifteen years that preceded his death, that is to say, within the period since popular fame was thrust upon him, Corot displayed not only an idiosyncrasy at once novel and powerful, but his career afforded the most perfect modern illustration of the difference which exists between style and manner—a difference so enormously important in critical eyes. Within a comparatively narrow range of art and motive,—indeed, so narrow a one that most men thus confined would have sunk into the weakest self-repetition,—Corot exhibited the most unbounded wealth of resource and the richest vein of fancy. It seemed to students that he never could repeat himself; and yet to hasty eyes his works are so much alike that probably not half the persons who take slight note of

what they see can discriminate between the paintings severally, still less can they classify them. Those silvery evenings, with the new moon hanging in the scarce clad branches of the elms, while tender shadows tremble on the sward, and nymphs and satyrs dance to "ditties of no tone," are not very different from faintly roseate dawnings, in which smooth lakes glimmer, and the reflections of the trees grow less mysterious while they darken. . . .

Corot was a landscape painter with the powers of sentiment which are proper to poets. Every touch of his work had a meaning, and seemed like the revelation of a charm. A fine and learned draughtsman, whose exquisite skill in drawing it was customary to ignore because it was rarely subtle, he was a fine colorist in the most delicate sense of the term, and his works are so tender and simple, or so noble and precious, that critics have been at a loss how to compare his art with the labor of others.

The Works of Corot

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

DANCE OF NYMPHS: EVENING — PRIVATE COLLECTION

COROT'S figures are always best when subordinated to and used to vivify and accentuate a landscape—when they may be considered "*pardessus le marché*," as it were. Corot himself did not realize this, and at every period of his career painted stiff and badly drawn figure pictures. Indeed, he regarded one such, the 'Burning of Sodom,' with its five wooden personages, as his favorite work, and declared that, were his studio on fire, he would rescue it first of all. In this 'Evening Dance of the Nymphs,' however, the figures are wholly charming, accentuating, as they do, the composition, and imbuing the whole scene with an idyllic poetry that recalls Theocritus.

LANDSCAPE — LOUVRE: PARIS

"PERHAPS Corot never more happily seized upon that aspect of nature's variable and changing moods which he was best fitted to express," writes Paul Lafond, "than in this landscape. How exquisitely the light leaves of the tree, with its strong massive trunk and delicate branches, are relieved against the pale glow of the sky! How softly the transparent veil of vapor lies over the masses of verdure reflected in the sleeping waters of the lake! It is all so impalpable, so fairy-like, that we should hardly believe the scene to be reality at all were it not for that slender girl in the foreground plucking the leaves from the bare graceful birch, and the two children gathering dew-sprinkled flowers on the rich carpet of verdure. The whole scene breathes of that morning hour when the first rays of the sun are piercing night's vapors; and as Corot himself has said, 'To really get into my land-

scape you must wait—wait till the mists have cleared a little. Be patient! You can't see the whole of it at first; but gradually, by and by, you will get in; and then I am sure you will be pleased.'"

ORPHEUS GREETING THE MORN — PRIVATE COLLECTION

IT has been said that nowhere is the very essence of morning more truthfully and exquisitely portrayed than in this picture of Corot's, in which Orpheus rapturously hails the approach of day. The golden tone of the picture, the soft radiance of its color, the breadth and delicacy of its execution, as well as the poetry of its inspiration, all combine to make it one of Corot's most beautiful creations. The picture was painted in 1861, and is therefore a work of the master's middle period.

THE BATHERS — PRIVATE COLLECTION

"COROT was fond," writes M. Tocqué, "of, as it were, bidding you follow him out-of-doors in that hour of unreal half-light that precedes the dawn, and stealing from tree-trunk to tree-trunk through the glade, leading you to the borders of some secret pool where, parting the wet screen of leaves that showers down a silver rain of drops, he will show you such a scene as this. Sometimes he plays Actæon, and then the hidden bathers are Diana and her nymphs; sometimes he is but a sylvan swain, and then, as here, they are only rustic girls; but always there is the freshness of morning and of youth and the idyllic quality of pastoral poetry upon the scene."

A ROAD IN SUNSHINE — PRIVATE COLLECTION

IN an often-quoted and wholly delightful letter to a friend, Corot has autobiographically described the landscape-painters' day out-of-doors. He is on the watch with the earliest signs of dawn; but he does not take up his brush until the rising sun has pierced the obscuring mists, and all things shine in the pale, caressing flood of the first light. "Then," he cries, "nature is adorable! I paint! I paint!" But towards noon he lays his palette down. "The sun is hot now; the flowers droop; the birds are silent. We can see too much. Let us go home, to dine, to rest, to dream—to dream of the morning landscape." Not until after the "explosion" of the sunset, which he calls "pretentious and vulgar," not until "the sylphs of evening are come to sprinkle the patient, thirsty flowers with the dew-vapors from their invisible watering-pots," will he sally forth again.

The letter describes Corot's usual practice; and indeed his style, as well as his disposition better suited him to be the painter of nature in her subtler moods at dawn and twilight; but it was neither a lack of power nor the want of appreciation for the charm of full sunlight that prevented him from oftener depicting the "bird-silent hours," as is proved by this poplar-lined 'Road in Sunshine' that shimmers in the heat of noon.

A GUST OF WIND — PRIVATE COLLECTION

IN this picture 'A Gust of Wind' we have an example of one of those rare cases where Corot depicted nature in a turbulent mood. As a rule he avoided such subjects, preferring her calmer and more friendly aspects; but in the force and power with which he has painted the storm-blown trees, the sky covered with swiftly moving clouds, showing here and there a glimpse of blue, the peasant woman struggling with the sudden gust, we see that Corot was not limited in range to those peaceful scenes more compatible with his serenity of disposition.

VILLE D'AVRAY — ROUEN MUSEUM

COROT was accustomed to spend a portion of every year at his summer home in the small hamlet of Ville d'Avray, about ten miles outside of Paris, and it was there that many of his most charming landscapes were painted. In the example here reproduced may be seen, embosomed in trees, the house in which he lived, first with his parents and after their death with the sister to whom he was deeply attached. In the foreground, surrounded by the vaporous foliage of the trees, is the lake he loved to paint.

THE BENT TREE — PRIVATE COLLECTION

"COROT," says R. A. M. Stevenson, "showed the tree in its true essence, and in its true position, amid skies, verdure, water and rocks, or waving grasses. He saw trees soft against the sky as if they were clouds. He himself has said that he should wish you to feel no fears for the birds that might fly through his trees. In too many pictures you feel that they would drop down dead, as if they had struck tin. We may come upon predictions of his soft breadth in handling a close-set clump of foliage, but we can find nothing in the past which foretells his treatment of a light maze of branches with scanty foliage thrown against the sky. The details of such tracery are so subtle and so complex that no human hand can render them, with all their multiplicity, their wonderful softness, their infinite variety of definition, as distinct pre-Raphaelite objects. Such a delicate embroidery must be treated mainly as texture, if it is not to become a stiff and grotesque parody of the supple and waving original. Corot's methods of treating this beautiful appearance in nature have been now accepted by all painters save a few Englishmen. But he also understood the artistic value of a foil. When he painted a delicate single leaf on these vaporous plumes of foliage he did it with as delicate a carefulness as any pre-Raphaelite; and he often chose a motive which gave him a single bare tree (as in the present picture) or a clump of slender outstanding saplings with which to contrast his lace-like towers of foliage."

WILLOWS NEAR ARRAS — PRIVATE COLLECTION

COROT has here drawn, with more precision and care than was usual with him, a group of those trees in which he took particular delight,—"the small round willows that mark the windings of the river," to use his own phrase.

"Among trees," writes Charles Bigot, "Corot did not care to paint the oak, that tree so dear to all artists interested in form, nor the chestnut, nor the elm. His favorites were the aspen, the poplar, the alder, the birch, with its pale leaves and white sinuous stem, and especially the willow, with its feathery foliage."

DANCE OF NYMPHS: MORNING — LOUVRE: PARIS

PAINTED in 1850 and exhibited at the Salon of 1851, this picture for long hung in the gallery of the Luxembourg, whence, after Corot's death, it was transferred to the Louvre. In a sequestered glade and by the light of early morning, nymphs and satyrs celebrate by their dance the rising of the sun, while through the delicate foliage of the trees we have in the background a glimpse of the open country. Ignoring the assumed antagonism between the old and new in art, Corot frequently introduced into his pictures these graceful figures of dancing nymphs, which in his mind were quite consistent with the chosen theme, and certainly in his hands the beauty of the result justified the experiment.

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF COROT IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

TO compile a complete list of the paintings of Corot giving their present locations, would be an almost impossible task; and, even were it undertaken, such a list would become inaccurate shortly after its publication. Corot produced a great number of works; he often duplicated a subject; and so repeatedly gave his pictures such indefinite names—"Landscape" and "Morning," for examples—as to make individual identification by title very difficult. Moreover, the greater number of his pictures, and many of the most important of them, are now in private possession, and change hands with every sale. Under these circumstances, it has seemed advisable to list here only those examples now in public collections, which, besides being less liable to change of location, are generally accessible.

FRANCE. BORDEAUX MUSEUM: Diana's Bath—CHANTILLY MUSEUM: Concert Champêtre—DOUAI MUSEUM: Italian Landscape—DUNKERQUE MUSEUM: Landscape—LANGRES MUSEUM: Christ in the Garden of Olives—LILLE MUSEUM: A Fête—LYONS MUSEUM: Landscape—MANS, LE, MUSEUM: Ville d'Avray—MARSEILLES MUSEUM: The Italian Tyrol—METZ MUSEUM: Environs of Florence—MONTPELIER MUSEUM: Landscape—NANTES MUSEUM: Democritus and the Abderites; Sunset after Rain—PARIS, CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS DE CHARDONNET: Baptism of Christ—PARIS, LOUVRE: Colosseum at Rome; View of the Roman Forum; Dante and Virgil; Hagar in the Wilderness; Landscape (Plate II); Dance of Nymphs, Morning (Plate X); Souvenir of Castelgandolfo—RHEIMS MUSEUM: The Lake; The Lake of Albano—ROCHELLE, LA, MUSEUM: The First Step; Environs of Geneva—ROSNY, CHURCH: Flight into Egypt—ROUEN MUSEUM: Ville d'Avray (Plate VII); The Ponds at Ville d'Avray—SAINT-LÔ MUSEUM: Homer and the Shepherds—SEMUR MUSEUM: The Orchard—TOULOUSE MUSEUM: The Shepherds' Star—VILLE D'AVRAY, CHURCH: St. Jerome—ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Portrait of Corot—UNITED STATES. BALTIMORE, WALTERS GALLERY: St. Sebastian; The Evening Star; Early Spring—BOSTON, ART MUSEUM: Dante and Virgil; Forest of

Fontainebleau; Près Gisors; Three Landscapes; Nymphs Bathing (unfinished); Portrait of the Sculptor Rude—CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Four Landscapes; Figure of a Woman; Just before Sunrise; Figure in Landscape—NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: The Moat; Ville d'Avray—PHILADELPHIA, ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS: Landscape—WASHINGTON, CORCORAN GALLERY: Wood-Gatherers.

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Burne-Jones

ENGLISH SCHOOL

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM 'THE WORK OF BURNE-JONES'
PUBLISHED BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., NEW YORK

BURNE-JONES
KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDO

Mau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM 'THE WORK OF BURNE-JONES'
PUBLISHED BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., NEW YORK

BURNE-JONES
PAN AND PSYCH
OWNED BY MRS. R. H.

Mau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM 'THE WORK OF BURNE-JONES'
PUBLISHED BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., NEW YORK

BURNE-JONES
THE DAYS OF CREATION — FIRST DAY AND SIXTH
OWNED BY ALEXANDER HENDERSON, ESQ.

Mgoll

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM 'THE WORK OF BURNE-JONES'
PUBLISHED BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., NEW YORK

BURNE-JONES
LAUS VENERIS
OWNED BY SIR WILLIAM AGNEW

M40U

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER

BURNE-JONES

THE GOLDEN STAIRS

OWNED BY LORD BATTE

Mali

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM 'THE WORK OF BURNE-JONES'
PUBLISHED BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., NEW YORK

BURNE-JONES
LOVE AMONG THE RUINS
OWNED BY MRS. R. H. BENSON

UofM

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM 'THE WORK OF BURNE-JONES'
PUBLISHED BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., NEW YORK

BURNE-JONES
THE PRIORESS' TALE
OWNED BY LADY COLVILLE

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

ODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM 'THE WORK OF BURNE-JONES'
BLISHED BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., NEW YORK

BURNE-JONES
THE MIRROR OF VENUS
OWNED BY C. SIDNEY GOLDMANN, ESQ.

Not to be taken away

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

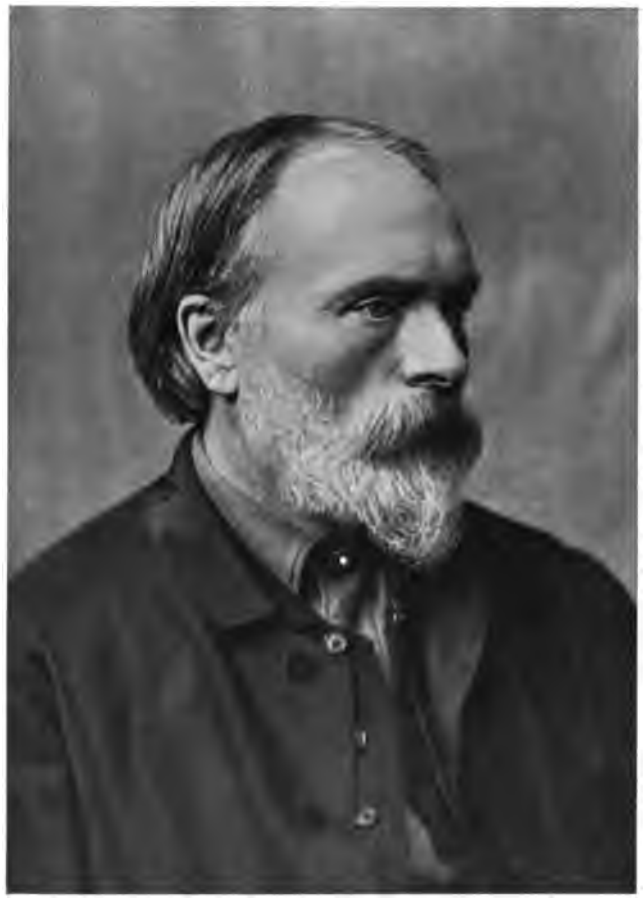
)UCED BY PERMISSION FROM 'THE WORK OF BURNE-JONES'
BLISHED BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., NEW YORK

BURNE-JONES
LE CHANT D'AMOUR
OWNED BY T. H. ISMAY, ESQ^{R}

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM 'THE WORK OF BURNE-JONES'
PUBLISHED BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., NEW YORK

BURNE-JONES
THE ANNUNCIATION
OWNED BY THE EARL OF CAR



PORTRAIT OF BURNE-JONES PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON

Burne-Jones was frail of physique; his countenance is described as being delightfully gentle, humorous, and calm; his manner of speaking as quiet and simple; and his voice as unusually melodious.

MASTERS IN ART

Edward Burne-Jones

BORN 1833: DIED 1898
ENGLISH SCHOOL

QUARTERLY REVIEW VOLUME 188 (1898)

EDWARD BURNE-JONES was born in a small house in one of the back streets of Birmingham, England, on August 28, 1833. His mother died at his birth, and his only sister in early infancy. His father, a small tradesman who made picture-frames and sold stationery, was of Welsh descent. A man of deep and simple piety, but strict and rigid in his ideas, he tabooed story-books and poetry, and for many years only allowed his son to read 'Sandford and Merton,' 'Evenings at Home,' and Æsop's 'Fables,' which last was the boy's favorite because of the prints that it contained. No one ever more literally hungered and thirsted after beauty than did the lonely child in his dreary home in the grimy streets of Birmingham. Often he would stand for hours before the booksellers' shops, longing to read the books which he saw in the windows, and envying the lucky shopmen who stood behind the counter. Until he was twenty-three he never saw a good picture. Fortunately, his father had a strong wish to see his son a clergyman of the Church of England, and with this intention sent him, when eleven years old, to King Edward's School as a day-scholar. There he read the Greek and Latin poets with delight, but made few friends, and found his chief pleasure in books.

At the age of nineteen the youth won an exhibition at Exeter College and went up to Oxford. There, on the first day of the term, he met another young freshman of Welsh birth, William Morris, and the face of things suddenly changed. The same dreams and aspirations, the same deep-rooted sense of the ugliness and monotony of the present, the same common love of the past, drew the two young undergraduates together and laid the foundations of a life-long friendship. Together they read Ruskin's 'Modern Painters;' together they pondered over that other book which was destined to have an even greater influence upon their future, Sir Thomas Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur.' And then Burne-Jones saw Dante Gabriel Rossetti's little woodcut of the 'Maids of Elfinmere' and the water-color of 'Dante drawing Beatrice's Picture,' and a new dream sprang up in his breast. Here was

a man who did all that he himself longed to do, and was actually living in the present time. From that moment Burne-Jones determined to be a painter.

In the Christmas vacation of 1855 he went to London, and at the Working Men's College met Rossetti, who quickly recognized the rare imaginative gifts of the untaught lad, and urged him to leave Oxford without delay, and devote himself to the serious study of art. Accordingly, Burne-Jones left Oxford without taking his degree, and early in 1856 settled in London, to learn drawing and to profit by his new friend's advice. He applied himself with undaunted courage and resolution to master the technical side of his art, and began, somewhat late in life, to learn the rudiments of drawing.

During the summer of 1856 Morris followed his friend to London, and settled with Burne-Jones in lodgings in Red Lion Square, where he devoted himself to painting and poetry. Both lived in daily companionship with Rossetti, who warmly expressed his admiration of Morris's poetry and of Burne-Jones's designs, which last he declared to be equal to Albrecht Dürer's finest work. Burne-Jones, on his part, always retained the most passionate admiration for Rossetti; and to the end of his life was never tired of recalling his friend's boundless generosity and the extraordinary force of his personality.

Meanwhile Rossetti exerted himself to procure remunerative work for the struggling young artist. Ruskin, who was from the first profoundly impressed with Burne-Jones's genius, bought some of his early drawings and gave him further orders. In 1857 he designed his first stained-glass windows for the chapel of Bradfield College, and during the long vacation accompanied Rossetti on his memorable expedition to Oxford, where the latter had agreed to decorate the hall of the Oxford Union with tempera paintings. Morris undertook to paint the roof, while Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and four other artists were to adorn the walls, with subjects from Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur.' Unfortunately, however, these enthusiastic young painters were ignorant of the simplest methods of mural painting. Before the work was finished the surface began to peel off in flakes, and at the present time has almost entirely disappeared.

In the autumn of 1859 Burne-Jones made his first journey to Italy, and visited Florence, Pisa, Siena, and other cities; and in 1862 he paid a second visit to that country with Mr. Ruskin as a guide, and visited Milan and Venice, where he was the first to discover the beauties of Carpaccio's 'St. Ursula' and the shrine of 'St. George of the Slaves.' With these memories fresh in his mind, he painted the now famous little picture of 'Christ and the Merciful Knight,' which stamped its author at once as a master of original genius, whose style was entirely distinct from that of Rossetti, as well as absolutely unlike that of any contemporary artist. During the next five years, a succession of lovely drawings from his hand, all remarkable for the same tender poetry and rich coloring, were exhibited in the Pall Mall Gallery. But in 1870 some members of the society chose to take exception to a drawing of 'Phyllis and Demophoön,' a legend of the blossoming of the almond-tree, which Burne-Jones had sent to the annual exhibition, and there-

upon the painter immediately withdrew the picture and resigned his associateship.

From that time Burne-Jones ceased to exhibit, and during the following seven years his work appeared only once in a London picture-gallery; and with this single exception, the painter's works at this period were seen only by a few intimate friends and art-lovers. Thus it was that when the Grosvenor Gallery was opened in 1877 the exhibition of his pictures there came as a surprise. There were still plenty of critics who assailed Burne-Jones's works with scorn and ridicule; some authorities saw grave symptoms of decadence in his art, others took objection to the subjects represented, and the scoffers were ready to join in *Punch's* witticisms of "Burn Jones!" and "Here be lunacies!" but all those who had watched the artist's career and admired the promise of his early years rejoiced to see how completely he had overcome the difficulties in his way, while the most hostile critics were compelled to own him to be a painter of rare distinction and originality.

But pictures in oil or water-color formed only a small part of Burne-Jones's work. His unrivalled gift for decorative design and his inexhaustible imagination found expression in countless forms. Early in his career he had begun to design stained-glass windows, and the remarkable success that attended his efforts in this direction was one of the causes which led to the foundation of the celebrated firm of Morris and Co., under the management of William Morris (the "poet-upholsterer," as he has been called). Of this firm Burne-Jones was for many years a partner, and he always remained closely associated with Morris's different undertakings. To the joint efforts of the two men the complete revolution which has taken place in decorative art during the last thirty years is to be ascribed. Burne-Jones's inventive brain and unwearying hand found time to supply Morris's workmen not only with cartoons for stained glass, but with designs for tapestry and needlework, for tiles and bas-reliefs. He himself worked both in gesso and metal, and painted panels for chests, cabinets, and pianos. Mosaic decoration was another branch of art to which he turned his attention in his later years; and yet another form in which he produced much excellent work was the illustration of books. Besides enriching many of Morris's volumes of prose and poetry with woodcuts and ornamental designs, he executed four complete sets of drawings which deserve to rank among his finest works. The most celebrated of these is the 'Kelmscott Chaucer,' for which he prepared eighty designs. . . .

The history of a great painter is written in his works, and not in the outward events of his career. In the case of Burne-Jones, there is little to tell. In 1860, before he was twenty-seven, he married Miss Georgiana Macdonald; and seven years afterwards settled at "The Grange" in Fulham, a house formerly belonging to the novelist Richardson, and at that time standing in green fields. It is now the centre of a busy and populous district, but still the trees grow tall round the old red-brick house, and roses and lilies bloom in front of the studio that has become the object of so many pilgrimages.

Here, in this pleasant spot, the great painter welcomed the friends who were attracted by the singular fascination of his personality. As Mr. Watts has said with perfect truth: "His extraordinary sweetness and amiability caused him to be not merely liked, but deeply loved, by all those who were intimate with him."

Burne-Jones lived long enough to come into his own; and little as he himself cared for wealth or fame, all his friends rejoiced when the long-delayed recognition came and his genius met with its deserved reward. In 1881 he received an honorary degree at Oxford and an honorary Fellowship at his old college; the next year he was asked to represent England at the International Exhibition in Paris. In 1890 he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and two years later was elected a Corresponding Member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and was invited to execute a work for the Luxembourg. In 1888 the Old Water-Color Society re-elected him as a member; and although he had never sent any of his pictures to Burlington House, he was chosen an associate of the Royal Academy in 1883. He acknowledged the compliment by sending his oil-painting, 'The Depths of the Sea' to the yearly exhibition. The work was greatly and deservedly admired, and much surprise was felt that its painter was never advanced to the full honor of Royal Academician. But when, in 1894, the Queen conferred a baronetcy upon Burne-Jones the reproach of having as a nation failed to appreciate one of its most distinguished men was in some measure removed.

Physically, Burne-Jones was never a strong man, and soon after his marriage a dangerous illness brought him to the brink of death. In 1892 he was again seriously ill. Repeated fits of influenza weakened him, but still he worked on with increasing ardor, and always refused to take a holiday. He was actually at work on his great picture of 'The Sleep of King Arthur in Avalon' until a few hours before his death; and when the fatal attack came he had no strength to resist the shock. He died on June 17, 1898.

The Art of Burne-Jones

"I MEAN by a picture, a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be, in a light better than any light that ever shone, in a land no one can define or remember,—only desire."—FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY BURNE-JONES TO A FRIEND.

GEORGE B. ROSE 'CONTEMPORARY BRITISH PAINTING'

BURNE-JONES, perhaps the most perfect of English painters, was Rossetti's pupil; but great as was his debt to Rossetti, his indebtedness to Mantegna and to Botticelli, particularly the latter, was even greater. All the subtle grace, all the morbid delicacy and haunting charm of the Floren-

tine, reappear in his works, with the same mediæval types often applied to similar classical subjects. His art is not strong, it is not healthy, it is not robust; but it has a charm that no man can forget. His tall, slender figures, with their hollow cheeks, high cheek-bones, noses inclining to turn up, large mouths and projecting chins, are not beautiful according to the Grecian standard. They are strange, delicate, sensitive plants born in the shadow of some mediæval cloister, upon whose pallid forms the clear sun of Hellas has never shone; but they have all the intense spirituality of those sad mediæval days when men's souls consumed their bodies with the ardor of their aspirations.

Rarely has a painter been so thoroughly an idealist. There are people who seek in a picture a repetition of familiar scenes. Let them avoid his works. There are others who seek in it a refuge from our workaday world, a land of beautiful dreams such as haunt the poet's slumbers; and such will find in him a joy that knows no end. He will not transport them to the radiant shores of Hellas; he will not show them Apollo as he strikes the lyre, or Venus rising from the sea; he will conduct them to the enchanted land where dwell the eaters of the lotus, where the air is heavy with perfume and softest music, where the limbs are a little weary, the eyes a little heavy, and man's existence of toil and strife seems very far away. Sometimes he will touch a landscape, as in the background of 'The Mirror of Venus,' and show himself the equal of the greatest; but usually the soul of man, quivering and palpitating beneath its slight vesture of clay, is all that he cares to represent, all that he seems to see. And, like Botticelli, it is not the soul in its storms and agonies that he loves, but in that gentler melancholy so sweet that he on whose heart it has descended would not exchange it for rapturous joy, a melancholy full of vague yearning and inarticulate desires.

'BURNE-JONES: HIS ETHICS AND ART' EDINBURGH REVIEW: 1899

THE pictures of Burne-Jones possess an interest wholly apart from the region of technical art criticism. Idealistic, imaginative, with the imagination of fancy rather than of thought, emotional, and in sentiment deliberately retrograde, their popularity is one of those incongruous caprices of an age and nation essentially unidealistic, unimaginative, unemotional, and assertively progressive. They have concentrated the expression of imaginative emotion to an extent which has invested them with an almost unique distinction—a distinction independent to a certain degree of their excellence or imperfection as works of art, and one calculated to arouse, in more or less evenly balanced proportion, the sympathy or hostility of picture-lovers. It is imaginative emotion emphasized to its extreme limit of which Burne-Jones has elected to make himself the exponent. Nor is this all; for, based upon this emotional value, his pictures betray an attitude towards life at large which, in so far as the art of painting has concerned itself with life, has never before found a more consistent interpretation.

However widely Burne-Jones has ranged in his choice of subjects, whether it be from Solomon's Song or a 'Laus Veneris,' in each and all alike we are conscious of the same strongly marked imaginative atmosphere, where emotion dominates both thought and action, and where deeds are but the accessories of life. It is in that undefinable gift by which he has created this atmosphere, by the skill with which he has applied the medium of the painter's art to communicate emotional temperament to his pictures, that Burne-Jones is, what a French critic has called him, "the greatest master among contemporary English painters." Whether this emotion is evoked through the sense of color,—the sense which perhaps, after music, excites the bare nerves of emotion more acutely than any other stimulant,—or whether it is awakened by form and outline, is a matter of altogether minor importance to the general spectator. What does concern him is the *kind* of emotion appealed to, and undoubtedly called forth by the things here represented, by the manner of their representation, by the aspect of life they embody, and by the nature of the sympathies and affinities they call forth.

Nowhere is the creed of the optimist inscribed by the painter's hand. Life here may be described as a *tableau mourant*. The very forms and colors of physical beauty which we pre-eminently associate with his men and women convey a dim suggestion that the human body is a too fragile and pliant envelopment for the hopes and fears, the impulses and desires, of its indwelling soul. His world is a world where physical vitalities wax faint and the laggard pulses beat slowly; where a film of lassitude, the languor of outworn fever, overpowers the natural vigors and energies of health, blunts sensation, and enervates will; where even passion—lord paramount of life—is heard only as a spent wave receding from a sleeping shore. It is the lethargy of the lotus-eater, a drowsy land of muted strings. Although the sun is in its heaven, it remains a twilight world; nor are we made wise to know if it be a twilight that precedes a sunset or a dawn. Stillness is everywhere. The waters of pools margined with iris and reed, of fountain basins and marble-rimmed wells, beside which columbines grow tall with the slender erectness of their stalks and the bent grace of their blossoms, show images upon their polished surfaces where the outline of reflection is as unbroken by ripple or current as the outline of that which is reflected.

And over and above this continual reiterated indication of stillness there is more often than not the sense of an insistent silence. It pervades, penetrates, and oppresses us; it is the silence of a world grown voiceless. True, we see the singing girls of the 'Laus Veneris,' the girls with instruments of music of 'The Golden Stairs,' and the organ notes of 'Le Chant d'Amour;' and here and there in some slow-footed company of lingering women two or three may turn their heads to speak. Yet for the most part it is not so; or if it chance that we do indeed catch some echo of sound, it is but of hushed whisperings. As it is not the flowing currents of mountain rivers or wave-ruffled seas, but the well and water-pool, smooth as shields of steel, that it best pleases the painter to portray, so it is the suspense of speech, the pause of music, the arrest of passing footsteps, his pictures commonly de-

lineate. In them one might say life is conceived as a sort of listening to silences. . . .

In such regions, in this atmosphere of dumbness and stillness, youth has lost its gaiety. His world is a world without gladness. Most notably, indeed, are the faces of Burne-Jones's women impressed with an ineradicable and plaintive sadness. For them the causeless gaiety of youth's prerogative has passed beyond the octave of life. And though the attributes of childhood linger with them, it is with the blemished delicacy of those impoverished city childhoods with whose aspect the eyes that watch are becoming increasingly familiar: childhoods defrauded of their playtime, tainted at the fountain-head with the moral and physical unhealth of instincts prematurely developed, which having, from influences without or imaginations within, forestalled the emotions of later womanhood, remain with their buoyancy, their grace, their freshness, impaired beyond all remedy. As such children they grieve without sorrows and are weary without labors. Time for them is but a yesterday or a to-morrow, felicity only a reminiscence or a hope. . . .

And as it is with the individual, so over every abstract relationship of man there broods a like cloud of melancholy. Burne-Jones's interpretation of man's attitude might best be defined in the old paraphrase of Tasso's verse: "He desires much, hopes little, demands nothing." All these factors bring before us, with a recurrence we can scarcely suppose unintentional, one persistent idea. They enforce upon us a sense of questioning without solution; of endeavor rather than achievement; of aspiration rather than of fulfilment; of desire rather than of fruition. It is life portrayed as life expectant, joy held forever in suspense, pleasure as a promise whose performance hangs in the precarious balance of untoward chance. Moreover, anticipation rarely—one might almost say never—is allowed to assume the mask of hope.

Nor is that all. Even when the image represented is that of a final climax we are but rarely led to believe that we are in very deed witnesses of the end of the story. An impalpable suggestion of purposes unconsummated pursues us, although we are face to face with what purports to be the close of the catastrophe. The prince has entered the wood, but Briar Rose still sleeps. In all things there is the same lack of finality, the same confession of incompleteness, albeit it is, without doubt, an incompleteness containing in itself the only hint mortality can give of the compass of the infinite.

There are, it may be, natures to whom causeless dejection, the "grief without a pang," is a mood unknown. There are others whose intrepid courage does battle with despondency and masks its own defeats. Others, again, accept it with passive fortitude or apathetic discontent; it is to them like sleep or pain or movement,—mere condition of life; or, it may be, life's supplement. This last is eminently the tone of thought expressed in these pictures. It is the gentle fatalism of the French playwright avowing that all must weep, with this much of free-will alone allowed, that we may choose our tears. Burne-Jones has left to others the delineation of the strength which combats sorrow, which depicts life as an ascension—the ascension of the rocks. To others likewise has he left the embodiment of the soldier

spirit of the world. The chivalrous or devout hardihood of the very mediæval romances he has so frequently dwelt upon fails in expression throughout his works, and everywhere we lack the seal of those corresponding spiritual valors which dominate griefs and hold sadness at bay.

Yet to each his own mission; and few of us would be bold to say that Burne-Jones has chosen his special vocation amiss. The sordid miseries, the mire-besprinkled, inglorious woes of the streets of great cities, the evil unloveliness of grotesque deformities, the dreary declensions of civilized human nature,—repulsive images which, if we hold them for true art or false, equally sicken and repel,—these have found no place upon his canvases. He is resolute so far as it lies with him, so far as his hand may fashion its images, that the world shall be invariably fair to look upon. If it has not been the heroic qualities of life he has seen well to exemplify, he has drawn with a supreme genius its gentleness, its compassions, its grace and courtesies, its tenderness, and its reverence.

Thus it is that the study of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's paintings, howsoever the theme be varied, leads us back perpetually to the same note, to the same quality of imagination, to the same emotional phase of thought and feeling. Over life, over love, over earth itself, over the aspirations, the quests, the relationships of humanity, over the emblematic images of man's faiths and hopes, the same mournful spirit incessantly broods, overshadowing all things. And in this accentuation of sadness lies a necessary limitation to the compass of his art. Yet if this limitation is his loss, it is also his gain. In the very monotony of this emotional atmosphere we decipher an evidence of its sincerity; and, indisputably, if few great artists have wandered farther, both in intention and fact, from the presentation of the truth of the broad and multitudinous actualities of the world around them, few have diverged less from the representation of truth to their own individual imaginative vision.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT 'LIFE AND WORK OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES'

IN an age when the scientific spirit has penetrated into every department of life, when skilful execution and experimental research supply the lack of ideas and atone for poverty of invention among our painters, Burne-Jones, almost alone among his peers, has revealed an imaginative faculty of the rarest description. In a period which is essentially prosaic, when realism has invaded both art and fiction, and material prosperity seems to be the aim and end of all endeavor, he has remained a poet and an idealist. In days when reverence has died out and no mystery is held sacred, the sense of wonder (that sense for which a recent writer tells us no word has yet been found in the French language) is never absent from his creations. Again, his methods of painting are as far removed from those in fashion at the present time as his conceptions. He was not content to produce an effect by tricks of light and shade or the clever arrangement of dots and patches of color, but sought with strenuous endeavor to attain beauty of line and grace of form in every can-

vas that he painted. His pictures were no hasty impressions thrown off in the course of a few hours. They were carefully thought-out works which cost him weeks and months of incessant labor, for which innumerable studies were made, and which were allowed to remain in his studio for ten, fifteen, and even twenty years. As far as possible he stood apart from the rush and hurry of modern life, and still believed, in the words of his friend Browning, that "work done least rapidly art most cherishes."

His subjects are never taken from modern life. The actual had no attractions for him. The life of the day, which appeals so powerfully to some of us, had nothing to say to him. From the dullness and ugliness of the present he turned with all the passionate ardor of his being to the forgotten past, and there, in the myths and fairy-tales of the Old World, he found the food after which his soul hungered. There his love of beauty was satisfied, his imagination found itself at home. His fancy ranged freely over the whole realm of romance. His ideas clothed themselves naturally in classic or chivalric garb.

A deep inborn sympathy naturally drew him to the old masters. The primitive altar-pieces of Byzantine painters and the more learned art of Mantegna or Leonardo, the tender charm of Renaissance sculptors, and the quaint fancies of Florentine engravers were alike eloquent for him. He caught wondrous secrets of color from the mosaics of Ravenna, and realized the mysterious charm of Botticelli's Virgins. From the first he felt instinctively the close community of thought and spirit which bound him to these old masters, and recognized in them his own kith and kin. But to imagine, as some have done, that he tried to revive the art of the past, or to imitate the work of either Tuscan or Venetian painter, is a complete mistake. There is no affectation of this kind in the work of our nineteenth-century master. His art is as original as it is profound. He was enamored of beauty in all its forms, and his eyes drank in loveliness from a thousand different sources. And with that marvellous power of assimilation which belongs to genius, he absorbed all these separate elements into his being, and created a new world that was all of his own invention.

To clothe the visions of his brain in the fairest of shapes, and present his dreams to the world in a perfect and enduring form, was the aim of Burne-Jones's life. . . . He never tried to point a moral or to teach a lesson; but he rescued beauty from the forgetfulness to which it seemed doomed in a restless and material age, and in so doing has given us an example of the highest value. His whole life was one long search after loveliness, one long endeavor to lay hold of the fairest and the best. In this quest he never faltered. The appeal which he addressed to the children of his generation has been the appeal of art, and he will not have lived in vain if he has spoken to the hearts of men through beauty, "which is the other side of truth."

'SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES' THE SPECTATOR: 1898

THE works of Burne-Jones, considered from the technical point of view, raise many interesting questions. First, let us take composition. This may be of two kinds. Either a picture may be made up of a variety of figures and other objects, which, like a mosaic, are cunningly pieced together, or else the parts may be brought into such intimate relation that the whole appears to be the result of a single act of creation. To the former class belongs the work of the painter now under study. His pictures are pieced together with the greatest skill, but they are always a mosaic. It is impossible not to feel that the given parts might have been rearranged, and still have produced a satisfactory result. The pattern of the picture is put together with enormous skill, but it has not the quality of inevitableness possessed by the other class of composition alluded to.

As with composition, so it is with color. The eye travels over his canvases delighted by exquisite patches of color. The effect aimed at seems to be that of a casket of jewels. There is a way of producing a gorgeous harmony by subtly balancing colors, no one much stronger than the other, till the whole picture glows, while no portion insists on itself. This style was practised by the great colorists of Venice, such as Veronese and Titian. The chromatic impression made by their best works is not of a splendid piece of blue, red, or orange, but of a general glow of color pervading the picture. This was not the case with Burne-Jones. When he was in the humor for splendid color he applied it to his pictures in harmonious but isolated patches. When gorgeousness was not a part of his idea his sober tones became almost a monochrome.

In form lay this painter's greatest originality; he may be said to have invented a type of feminine beauty. The peculiarity of this type was the negative sadness of the faces. For some reason he seldom allowed his men and women to betray any definite emotion—a veil seems drawn between us and the people of his pictures. They hardly ever seem actuated by an overmastering and definite impulse which may be read in their faces. A mask keeps the soul from looking out. That this was intentional is proved by the two pictures which contain facial expression rendered with supreme power. There is no question as to the emotion of the mermaid in 'The Depths of the Sea,' or of that of the royal lover in 'King Cophetua.' These two pictures show that Burne-Jones cast aside facial expression for some reason of his own, and not because it was foreign to his powers.

Some draughtsmen realize a figure as a whole; view its weight, balance, and movement, its contour and modelling, as it were, simultaneously. Others realize the figure bit by bit, as it were,—build up detail upon detail till the whole is put together. Each system has its merits and drawbacks. The danger of the former plan is that figures done by it may be too formal in their suppression of detail. The danger of the other system is that the general impression is forgotten in the multiplicity of parts. For this defect there is no cure unless the artist be possessed of a very strong sense of construction. It is in this direction that Burne-Jones's figures are most open to criticism.

Conscientious to the last degree, as may be seen by the beautiful drawings he made for his pictures, irreproachable in all their parts, too often his figures fail to satisfy the eye trained to look for coherent structure. No wealth in the invention of details—and extraordinary inventive powers this artist had —can ever hide faults of construction.

ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE 'ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY ART'

BURNE-JONES'S art grew up from the seed sown by Madox Brown, on the stem cultivated by Rossetti; but when he returned to London from his first visit to Italy he discarded all imitations and former limitations, and definitely fixed his own style. Henceforward he drew his inspiration plainly from Botticelli and Mantegna. From Botticelli he took his type of female beauty; from Mantegna he copied his elegant types of knights in armor; he went boldly to the Florentines for the secret of their grace of body. He takes their faces, and into these renascent, vigorous, almost classical faces this Northerner breathes the fatalistic, melancholy, pessimistic spirit of Byron. He entombs these Italians, made for merriment, and changes them into the gloomy companions of Merlin. His figures have the muscles of the Renascents and the gestures of the Primitives.

His knights advance with a pretty motion, but as stiffly as if they were walking on sword-points, and in fear of being contaminated by all the surrounding objects. They are weary of their strength, embarrassed by their height, and almost ashamed of their good looks. They are built up like pillars, and they sway like reeds. They might be shy young gods entering the world for the first time. Their limbs are not braced for an effort; their gestures are neither rapid nor violent. If they stretch themselves, it is wearily; if they kill a monster, it is with regret.

This impression of intense languor and graceful stiffness, of complicated, rather pessimistic psychology, Burne-Jones produced by means of the many systematic deviations from nature to which he subjects his figures. In the first place, he makes them eight and a half heads high, sometimes more, and to suit them he makes his palace-doors of extraordinary height for their breadth. Having made his figure very long, he still more exaggerates this effect by raising the hips; but, as he wishes to preserve all the suppleness of the bust, instead of making the hips project most above, he rounds and lowers their spring. In the same way he exaggerates the hips in proportion to the shoulders in his female figures, and diminishes them in his male figures.

Once his figure is blocked in, he generally throws the weight of the body on to one leg. This stiffened leg arches inwards, the whole of one side of the body leans upon it, the hip projects and tends upwards, the shoulder drops; but the other side of the body is supple and sinuous, the shoulder rises, the extended leg bends, and the knee is brought a little forward, sending the foot back. Thus designed, Burne-Jones's figures always look as if they were coming down stairs, excepting his angels, which look as if they had been hung with their feet some inches above the earth, and their bodies elongated towards it.

In spite of all the charm of detail, it cannot be ignored that Burne-Jones obtains the infinite grace of his figures only by sacrificing the great features of proportion and natural attitude. And the world in general must instinctively appreciate this, since the pictures which are considered his masterpieces ('King Cophetua,' 'Le Chant d'Amour,' 'Love among the Ruins,' for examples) are precisely those in which there is not a single figure standing upright.

There is little or no perspective. In 'The Golden Stairs' the figures at the base of this extraordinary ladder are hardly larger than those on the uppermost steps. In 'Love among the Ruins' the parallel lines of the porch diverge as they recede, instead of converging. In 'The Annunciation' the angel Gabriel is so much larger than the Virgin that the picture seems intended to be looked at upside down; but the direction of the receding lines of the portico plainly shows that the horizon line passes across the Virgin's eyes, and therefore that the foreground is below and not at the top of the picture.

His coloring, too, is chimerical, inasmuch as he gives small heed to the values of tone. His is the brilliancy of polished glass, the dull glow of shining bronze, the dead sheen of dark mirrors. But this color becomes sometimes harmonious, although it is so bright. Nothing is softer than the reflection of a rose in a cuirass, of a bare foot on a marble pavement, of drapery on a background of metal. Nothing is more restful than this look of old stained glass. Unfortunately, the workmanship is as labored as the effect is harmonious. There is no relaxation, no freedom of the brush. . . .

Burne-Jones's figures, if they are inaccurately drawn and heavily colored, are, on the other hand, admirably arranged. In composition, if that be restricted to the adjustment of lines, and to the order and motion of the outlines, there is perhaps no master of the present day who can equal him. Not that he knows how to arrange large groups of figures; in 'The Mirror of Venus' the interest is too much divided to be telling. Even 'The Golden Stairs' contains many figures which are but repetitions, and which could be withdrawn without any loss to the whole. But his smaller groups and isolated figures are marvels of composition.—FROM THE FRENCH BY H. M. POYNTER.

R. DE LA SIZERANNE — MAGAZINE OF ART: 1898

BURNE-JONES seems to have been born in the fifteenth century. All these years he has slept in the depths of some enchanted palace, preserving through his slumbers all the exquisite and primitive refinement of the Tuscan painters. His repose there sheltered him from the changes of fashion, which are the wrinkles of age to art, as revolutions leave wrinkles on society, and years leave them on the faces of princesses who do not sleep. He was sleeping when Poussin painted his Romans, when David resuscitated the classic world, when Reynolds delivered his discourses. And then he awoke in the midst of a world older by three centuries than himself. That is the secret of his originality, his bewitching charm.

The Works of Burne-Jones

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID — NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE picture of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid' was finished in 1884, and exhibited that year at the Grosvenor Gallery, London. It is in some respects the finest and most complete of all Burne-Jones's works, and in the Paris Exposition of 1889 occupied the place of honor in the English Gallery. It has recently been purchased for the nation by the Burne-Jones Memorial Fund, and now hangs in the National Gallery, pending its removal to its permanent place in the Tate Gallery, London.

The subject of the picture is taken from an old story, often alluded to by English writers, of which the earliest known version is in the form of a ballad, relating how an African king "who had to name Cophetua" loved and wooed "a beggar all in gray" whom he made his queen. In describing Burne-Jones's painting, Fernand Khnopff writes: "Before the pallid beggar-maid, still shivering in her little gray gown, sits the king, clad in brilliant black armor, who, having surrendered to her his throne of might, has taken a lower place on the steps of the dais. He holds on his knees a finely modelled crown of dark metal lighted up with the reds of rubies and coral, and his face, in clear-cut profile, is raised in silent contemplation. The scene is incredibly sumptuous; costly stuffs glisten and gleam, luxurious pillows of purple brocade shine in front of the chased gold panelling, and the polished metal reflects the beggar-maid's exquisite feet, their ivory whiteness enhanced by contrast with the scarlet anemones that lie here and there. Two chorister boys perched above are singing softly, and in the distance, between the hanging curtains, is seen a dream, so to speak, of an autumn landscape, its tender sky already dusk. In this exquisite setting the two figures remain motionless, isolated in their absorbed reverie."

In execution this work shows Burne-Jones at his height. The elaborately wrought armor and shield of the king, for which the artist had models expressly made, and the adornments of the throne overlaid with plates of beaten gold, are examples of his marvellous technical skill and truly mediæval fondness for exquisite finish. "I love to treat my pictures," he used to say, "as a goldsmith does his jewels. I should like every inch of surface to be so fine that if all but a scrap from one of them were burned or lost, the man who found it might say: 'Whatever this may have represented, it is a work of art, beautiful in surface and quality and color.' And my greatest reward would be the knowledge that after ten years' possession the owner of any picture of mine, who had looked at it every day, had found in it some new beauty he had not seen before."

PAN AND PSYCHE — OWNED BY MRS. E. H. BENNETT

THE subject of this picture is an incident in William Morris's poem 'The Story of Cupid and Psyche,' in which it is related that Psyche, a king's daughter, became the bride of Love, but losing him by her own fault, wandered through the world compelled to suffer many evils at the hands of Venus. In despair she attempted to end her sad life by leaping into a stream,—

"But the kind river even yet did deem
"That she should live, and, with all gentle care,
"Cast her ashore within a meadow fair
"Upon the other side, where Shepherd Pan
"Sat looking down upon the water wan."

This is the moment that the artist has chosen to represent. "The beauty, charm, and expressiveness here," writes Frederick Wedmore, "are beauty, charm, and expressiveness of figure as well as of face; and at the bottom of the invention that has secured these there must have been that sensitiveness of observation and insight—a thing, after all, of artistic feeling more than a thing of intellect—which we may hold to be among the most peculiar, and probably the most precious, of Burne-Jones's gifts. It is not so much keenness of perception as fineness of feeling, delicacy of imagination—a poetic sense that refines the thing it works upon."

THE DAYS OF CREATION — OWNED BY ALEXANDER HENDERSON, ESQ.

THIS work, consisting of six panels, of which the first and the last are given in our reproductions, was originally designed for a church window. In the six compartments are depicted six angels, symbolizing the six days of creation. Each angel is crowned with a plume of fire, and in the hands of each is a crystal globe reflecting an act of creation, from the ordering of chaos in the first, where a light globe and a dark globe are taking definite shapes amid mysterious light and darkness, to the newly created man and woman in the sixth. With each successive angel appear those who have presided over the acts of creation of the preceding days, so that in the last panel all six are seen together, while among the flowers at their feet is seated the angel of the seventh day, chanting the praises of the great work of creation to the music of a lyre. The manner in which the coloring of each panel is carried out so as to assist in the exposition of the motive is both delicate and ingenious. In the first it is that of a cold gray-green dawn, and in each successive compartment the note is skilfully varied and enriched, carrying out and amplifying the harmony appropriate to each day.

Kenyon Cox writes: "'The Days of Creation' shows Burne-Jones, perhaps, at his very best. The mastery of composition revealed in the constantly varying treatment of the same simple motive, the gradual crowding of the narrow panel as figure after figure is added, without the harmony of line or mass ever being disturbed, the curious invention of plaited fold and woven wings that make his angels seem like strange feathered creatures to

whom flying is more natural than walking,—all this is wonderful and inimitable. True, the graceful hands and feet are unnaturally long and slender and somewhat boneless; true, that light and shade are absent, and the figures are immersed in water rather than in air, so clear and unatmospheric is the effect; true, the sentiment is somewhat lackadaisical and sickly-sweet;—true, in a word, that this is art of a highly artificial kind, unrobust and stifling, and that one feels in it as in a hothouse filled with flowers, and longs for a breath of cooler air; but it *is* art, and art of singular power and perfection within its limits, and its qualities are precisely those lacking in the naturalistic and wholly picturesque art of to-day."

LAUS VENERIS — OWNED BY SIR WILLIAM AGNEW

"IN 1878 was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery the wonderful 'Laus Veneris,' the design for which had been begun seventeen years before," writes Cosmo Monkhouse. "On the right, a pale queen, weary of loveless sovereignty, sits languidly with her crown on her knees, her rich orange dress relieved against a greenish tapestry on which are depicted scenes of romantic love; to the left are seated four beautiful maidens in costumes of bright colors, solacing their mistress by reciting the praises of love; while through the window are seen knights in armor keenly seeking glimpses of the beauty within. Some spectators shook their heads at this picture; they could not understand it, they saw no 'moral' in it, the title of it frightened them; and there was a feeling that there must be some mysterious wickedness at the bottom of it all. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more innocently lovely. The picture still remains almost unique among Burne-Jones's works; he has never tried to rival its brilliant patchwork of color. In 'The Days of Creation' the colors shift and play into one another, like the feathers on a dove's neck; in 'Le Chant d'Amour' and 'King Cophetua' the colors are more richly blended and diffused, in the manner of the Venetians; but in this picture the strong, pure spaces of color in dress and cap stand detached as in stained glass, or in the earlier pictures of the Italian school."

THE GOLDEN STAIRS — OWNED BY LORD BATTERSEA

THIS picture was designed in 1872, actually begun in 1876, and finished in 1880. It was originally named 'The King's Wedding,' then 'Music on the Stairs,' and finally became known by its present title. A study in whites, it is, says Mr. Monkhouse "almost as sweet and delicate in color as a lily;" but the composition is perhaps overcrowded. Though it cannot rank among his greatest achievements, 'The Golden Stairs' is probably the most widely known and generally popular of all Burne-Jones's pictures.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS — OWNED BY MRS. R. H. BENSON

THE original picture on this subject, which Burne-Jones took, with its title, from Browning's poem, was a water-color, first exhibited in 1873. This water-color was, however, ruined by a photographer who flooded the

surface with white-of-egg that the tones might stand out more brilliantly in his negative. In 1893 the painter executed a replica of the subject in oil. It is said that the extreme touch of tenderness that had been in the water-color was not reached in the second picture; but, nevertheless, it is rightly considered as one of Burne-Jones's most impressive and beautiful works.

The two lovers sit amid the ruins of a fallen city which nature has overspread with flowers and entwined arches of rose-starred briars. The maiden, clad in a brilliant robe of sapphire blue, clings to her lover, and in her face is written the evidence of those haunting thoughts that rise in the presence of the desolate remains of what was once so "great and gay a city,"

"Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
"Long ago;"

while the youth's face, though it echoes her emotion, is strong with the poet's conviction that, after all,

"With their triumphs and their glories and the rest,
"Love is best!"

THE PRIORESS' TALE — OWNED BY LADY COLVILE

THIS subject, from his favorite Chaucer, occupied Burne-Jones from almost the first to the very last of his career. As early as 1858 he painted the incident on the panel of a cabinet for his friend William Morris, and the last finished work which left his easel, in 1898, was this picture of the same design, on which he had been at work at intervals for nearly thirty years.

The quaint and pathetic story, as told by Chaucer's Prioress in the 'Canterbury Tales,' relates how a little boy, who was wont "merily" to chant the hymn "O, Alma Redemptoris" in praise of the Virgin as he went to and from school each day, once chanced to take his road through the Jewish quarter of the city. The Jews, fancying that his innocent song was intended as an insult to their faith, waylaid the child, slew him, and cast his body into a pit. But lo, from the pit the dead child again

"'O, Alma Redemptoris' 'gan to singe
"So loude that al the place 'gan to ringe."

The Christians of the city, hearing the song, discovered the little body, and bore it away for burial; but from the bier the child's voice was again raised in the hymn of praise. Then said the pious abbot, "Tell me, I entreat thee, dear child, why thou singest thus, for to my seeming thy throat is cut." And the child spoke, and answered that, as he was dying, the Virgin had appeared to him and laid a miraculous grain upon his tongue, and told him that so long as the grain remained there he would be enabled to sing and speak; but that when it should be removed she would come to fetch him, and that he was to have no fear. Thereupon the priest removed the grain, and the little child

"Gaf up the ghost ful softely."

The painter has represented the moment when the Virgin is placing the grain in the child's mouth, and he is rising to receive it. In the background is a scene in the town, where, after the naïve fashion of the early painters, Burne-Jones has represented the child being murdered on the right, and the scholars entering school on the left. The color scheme is bright with blue, rose, orange, and gray.

THE MIRROR OF VENUS — OWNED BY C. SIDNEY GOLDMANN, ESQ.

OF the large picture 'The Mirror of Venus' painted in 1873–77, Julia Cartwright says: "It is one of those dreams of pure beauty with which the painter loves to delight his soul, after the manner of the old Florentine and Venetian masters. Venus and a group of nine maidens are seen in a green valley, 'lovelier than all the valleys of Ionian hills,' under a blue sky, kneeling and bending in different attitudes round a clear pool which reflects their flower-like faces and rainbow-colored robes in its crystal waters. Venus herself, the tallest and the fairest of the group, stands erect among her maids, in an azure robe, with a myrtle bush at her side, and behind the rolling uplands frame in a stretch of yellow sands and of blue sea. Every shadow on the distant hills, each petal in the water-lilies and forget-me-nots of the pool, is painted with exquisite delicacy. It is a picture which lifts us for a little while out of this workaday world, and takes us back to Arcady."

LE CHANT D'AMOUR — OWNED BY T. H. ISMAY, ESQ.

BURNE-JONES painted this subject twice. The first picture, a water-color (now owned in the United States), was begun in 1865, and differs in some details from the present larger oil-painting, which was finished in 1877, though it had been begun some years earlier.

"Although it contains only three figures," writes M. De la Sizeranne, "'Le Chant d'Amour' is perhaps Burne-Jones's masterpiece in point of composition. A girl kneels in the centre of a flowery lawn, playing on one of those little organs such as are played by angels in the pictures of the Primitives. A knight in armor, seated on the ground, is listening. On the other side a young shepherd, who is Love, half nude and crowned with leaves, is gently blowing the bellows of the organ. In the foreground are flowers; in the background, a group of houses or a castle court. No story, nothing to be guessed, but everything to be felt. The story here is the life of two hearts and a little air stirred by the waves of sound. The interest, according to Ruskin's precept, lies in the life of these beings, not in what is going to happen to them. There is no movement except that of Love the blower,—a gentle motion, continuous and easy as in a dream. From whatever point the composition is regarded, the lines attract the eye to the centre, to the

face of the musician, to her parted lips, and we listen to the inaudible melody of the Song of Love,

'Triste ou gai, tour à tour,'

the harmony of which seems to pervade all the forms and details of the vision."

THE ANNUNCIATION — OWNED BY THE EARL OF CARLISLE

"THE picture on which Burne-Jones's claims as a worker in the domain of sacred art chiefly rest," writes Claude Phillips, "is 'The Annunciation.' It is a large upright canvas, showing the house and garden of Mary. She is seen standing near a well, to which she has come to draw water. To her appears Gabriel, the angel of the annunciation, floating effortless in the air above a bay-tree of fine conventionalized design, with hands uplifted and long draperies of sweeping perpendicular folds—suggesting less the Florentines and Mantegna than Byzantine influences and the strange figures seen in the porches of Chartres and Angers. A subtle, penetrating, unfamiliar charm the picture unquestionably has, due, it may be, in part to the loving care and thoroughness displayed in the workmanship, in part to the very strangeness and external peculiarities of the design."

Sidney Colvin says: "This is one of the canvases in which the painter has laid aside the early brilliancy of his palette, and working almost in monochrome, has trusted to quality of color rather than to its splendor or variety, and not to color at all so much as to design. The picture, notwithstanding its sober tones, must rank, I think, as the most complete which the artist has produced. His peculiar originality and fervor of imagination, his high sense of beauty in design, and his untiring elaboration and richness of workmanship are nowhere better exemplified. This pale and slender white-robed Virgin, aware with awe of some thrilling visitation descending upon her, this beautiful angel dropping quietly down beside the boughs, with folded wings and unparted feet, are presences which no one who has once looked on them can ever forget."

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF BURNE-JONES'S PAINTINGS IN OIL AND WATER-COLOR

[In compiling this list the dates given by Mr. Malcolm Bell, in his 'Sir Edward Burne-Jones; a Record and a Review' (London, 1899), have been followed. The letter *o* following the name of a picture denotes that it is in oil; the letter *w*, that it is in water-color. The double dates indicate the years of beginning and completion of a subject.]

1858, Prioress' Tale (cabinet), *o*—1859-61, Annunciation, *w*; Belle et Blonde et Colorée, *w*; Sidonia von Bork, *w*; Clara von Bork, *w*—1861, Summer Snow, *w*; Triptych, *o*; Triptych (altered replica), *o*; Cupid's Forge, *w*; Blind Love, *w*; Clerk Saunders, *w*; King René's Honeymoon, *w*; Castle of Heavy Sorrow (unfinished), *w*; Enchantments of Nimue, *w*—1861-62, Viridis of Milan, *w*; Theseus and Ariadne, *w*; Girl and Goldfish, *w*; Chess-players, *w*—1861-78, Laus Veneris, *w*—1862, Tristram and Yseult, *w*; Madness of Tristram, *w*; Rosamond, *w*; Eleanor and Rosamond, *w*; Fatima, *w*; Fatima

(small replica), *w*; If Hope Were Not, Heart Would Break, *w*—1862-63, Morgan le Fay, *w*—1863, Merciful Knight, *w*; Annunciation, *w*; Nativity, *w*; Cinderella, *w*; St. Valentine's Day, *w*; Triptych, *w*; Green Summer, *w*—1863-69, Wine of Circe, *w*—1864, Man and Maiden, *w*; Maiden, *w*—1865, Astrologia, *w*; Knight and Lady, *w*; Le Chant d'Amour, *w*; Chaucer's Dream, *w*; Zephyrus and Psyche, *w*; Cupid and Psyche, *w*—1865-66, The Lament, *w*; St. George and the Dragon (7), *o*—1866, St. Theophilus and the Angel, *w*—1867, The Garland (unfinished), *w*; Cupid and Psyche, *w*—1867-77, Mirror of Venus (small), *o*—1868, St. Theophilus and the Angel (replica), *w*—Green Summer, *o*—1868-77, Le Chant d'Amour (large), *o* (Plate IX)—1868-84, Flora, *o*—1869, Hymen, *o*; Spring, *w*; Autumn, *w*; Annunciation, *w*—1869-77, Hesperides, *w*—1869-79, Pygmalion and the Image (4), *o*—1869-98, Prioress' Tale, *o* (Plate VII)—1870, Phyllis and Demophoön, *w*; Vesper, *w*; Night, *w*; Beatrice, *w*; Love Disguised as Reason, *w*; Charity, *w*; The King's Wedding, *w*—1870-73, Love among the Ruins, *w*; Hesperides, *w*—1870-82, The Mill, *o*—1870-83, The Hours, *o*—1871, Fortune, *w*; Fame, *w*; Oblivion, *w*; Love, *w*; Pygmalion (The Heart Desires), *w*; Summer, *w*; Day, *w*; Winter, *w*; Night, *w*; Girl with an Organ, *w*; Circles of Singing Children (2), *w*; Venus Epithalamia, *w*; Dorigen, *w*; Chaucer's Dream (altered copy), *w*; Sleeping Beauty, *w*—1871-72, Cupid and Psyche (replica), *o*—1871-73, Briar Rose (3 small), *o*—1871-83, Pygmalion (4 small), *o*—1872, Fides, *w*; Vesper (altered copy), *o*; Sleeping Girls, *w*; Man Playing Organ, *o*; Danaë and the Brazen Tower (small), *o*—1872-73, Temperantia, *w*—1872-74, Pan and Psyche, *o* (Plate II)—1872-75, Luna, *o*—1872-76, Days of Creation, *w* (Plate III); Pyramus and Thisbe, *w*—1872-77, Spes, *w*; Beguiling of Merlin, *o*—1872-81, The Feast of Peleus, *o*—1872-85, Fortune (small), *o*—1873, Sibylla Cumana, *w*—1873-77, Mirror of Venus (large), *o* (Plate VIII); Saint George, *o*—1873-78, Laus Veneris, *o* (Plate IV)—1873-88, Bath of Venus, *w*—1873-95, Briar Rose (4th of the series), *o*—1874, Sibyl, *o*; Annunciation, *o*—1875, Hymenæus, *o*; Fortune (small replica), *w*—1875-76, Two Girls with Viol and Music, *o*; Hero, *o*—1875-93, Pilgrim at the Gate of Idleness, *o*—1875-95, Wedding of Psyche, *o*—1876, Danaë, *o*—1876-79, Annunciation, *o* (Plate X)—1876-80, Golden Stairs, *o* (Plate V)—1876-87, Annunciation (design), *w*—1877, Sibylla Tiburtina, *w*—1877-97, Pilgrim of Love, *o*—1877-83, Wheel of Fortune (large), *o*—1879, Portrait of the Misses Graham, *o*—1879-80, Wood-nymph, *o*—1880, Portrait of Mr. Graham, *o*; Cupid's Hunting-fields, *o*; Dies Domini, *w*; Sea-nymph, *o*—1880-84, King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, *o* (Plate I)—1881, Portrait of Mr. Benson, *o*; Portrait of Lady Frances Balfour, *o*; Portrait of Miss Gertrude Lewis, *o*; Angels (3), *o*; Angels (3 larger replicas), *w*—1881-82, Tree of Forgiveness, *o*—1882, Earth, *o*; Perseus and the Graiæ (small), *o*—1883, Portrait of Philip Comyns Carr, *o*; King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid (cartoon), *w*; Hope, *w*; Girl on the Downs, *w*—1883-86, Morning of the Resurrection, *o*—1883-93, Perseus and the Graiæ, *o*—1884, Portrait of Miss Fitzgerald, *o*—1884-87, The Baleful Head, *o*—1884-88, Rock of Doom, *o*; The Doom's Fulfilment, *o*—1884-90, Briar Wood, *o*—1885-86, Portrait of the Painter's Daughter, *o*—1885-90, Rose Bower, *o*—1886, Depths of the Sea, *o*; Flamma Vestalis, *o*—1886-87, Garden of Pan, *o*; Portrait of Miss Norton, *o*; Portrait of Miss K. Lewis, *o*—1886-93, St. George, *o*—1887, The Depths of the Sea (replica), *w*; Angel, *o*—1887-90, The Garden Court, *o*—1888, King and Shepherd, *o*—Nativity, *o*; Danaë and the Brazen Tower, *o*—1888-90, Council Room, *o*—1888-91, Star of Bethlehem, *w*—1889-93, Heart of the Rose, *o*—1891, Sponsa di Libano, *w*—1893, Portrait of Miss Gaskell, *o*; Love among the Ruins, *o* (Plate VI); Vespertina Quies, *o*; Chapel of the San Graal, *w*—1894, Fall of Lucifer, *o*; Portrait of Miss Dorothy Drew, *o*—1896, Aurora, *o*; Dream of Sir Launcelot, *o*.

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Ter Borch

DUTCH SCHOOL

Uof

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TER BORCH
LADY WASHING HER H
ROYAL GALLERY, DRES

Mau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TER BORCH
OFFICER WRITING A
ROYAL GALLERY,

Mail

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

TER BORCH
THE LETTER
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, L

Mail

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TER BORCH
THE CON
BERLIN G

Nov 14

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TER BORCH

OFFICER OFFERING MONEY TO A YOUNG WO!

LOUVRE, PARIS

Mau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TER BORCH
THE DESPATCH
THE HAGUE GALLERY

MAU

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TER BORCH
GIRL TASTING WINE
STÄDEL INSTITUTE, FRAN

Mail

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

TER BORCH
WOMAN PEELING APP'
IMPERIAL GALLERY, V

NAU

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TER BORCH
PATERNAL ADVICE
BERLIN GA[illegible]

Mon

IOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TER BORCH
PEACE OF MÜNSTER
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PORTRAIT OF TER BORCH BY HIMSELF THE HAGUE GALLERY

When Ter Borch painted this likeness of himself he was about fifty years old. The face is grave in its expression, the nose long and well shaped, and the mouth is shaded by a moustache already touched with gray. Small as the picture is, — it measures two by less than two and a half feet, — the whole is so characteristic that we feel that we should recognize the painter in real life at a glance.

Gerard Ter Borch

BORN 1617: DIED 1681
DUTCH SCHOOL

ÉMILE MICHEL 'GÉRARD TER BORCH ET SA FAMILLE'

THE name "Terburg," by which the artist has heretofore been known, is incorrect. "Ter Borch" is the only way in which the name was spelled either by the painter himself or by his family; and we shall therefore, in spite of reluctance to change a form made familiar by long usage, call him by his proper appellation.

The family of Ter Borch originally came from Zwolle, and in the fifteenth century counted among its members a number of the magistrates of that town. The father of Gerard, who bequeathed his own christian name to his celebrated son, was himself the son of the Receiver of Taxes in Zwolle, and his forebears were without doubt people of property; for after he had received a sound classical education the elder Gerard left his own country to travel through Europe and to perfect himself by the study of foreign languages. For eight years he remained absent from Holland, travelling successively in Germany, Italy, and France. Always a lover of the fine arts, he devoted his leisure to the art of painting, which he had studied abroad; and from a number of his sketches which remain, it is easy to trace the source of his son's genius. Two others of his children also exhibited no mean talent in the same direction.

Gerard Ter Borch, the younger, was born at Zwolle in 1617. His future vocation soon announced itself in the most definite fashion, and his father's satisfaction with these precocious manifestations is evidenced by the notes that he himself has written on the boy's earliest sketches, which he carefully preserved, and many of which have been handed down to us. "Made in 1625 on the 25th of September by G. T. Borch the Younger" is the inscription of the proud father on one, and "Drawn by Gerard after nature on the 24th of April 1626" that on another. Even these boyish studies, showing faithful, if crude, delineations of domestic life and nature, mark the bent of Gerard's talent. A pocket sketch-book, which still remains, permits us to follow him in his youthful sketching expeditions in the environs of Zwolle, and shows with what accuracy he copied nature even at this early date. The

simpler subjects were evidently what most attracted him,—the thatched cottages, the farmyard courts with their sheds, haystacks, and peaceful horses and cows. He drew, too, the old walls of the town, with their towers and gates, and showed thus early a remarkable faculty of correct delineation.

Profitable as these studies were, however, it was clear that the little town of Zwolle did not afford sufficient guidance for the development of so unusual a talent, and Gerard's father, seeing that a sound teacher was necessary, decided to send the boy away. Where he went first is uncertain. We find an early sketch dated "Amsterdam 1632," but if he went originally to Amsterdam his sojourn there must have been of brief duration, and it was in Haarlem that he began his artistic studies in earnest. In Haarlem his father placed him in the studio of Pieter Molyn, an artist who at this time exercised a preponderating influence in the school of that city. Molyn belonged to that group of precursors who, instead of looking to Italy for inspiration, frankly turned to their own country for subjects. The pictures of his which now exist are so few that they do not afford us a sufficient idea of his talents, but from their subjects, as well as from the suppleness of their handling, it is clear that Gerard could have fallen into no better hands. No picture painted by the young man prior to 1635 is known, but the signed work called 'The Consultation,' now in the Berlin Gallery, bears his signature, "G. T. Borch," and that date. It is uncertain whether he was still living in Haarlem when he painted this work,—though his name appears upon the list of painters who were living in the town in 1635,—but about the middle of the same year he left Holland and went to London. Perhaps this journey was undertaken at the instigation of his master, for Molyn had been born in England, and had, no doubt, kept up his relations with that country. However this may be, it is clear from a letter addressed on the third of July, 1635, to Ter Borch by his father that the son was then in London. This letter begins: "My dear child, I send you the mannikin, but without the block which should serve as its pedestal, for that is too large and heavy to put into the trunk. You can have one made, however, at slight cost. Do not let the mannikin have too much repose, as you did here, but use it continually. Draw constantly, and especially choose large compositions with much action in them. . . . When you paint, treat modern subjects as much as possible. Have regard to purity and freshness of coloring, that your colors may harmonize when they are dried. Above all, serve God, be honest, humble, and useful to all, and your affairs will turn out well."

How long Ter Borch remained in England we do not know. Perhaps he did not confine his journey at this time to England alone. Houbraken, many of whose doubted statements about the artist's life have recently been confirmed by newly discovered evidences, says that he travelled also into Italy, France, and Spain; but the date which it would be necessary to assign to his Italian sojourn at least, and the absence of any convincing proof, make this doubtful. At any rate, several works and two small portraits, one of which is dated 1646, prove that in this year he had returned to his native country, and that for a while at least he sojourned at Amsterdam.

The reputation which Ter Borch had probably by this time made as a painter of portraits may very naturally explain why he decided subsequently to settle at Münster, where it is certain that he lived for three years in a house on the Neubrückenstrasse. A portrait-painter would find in this city a fruitful field for the employment of his talent, for Münster was then the political centre for reunions of many personages of note,—ambassadors, delegates, prelates of the church, and jurists, who came from the different countries of Europe to take part in the complicated interests to which the approaching conclusion of peace gave rise. Some portraits of this type he painted in 1646, and during his residence there he also painted the so-called 'Peace of Münster,' the most important of his works.

It was while living at Münster, Houbraken tells us, that Ter Borch came into some relations with the Count de Peñeranda, the Spanish ambassador, which resulted in a journey to Spain. In that country the artist was received with great favor by the king, whose portrait he painted many times, and who, in token of his consideration for Ter Borch's talent and person, created him a chevalier, and gave him a gold chain with a medallion containing his own royal portrait, besides other gifts which were for long preserved by the artist's descendants. Thus received, Ter Borch naturally found himself introduced into the highest circle of Spanish society. If we may believe tradition, his success was not confined to painting, and his prowess in the hearts of the ladies of Madrid excited so much ill-feeling that he was forced somewhat precipitously to flee the country to escape the violence which jealousy of him had aroused. It is unfortunate that there have not hitherto been discovered any traces of the portraits of Philip IV. or of the personages of his court which Ter Borch must have painted during his sojourn in Spain. And indeed no Spanish document has yet come to light in which his name is mentioned, or which can enlighten us as to his presence in that country.

We are no better informed upon the subject of the pictures and portraits which, according to Houbraken, Ter Borch painted in France on his return journey; and as to his voyage to England at this time, we believe that the same biographer has confused the second visit to which he alludes with Ter Borch's first stay in 1635.

At any rate, after these wanderings he came back to his native country; nor could his peregrinations have extended over a long period, for he had left Münster toward the close of the year 1648 and was in Holland two years later, as is proved by the fact that according to the vote of the council of Kampen, dated 1650, he received a gift of a hundred carolus as a reward for twenty proofs of the engraving of his 'Peace of Münster' with which he had presented that town. On his return to Holland he no doubt first took up his residence at Zwolle with his family, but soon after, on February 4, 1654, he married a young woman of Deventer, Gertrude Mathysen, the widow of a certain Thys Daems, and established himself in Deventer, where in the following year he had himself enrolled as citizen.

From this time on a new existence began for Ter Borch, a quiet life of constant labor. His birth, his situation, and his talent brought him into rela-

tions with the best society, and he became in some sort the accredited painter to the upper classes.

Luxury had followed peace in Holland, and the interiors of the houses began to be adorned with furniture and objects of value which denoted a growing wealth. In the main, Ter Borch is the faithful historian of these new fashions. Besides subjects of polite life, however, he painted many portraits which had a well-merited reputation among his contemporaries. He loved above all to paint portraits of his family and relatives, and in the Gallery of The Hague we find his own excellent likeness of himself. It probably dates from about 1660, when the artist was in full maturity, and shows him clad simply in black, with a collar of lace, gray silk stockings, and low shoes adorned with black ribbons. His hands are hidden under his cloak, and the long curls of a blonde peruke blow over his shoulders. His look is penetrating, his features calm and refined, his bearing correct, and his aspect on the whole so dignified that this portrait has been called 'The Burgomaster of Deventer,' though Ter Borch never possessed that title.

The reputation of the artist was now at its height, and the most skilful engravers of the time began to reproduce his works. When, in 1672, Holland was invaded by Louis XIV., William III., Prince of Orange, who was then occupied with the defences of the country, passed through Deventer, and the magistrates of that city, desirous of expressing their attachment, requested him to sit for his portrait to Ter Borch. William replied that he was far too much occupied with other things, but sensible of the compliment, he sent them his portrait painted by Netscher. The city, however, declined this offer, saying that they had in their own town a painter qualified to be Netscher's master; and finally acceding to their importunities, William sat for Ter Borch, who painted him three times in rapid succession. Unfortunately, none of these portraits has come down to us.

That same year, 1672, was, as is well known, a disastrous one in the fortunes of Holland, and especially for the Province of Over-Yssell, which the French troops almost immediately occupied. Perhaps Ter Borch wished to escape from the disorders which their occupation entailed; at all events, he temporarily left the province, for the word "absent" is at this date written opposite his name on the list of citizens who had charge of the municipal elections and the oversight of magistrates, of which body he was a member. He returned to Deventer, however, and thenceforward remained there, actively at work, to the end of his life.

He had no children, and his last years were saddened by the loss of many of his relatives. After the death of his wife, one of his sisters, a daughter of his father's second marriage, established herself as his housekeeper; but she died in 1680; and one year later, on the eighth of December, 1681, Ter Borch's own death is recorded at Deventer. In compliance with the desire expressed in his will, his remains were transported to his native town of Zwolle, where he was buried, amid a great outpouring of the citizens, in the family vault in St. Michel's church. His tomb is marked simply by the initials "G. T. B." cut upon the flagstone.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

The Art of Ter Borch

ÉMILE MICHEL 'GÉRARD TER BORCH ET SA FAMILLE'

IN the death of Ter Borch the Dutch school lost one of its greatest masters—"an original painter of the very first rank," as M. Bürger has called him, although I cannot go on to add, as he does, "and one quite exceptional in the school, who alone deserves to rank second to Rembrandt." Such numerical classifications in art seem to me not only hazardous, but inconclusive. I should prefer to say (this time in complete agreement with Bürger) that none among the Dutch painters is more indigenous, more Dutch in talent, in subject, in the manner of presentation, and in the character of his technique, than Ter Borch.

Some critics have attempted to trace in Ter Borch's works the successive influences of other artists—first that of Hals, then that of Rembrandt, and finally that of Velasquez, whose works he may have studied at the Spanish court, though Velasquez himself was travelling abroad in Italy at the only time when Ter Borch could have been in Madrid. Though Ter Borch could not have remained indifferent to the masterpieces by other hands which he encountered in his journeyings through Europe, I find it very difficult to discover in his works any positive indications of extraneous influences. Indeed, I know of no better example than he presents of the logical self-unfolding of a talent, or of a painter who arrived at his perfection by a more regular and uninterrupted progress. In the gradual development of his art we find none of those divergences, none of those sudden transitions, which are remarked in the works of many masters. Precocious in his beginnings, he seems never to have wandered from the straightforward path into which his steps were so early directed. His technique is self-effacing, and never reminds one of Hals's striking virtuosity. The equal and diffused light of his pictures in no way recalls the mysterious contrasts so dear to that great magician of chiaroscuro, Rembrandt. Nor could Velasquez have taught him that simplicity which marks the arrangement and harmony of his works, for, from his first beginnings, he had shown an extreme sobriety in the depiction of accessories and costumes, allowing the observer's attention to be led to and concentrated upon the faces of his models.

In his choice of subject, too, Ter Borch always remained thoroughly Dutch. Never attempting such academic compositions as seduced so many of his contemporaries, he merely looked about on his own environment and painted what he saw; and there are no more exact, sincere, and precious documents concerning Dutch society than his pictures. If he did not create the type of work in which he is famous, he at least excelled in it; and if he had rivals who are not to be despised, if he did not, like Pieter de Hooch, attempt varying effects of light, nor, like Vermeer of Delft, strive to compose harmonies which vibrate with striking colors, he nevertheless stands preëminent among them because of his extreme and straightforward sim-

plicity. Only Metsu deserves to be compared with him, and then only when Metsu is at his very best. Primarily a painter of the manners and society of his day, he seems not to have greatly troubled himself to seek for a wider range of subjects. Again and again he shows us the same models; oftenest of all, perhaps, the young woman with the blonde hair curling about her full forehead, her tip-tilted nose, her fresh complexion, and her red mouth. Indeed, we know even the contents of her wardrobe, so often has he reproduced it,—the dress of yellowish silk, that of garnet velvet edged with swansdown, the collar of pearls which so effectively sets off the whiteness of her throat, and, most frequently of all, the satin gown, which falls in such beautiful lustrous folds. We know her chamber, too, with its red hangings, its high marble chimney-piece, its little canopied bed that looks so like a sentry-box, its table, covered with heavy oriental tapestry or with a cloth of silver-fringed crimson velvet, its ornamented water-ewer, and the low chair, on which the favorite brown and white spotted spaniel lies curled. Sometimes we see her adorning herself, sometimes she is writing, sometimes playing on the lute. Sometimes, again, we watch her reading a letter, while its bearer waits for the answer; sometimes we find her in company with a young gallant who has called to talk or sing with her, and sometimes she offers him refreshments. In spite of the extreme simplicity of these little pictures, the calm, the very *intimacy* of them all, the exquisite distinction of their delicate, pure coloring of subdued tones in the clear diffused light, the excellence of the modelling, and the incomparable exactness of touch and execution combine to hold us as we are held by but a few of the greatest which art has ever produced.

Ter Borch occasionally painted more trivial subjects than these polite "conversation" pieces. 'The Smoker,' in the Berlin Gallery, 'The Musician,' in the Hermitage, 'The Apple-Peeler,' in the Vienna Gallery, 'The Mother Combing her Daughter's Hair,' in Baron Steengracht's collection at The Hague, and the 'Boy and his Dog,' in the Munich Gallery are examples of themes which he considered not unworthy of his brush; but one and all of them are of irreproachable perfection, and show with how little matter a painter of real talent may create a masterpiece.

Ter Borch has, however, given us more than one proof of his ability to do work requiring sustained effort and in an elevated style. His 'Peace of Münster' takes the rank of history, and stands with the greatest works of its kind. For his own diversion, or for a change, perhaps, he occasionally painted a life-sized figure. Once at least, in 'The Grinder's Family,' now in the Berlin Gallery, he attempted an open-air scene, and succeeded admirably. The critic would therefore be mistaken who should consider Ter Borch as a painter of polite episodes exclusively; for although his work was chiefly confined to such subjects, and although he made his reputation by them, his talent was not confined within these narrow limits, and in everything that he attempted he showed the same remarkable and constant superiority of execution.

Like his drawing and his subjects, his color and his execution were individual and his own. When he chose he could give unusual splendor and power to his coloring, but in general he preferred delicate and moderate harmonies of tone, graduated with exquisite art, yet invariably just in their values. He used paint generously, yet without overloading, and handled his material to make it resemble the very substance of the object depicted, so supple and varied was his brushwork. His touch was never dry nor hard in spite of its remarkable precision, but, on the other hand, he was never led into mere vain parades of skill, and would seem to have considered the juggling display of virtuosity as vulgar. All his work gives evidence of a clear and determined mind, served by an eye of subtlest power and a hand of absolute docility.

To him who values the art of painting as painting, the careful examination of Ter Borch's works will be a source of ever renewed wonder. The too carelessly applied word "perfection" is not far from its true significance when applied to his workmanship, and indeed it may be applied to every factor that entered into that workmanship; while the fusion of those factors is so complete and balanced as to make it difficult to detect among them one which seems superior to the others.

It is easy to name painters whose flight was higher than Ter Borch's, easy to name painters freer in method, easy to name painters more noble in intention; but it would indeed be difficult to mention any whose talent was better poised, more accomplished, or better suited to its own chosen expression. Without impatience and without fatigue Ter Borch seems to have made with equal steps straight toward the goal he aimed for; and he invariably attained that goal because he knew exactly what he wished to do, and had the power to do it excellently.

Were his subjects still more modest than they are, they would be no less captivating because of the knowledge and life that he has put into their depiction. Indeed, the expression of life in his works is so full and true that, not content with the admiration of them as mere pictures, many writers, Goethe among the first, have sought to find in them suggestions of more or less romantic anecdotes. But Ter Borch cannot be held responsible for such literary imaginations. The painters who succeeded him, Netscher, and his less worthy imitators Mieris, Lairesse, and Van der Werff for examples, leaned to the story-telling side—indeed, underlined the story in their works to satiety, and, as if afraid that something of their meaning or cleverness or subtlety should escape the spectator, overloaded their canvases with a host of intrusively significant and explanatory details. Ter Borch's works are, on the contrary, self-sufficient as they stand, purely as pictures. Indeed, any comparison of them with the works of those who followed serves to again remind us of the fact that he was the last worthy survivor of the splendid flowering of the Dutch school.—FROM THE FRENCH.

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE 'HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE'

IS Ter Borch, who to the tips of his fingers is so wonderful a painter, a great artist? His qualities are many, and fine, and rare. His coloring is harmonious, and yet often sober almost to the point of severity. His supple draughtmanship—so supple as to be almost indefinable—is capable of determining a movement, an attitude, or the slightest fugitive shade of expression on a face with the exactest precision. The subjects he chooses are refined yet sufficient, and of a type remarkably adapted to his surprising talent for rendering diverse accessories, such as stuffs, glassware, musical instruments, furniture, and the like. Finally, his powers of observation, though perhaps not adequate to extraordinary or emotional conditions, are sufficient to record subtly, exactly, and if coldly, yet with grace, the scenes he undertook to represent. His elegance of manner is incontestable; and so great is his skill and precision that it supplies the place of style in his works. Possessed of such gifts as these, we must at least rank Ter Borch high among the world's artists.

But to whatever final conclusion we may come as to his ultimate position, there are two points on which there can be no doubt: first, that he was dowered with a most admirable manner; second, that he stands quite by himself in the school of Holland. He is a truer historian than any of the Dutch painters who preceded him. He depicts the better class of that formal, self-satisfied bourgeois society which grows up in provincial cities, —elegant young women who are obliged to seek means of entertainment to pass their useless days away, who are rather sentimental than sensual, flirtatious than passionate; idle young men of good appearance and good manners, a little heavy perhaps, as was a trait of their race, *poseurs* because their education and fortune have made them so; matrons who have preserved some traces of vanished beauty; and respectable and dignified gentlemen, the notable men or magistrates of their small cities, too desirous, in spite of their ripe age, of appearing presentably to frown upon the extravagances of fashion. Indeed, in his own portrait Ter Borch shows us that he personally was not averse to being in the latest mode any more than were his models, with their square-toed shoes, their ample perukes, and their profusion of ribbons.

The interiors in which these personages move are well furnished and comfortable, yet without any special cheerfulness of aspect. On the gray walls hang black or dull-gold frames. The upright chairs are not made for lounging, yet they are not puritanically straight-backed. We catch glimpses of beds curtained with heavy drapery, tables on which are set out mirrors and the toilet articles of a woman of fashion, writing-desks with candles and sealing-wax and all the accessories of correspondence. Frequently, too, he shows us musical instruments, lutes, theorbos, citherns, or violas for use in the frequent music lessons, while a well-filled pitcher with its flanking glasses stands near, ready to refresh teacher and pupil in the pauses. Usually a table-cover of fine red tapestry forms the highest note of color in his pic-

tures, and this red is often echoed in the garments of his models because it goes so well with the gray of the interiors, the black of the men's coats, and the shimmering satin or velvet of the women's gowns.

How well he has depicted the good society of his time! How much better than any history of facts and dates! Why need we, then, in the face of such painting, depicting what we might call the middle tones of life with such admirable truth and refinement, ask for more? Why should we demand from this unemotional and minute but nevertheless charming and vivid historian that he move us as does a great poetical and dramatic painter? The question seems to me superfluous. Each has his sphere. By his excellent drawing, his velvety color, correct modelling, and his unexcelled facility, Ter Borch gives us sensations of pleasure which are not ephemeral. Moreover, his models are so well attired, so elegant, and so well posed that it seems impertinent to ask more of them. Indeed, their aspect hardly leads us to believe that we should find more charm in their conversation than we find in the sight of their beautiful hands, their flowing tresses, and the folds of their garments. Their gestures seem quite adequate to express their deepest thoughts.—FROM THE FRENCH.

CARL LEMCKE 'GERHARD TER BORCH'

IT was assuredly from Frans Hals, if from any one, that Ter Borch acquired not only the power of displaying unconscious traits of character, but the striking breadth and firmness of his touch. Small genre paintings, which, on account of their subject-matter, require to be looked at closely, should be finished neatly. Yet Ter Borch's touch is never petty nor finical. He was far too fresh and vigorous, and too fully absorbed in the spirit of the subject, to allow himself to be overruled by the technicalities of his art. . .

A good draughtsman, painstaking in this respect as in all else, a virtuoso in technique, a shrewd observer of character, he represents in a truly inimitable way those scenes in which in real life the gist of the whole turns on a glance of the eye, or a single word. In looking at a picture by Frans Hals we exclaim, "How that fellow is laughing! How wonderfully lifelike that girl is! How unspeakably true to nature those people are!" But with the personages whom Ter Borch paints, we say rather, "What are they doing? Just what are they talking about and thinking?"

A genuine realist of his period, Ter Borch did not seek for any unusual subjects for his "conversation pieces," but painted what he saw in every-day life. The simplest and most commonplace themes were enough to enable him to display his special powers. None of his personages lay claim by their beauty, wit, nobility, or other quality, to being in any way remarkable or unusual, nor does the artist ever give prominence to any characteristic ugliness, moral or physical. He holds aloof, indeed, from everything in the way of caricature or coarseness. It is in the close observation and spiritual conception of what is most usual in life, and especially in social life, that Ter Borch seeks and finds his triumphs, never showing any desire to

turn to account his experiences of an active, stirring life in court and diplomatic circles or in foreign countries. A few scenes in which a trumpeter is introduced as the bearer of a despatch or letter are the only reminders of the warlike and exciting times—the Thirty Years' War, the English Revolution following the execution of Charles I., and the fateful and desperate wars by land and sea in which his own country was engaged—experienced by the painter in the course of his life.

It is not Ter Borch's manner to make the spectator a participant of the scene he depicts. On the contrary, he likes so to display his characters that we seem to be watching them in an unauthorized way, whether they be dreaming, reading, writing, playing on musical instruments, or engaged in conversation. The very position that he so frequently and characteristically selects—the back turned to the spectator—increases the illusion. There is evidently something going on within the privacy of the four walls which is not intended for the uninvited, but this rogue of a painter gives us a forbidden peep, and we experience the charm that lies in the contemplation of those who fancy themselves quite unobserved. Sometimes he cleverly contrives to produce the impression that the people in his pictures have no suspicion of our presence by showing that a dog in the room—animals are said to see ghosts—is aware of the invisible spy. How amusing it is, for instance, to see in the 'Lady Washing her Hands' of the Dresden Gallery how slyly the little dog observes our audacity in watching while the maid pours water from a jug over the hands of his young mistress! . . .

Ter Borch's wit, truthfulness, charm, and consummate skill render him in all respects unsurpassed in his particular line. It was necessary that his subjects should be treated exactly and realistically, and this fact governed his manner of painting them. He wished to present them in all truthfulness, to show us what was going on, and not merely to harmonize colors; yet as a colorist he has always been considered as one of the most finished artists of that great epoch. Sharp and glaring contrasts he carefully avoided. The light in his foregrounds is bright, and he is fond of concentrating it upon a satin gown; yet his colors are delicately harmonized and carefully contrasted, while the shadowy backgrounds of his interiors furnish excellent foils.

Ter Borch's genius lies in the fact that there is about his characters something indefinable—something suggestive of the complications of real life not to be coldly formulated according to the prearranged theories of every learned critic, so that we receive the impression that on his canvases the very character itself is painted.—ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN.

FREDERICK WEDMORE 'THE MASTERS OF GENRE PAINTING'

OF that group of Dutch genre painters for whom the interest of a household scene lay less in the accuracy with which they could reproduce a fabric than in the finer fidelity with which they could note an expression and record a gesture, the most pregnant, the most fruitful, was Ter Borch, its earliest master. It is natural, of course, that the first keen and qualified

discoverer in Holland of this new art of social observation should have been an eminent painter of portraits; natural, too, that he should have been a man accustomed from the first to a society in which it was generally a gracious and cultivated character that expressed itself, now by voice, and now by gaze, and now by movement. The humors of the very vulgar, even the awkwardness and dullness of the lower *bourgeoisie*, would have had no attraction for Ter Borch, and had he been born amongst either the one or the other there would have been nothing to stimulate and encourage his art. But like Metsu,—nay, even more conspicuously than Metsu,—he had the privilege of such a birth and breeding as gave him entrance into what was pleasantest and most refined in the Dutch life of his day; and to live with his pictures is to live with no visions indeed of rare and admirable beauty, with no record of high endeavor or splendid passion, but with the counterfeit presentments of dignified dames and courteous gentlemen who take life calmly, who are engaged placidly with serious business, or in honest and happy recreation. It was necessarily with a subtle eye that Ter Borch observed, and with a gently ordered hand that he portrayed, the quiet life and reticent manners of the people of his world. To have portrayed them successfully, in their faintly expressed variations, he must have seen very much of them. With such delicate material for art, a stranger, an outsider, cannot successfully engage himself. Ter Borch was at home with it.

Ter Borch's genre painting ensured to him his permanent place, and his portraits, even his historical pictures, are those of a genre painter. With rare exceptions,—The Hague portrait of himself is one of them,—they are of strictly cabinet size; they were designed for the adornment of the limited chamber of the city house, and not for the decoration of the public gallery. We do not need to say that the portraits of Ter Borch, whether single studies, or richly varied groups, as in the 'Peace of Münster,' are great in many qualities of portraiture. He never so practised genre that genre made him trivial. Rather, it increased his observation; and as a whole he rises, I think, in the 'Peace of Münster,' to the highest power of which that small scale is capable, in recording varied character and the many expressions of men engaged upon a common purpose. He did nothing here in which he did not show himself to be a sober and a serious artist.

But it was in genre painting, and in genre painting of ample size, that Ter Borch had his best opportunities, and best used them. It was here that his skill in the discernment and expression of character found the fullest and most unfettered play. And considerable as was often the scale on which he worked, no spot of his canvas was empty of valuable record. In genre painting he was like a dramatist writing his thought out keenly, without fear of a censor; here he was really painting his very truest portraits, because there was no one coming when they were finished to say that they failed in this point or in that. In literature the novelist is often far more profoundly true than the historian or the professed biographer; and in art the vigorous and brilliant painter of genre has chances denied to the portrait painter, or chances which only the very greatest portrait painters are audacious enough

to seize. There was nothing apparently in Ter Borch's temperament or genius to place him—keen and serious artist though he was—with those very few who in their portraiture paint unpalatable truths remorselessly. Like the favorite portrait painters of England,—like Van Dyck and Reynolds,—he was alive to personal influence. He was a man of society, and such men, without conscious or palpable flattery, are swayed a little in their work this way or that. Far enough removed, indeed, from the less adroit courtiers or less skilled artists, they yet take only the best moment, and give only the best interpretation. And the result may be a thing of beauty, a thing of dignity, of grace, even of subtle and exquisite suggestion; but it will never be—for it has never aimed to be—a thing of plain, uncompromising truth.

And there are many brilliant painters, moreover, who will have done themselves but scanty wrong in bending thus to the exigency of their craft and place; for perhaps their own happiest expression of themselves in art consists in the unvaried and fertile production of work that displays a delicate sensitiveness to lovely color or a curious facility of grace. Their work is to all the world most attractive when they idealize or exalt. Only, there are also those whose true gift does not lie in the capacity for impressive stateliness or a dainty research of beauty. Their gift is rather in fine and subtle reading of the every-day visage; they understand not human nature in its Sunday best, but the human nature of the six days of the week. Ter Borch was one of these, and because he was one of them he was greatest in genre painting.

But the revelations of expression and character that most interested him were found chiefly, as I said earlier, in the best society. To this rule there are very few exceptions, and those few have been already brought into almost undue prominence. As a fact, he rarely descends below the comfortable *bourgeoisje*. . . . Far oftener Ter Borch invites us to be with him in the fine decorum of a noble chamber—a chamber largely proportioned, massively disposed, carefully tended; the cheerful hearth is flanked by the marble columns of the mantelpiece; rich hangings drape the walls and windows; pictures framed in the broad, deep bands of ebony, that best suit to our own day Ter Borch's works and those of his fellows, stand forth here and there; the spinet is open, and gentle fingers stray over the keyboard. Here there is perhaps a mandolin, there the now prized handiwork of some first fashioner of the violin. And in this apartment, built to last very long, and furnished for at least one lifetime, pass the scenes that are most often recorded by Ter Borch's brush, the scenes that revealed his world to him—that gave the very gentle stimulus he wanted to his slow but sure imagination.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS'

GERARD TER BORCH, who to-day, notwithstanding his many modern admirers, is not appreciated as he should be, was, all told, the greatest of the "Little Dutchmen." He belongs near Rembrandt and Hals, at the head of the school. Such a position should be his not by virtue of his skill

alone, though he was one of the best of the Dutch technicians, but by virtue of his clear point of view, his artistic feeling, his strong grasp of character and fitness, his winning frankness. Moreover, Ter Borch had one quality that no other Dutchman, save possibly his follower Metsu, possessed. That quality was culture; and by culture I mean style. The oft-quoted definition, "Style is the man," is but a garbled extract from Buffon; and, as quoted, conveys a meaning just the opposite from what Buffon intended. He meant by style the final refinement of thought and method, the sifting and straining of all that is fittest in the local to make up the universal. The power of selection, the ability to discriminate between forms and methods, so that only the best shall be accepted, are its requisites. In itself it is an attainment more than an inheritance, and results from education rather than from natural gift. It is taste refined by education and experience. This is precisely the quality that Ter Borch possessed. He was the most cultivated of all his school. In Holland he doubtless studied Dirk Hals and the Haarlemites, Rembrandt and the Amsterdam painters. Then at an early age he went abroad, travelled in Italy, Spain, France, England, and studied the art of the different countries through which he passed. Not a trace of the influence of a single great artist can be seen in his pictures. Leonardo, Titian, and Velasquez never made the slightest puncture in his individuality. Yet he studied them all, digested them all, and while always remaining Ter Borch the Dutchman, his view was, nevertheless, modified by the views of others. His study produced culture, and his culture produced that selective quality in his work which I have called style. We see it in his paintings as in Raphael's drawings. There is nothing to add or to take away. Everything is well thought, well wrought, and well brought; of its kind the work is perfect—a wise mingling of the best feeling, the best form, and the best expression.

Undoubtedly Ter Borch's mind was predisposed by nature toward the refined and the elevated in art. He was an aristocrat in feeling as in subject. In his pictures he never laughs like Hals, or bawls like Brouwer, or simpers like Netscher. His men and women are well-bred, reserved, restful in face and pose; and yet full of sterling character. Easily, silently, undramatically, they work in and upon our susceptibilities. He is so simple with a chair, a table, a wall, and two or three figures that at first one is disposed to think him lacking in invention; but that very simplicity is his charm. His sense of selection and subordination tells him that a few well-chosen objects are better than a roomful of spotty bric-à-brac. He does not give an inventory of many things; he tells the meaning of a few things. What character there may be in a chair or table one may only discover by studying them closely in the works of Ter Borch. He is not trying to tell anything unusual about them. They do not "stand out," or have deceitful surfaces, or glittering lights. They simply look like a chair and a table in a room. His figures are treated in the same way. They have no pathos or humor about them. They speak only the truth of appearance—a truth without display or mannerism, and yet a truth so profound that it startles us when at last we fully realize it. Nothing but a mind great in its primitiveness could see such meanings

in the objects and people of every-day life; nothing but a most cultured method could ever make them apparent to others. Ter Borch had both of these, and they worked together in such unison, so unconsciously and yet so definitely, that they revealed a truth apparently without effort, and so simple that we marvel at its simplicity. And there in Ter Borch we have one of the most charming qualities in painting,—naïveté. But naïveté in art must not be construed to mean the boyish or the immature. It is usually the very loftiest mental attainment, the last word of technical maturity. It is to see the essences of things, and to tell them, frankly, sincerely, soberly, directly. . .

Ter Borch has a reserve quality that suggests great force held in abeyance. He knows what to give and where to stop, and he does it so easily, so frankly, so honestly, that we cannot escape the conviction that a master eye sees and a master hand records. There was also a master mind back of them. It is, after all, the mental attitude that makes a work of art. Ter Borch's mind was charming in its frankness, incisive in its penetration, synthetic in its workings. It grasped the salience of everything, sifted the accidental from the characteristic, and produced the latter in its simple purity. He saw truth of character in the refined and the elegant as readily as did Steen in the low and gross. Nature under his brush became filled with new meanings, for he saw that fitness to a designed end which nature stamps upon all her creations. And there we are around once more at the most virile quality of Dutch painting,—character. Ter Borch's work is an epitome of it. He saw it in a chair-leg as in a human face, and he told it in the most refined and cultured manner of any genre painter of his time.

There are few of his works left to us, but each one of them is worthy of long study. They are small and unpretentious, with none of the great sweeping power of the Italian pictures. They never touch the austere or the sublime, and have not a trace of the classic or the ideal. They are merely tales of upper-class life in Holland; but they are told with that simple faith and honest belief that make the simplest things in nature of great pith and moment in art.

The Works of Ter Borch

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

LADY WASHING HER HANDS — ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

IN this characteristic picture we are introduced into a richly furnished chamber. From the yellow-curtained bed and the table with its Turkish cover to the looking-glass and the silver box upon it, everything bespeaks the high station of the young occupant, who stands in the middle of the room, turning slightly away from the spectator as she washes her hands in a silver basin held by her waiting-maid. The lady's gown is of white gold-embroid-

ered satin, and upon its heavy folds the principal light of the picture is concentrated. "Ter Borch understood how to transfer to his canvas," writes Houbraken, "not merely the features of a face, and faithfully to represent the character of any individual, but how also to reproduce the clothing and special stuffs each according to its kind. Above all did he know how to render white satin so delicately, so artistically, and so exquisitely that it seems in truth to be the material itself."

OFFICER WRITING A LETTER — ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

THIS picture shows us an officer, of a fine and intelligent countenance, writing a despatch, for which his orderly, a trumpeter, is waiting. The latter, a man of large and robust frame, is standing with military erectness. He carries a rough broad-brimmed hat, and wears a jerkin of yellow cloth over a light-blue waistcoat striped with bands of black, and is shod with large cavalry boots. A wide shoulder-belt of green supports his short-sword, while from a tasselled cord hangs his trumpet.

It is a beautiful picture, one of the gems of the Dresden Gallery, simple in subject and straightforward in treatment, yet brimming over with character, and that indefinable quality which the much-abused word "lifelike" but inadequately suggests.

THE LETTER — BUCKINGHAM PALACE: LONDON

"THE charging of the human face with its fullest expression," writes Frederick Wedmore, "an expression chiefly with Ter Borch of weighty consideration or preoccupied reverie, was part of his task in genre painting; and in the royal collection at Buckingham Palace there is the picture in which with perhaps the most unerring skill he has fulfilled that task. It is called 'The Letter.' Charles Leslie has praised it, rightly, as one of the finest of all Ter Borch's works, and he was thinking, doubtless, not only of the consummate expressiveness of one of its figures, but of the virtue of harmonious and glowing color, and the charm of a touch here unusually facile and free. A blonde girl in pale blue bodice and satin skirt stands reading a letter; her companion pauses in her writing to listen, paying profound attention; a page bearing a chased ewer waits awhile; and a spaniel lies curled on the gray-brown chair. The expression of solicitude on the face of the older woman is the interest of the picture. 'A beautiful and tranquil home scene,' the little private palace catalogue justly calls this untouched and exquisite work."

THE CONCERT — BERLIN GALLERY

"THIS picture," writes Rosenberg, "is executed with wonderful delicacy and clearness of tone and exceeding beauty of color. It represents a duet between a young lady playing on a bass-viol and another seated at a spinet. It is strange that such an excellent draughtsman as Ter Borch

should have so failed in the relative proportion of the two figures, a defect which may be attributed to faulty perspective; but this is completely atoned for by the exquisite way in which he has painted the young girl who turns her back to the spectator. A deliciously picturesque figure she makes, with her dark braided hair and beautiful neck, her fur collar, her salmon-colored satin jacket and white satin skirt, all lit by the tender diffused radiance which fills the room. The whole makes another of those bits of reality which Ter Borch has so often painted—a peep which he has granted into the intimacy of a household, not only without a suspicion on the part of the models that they are being observed, but without any appearance of their having been arranged with a view to a preconceived effect."

OFFICER OFFERING MONEY TO A YOUNG WOMAN — LOUVRE: PARIS

IN this picture the painter has represented the interior of a room in which are seated a portly Dutch officer and a young woman to whom he is handing some pieces of gold. The man is habited in the costume of the period,—a buff jerkin with yellow silk sleeves, steel breastplate, gray hose, and large funnel-shaped boots. The woman wears a dark green jacket bordered with ermine and a white satin skirt. A table covered with a red cloth stands near, and on it are a dish of fruit and a silver platter.

Kugler says of this celebrated picture, "The drawing, the finely balanced silvery tone, and the treatment, equally careful and free, render it a masterpiece." In describing it Fromentin calls it "one of the finest Dutch works that the Louvre owns." "It has been said," writes this same critic, "that it is lifelike, that the expression is most true, and that the painting is excellent. Why excellent? Is it because nature is imitated in it in such a way that one seems to surprise her in the very act? Is it because no detail is omitted? Is it because the painting is smooth, simple, clean, limpid, charming to see, easy to understand, and that it is faulty neither from minuteness nor negligence? How does it happen that since the beginning of the practice of painting figures costumed in their ordinary way, in a fixed attitude, and evidently posing before the artist, no one has ever drawn, modelled, or painted like this? In the figure of the officer where do you perceive the drawing, so extraordinary in its naturalness, truth, breadth, and reality without excess? Can you find a feature, a contour, an accent, a single mark, which denotes the rule or measure? Those shoulders, diminishing in their perspective and curve; that long arm, resting on the thigh, so perfectly within its sleeve; that stout round body, belted high, so exact in its thickness, so vague in its exterior limits; those two supple hands, which, increased to the natural size, would have the astonishing appearance of being modelled,—do you not find that all this is poured into a mould which does not at all resemble the angular accents, timid or presumptuous, uncertain or geometrical, in which modern design is ordinarily enclosed?"

THE DESPATCH — THE HAGUE GALLERY

THIS picture, dated 1655, shows Ter Borch at the maturity of his talent. It was painted after the consummation of peace, when the Dutch officers had been released from active service in the field, and Ter Borch has frequently shown them to us at their leisure in pictures of this type. The standing trumpeter, in his striking costume of blue and yellow, has brought a despatch to his superior officer, who sits on a low chair with his arm about a woman, who, in the usual white satin robe, is seated on the floor beside him. The color scheme of the picture, with its strong lemon yellows in the high lights, contrasting with the brownish reds and deep scarlets in the shadows, is in keeping with the incident represented; and the picture is especially noteworthy from the fine handling of light and shade and the delicate harmony of its tones.

GIRL TASTING WINE — STÄDEL INSTITUTE: FRANKFORT

"AS is usual in Ter Borch's works," writes Valentin, "the subject of this picture is exceedingly simple. A young girl is sitting at a table from which the heavy cloth has been pushed back to make room for an inkstand, pen, and paper. These are, however, neglected by the writer as she sips from a delicate Venetian glass the wine that has been poured from a stone jug resting on her lap. In coloring the picture is equally simple. The eye passes from the dark wall with the brown canopied bed, the red cushioned chair, and massive wooden table, over the girl's gray skirt and pale yellow jacket, to rest finally upon the charming and luminous little face framed in its black kerchief, from which the blonde curls that play about the forehead, cheek, and throat have escaped. How white the neck is, and how delicately the light touches upper lip and little nose seen through the clear crystal of the glass!"

WOMAN PEELING APPLES — IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

"IN the simplicity of its subject, the exquisite harmony of colors, and the faithful reproduction of all details there is an indescribable charm about this little picture," writes Carl von Lützow. "The woman wears a pearl-gray dress and yellow jacket bordered with white fur. Her shoulders are covered with a black cape, the hood of which is drawn over her head and tied under her chin. From this dark frame the face with its delicate features and red lips glows forth cheerfully. The background of the picture is a wall of neutral gray, only broken by a door and a map hanging near, but stronger colors prevail in the foreground. On the right is a basket of white linen, upon which lies a cushion of green velvet, faced with red and trimmed with silver, used for lace-making. A cloth of brilliant blue covers the table on the left, its color bringing out into strong relief a silver candle-stick, a white glazed china dish of apples, and a piece of apple-peel lying near. The chief charm of the picture, however, does not lie in these outward things, but in the delicate play of light and shade surrounding the figures and divesting the

inanimate objects of their prosaic reality. Without expressing her eagerness in any demonstrative way, the little girl looks up from beneath her broad-brimmed hat, questioningly and expectantly, at the young woman peeling an apple, who, apparently absorbed in her occupation, betrays by no sign whether the little one's evident desire will be gratified or not."

PATERNAL ADVICE — BERLIN GALLERY

TER BORCH did not give this picture the name it now bears, but the engraver J. G. Wille entitled his reproduction of it 'Paternal Advice,' and Goethe, in his 'Elective Affinities,' described the painting from the point of view suggested by Wille's title. "It seems to me," writes Bredius, "that such a romantic name does not suit this simple picture, and that it would suffice to call it merely 'The Visit.' As I explain the situation, it is this: a middle-aged couple are paying a visit to a lady who offers her guests a glass of wine. While the woman is tasting hers, her husband, seated by her side, is engaged in an animated discussion with his hostess, who is standing before him, her back turned to the spectator, gowned in a robe of white satin which is painted with the greatest perfection. The master's talent is here exhibited equally in the skill of the drawing and in the wonderful harmony of the coloring, which, in spite of the vermilion of the bed, chairs, and table-cover, in spite of the sheen of the satin, is wholly tranquil." Replicas which differ little from this picture are in Amsterdam and in Bridgewater House, London.

PEACE OF MÜNSTER — NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

"THIS is Ter Borch's most important work," writes Michel, "and that which contributed most to his fame. Yet, although he set its price at only 6,000 florins, it was not sold during his lifetime, and after his death came into the possession of his relatives, who still owned it in 1721. We next find it mentioned as belonging in the collection of Prince Talleyrand, then in that of the Duchesse de Berry, and it was later bought for the Demidoff Gallery. At the sale of that collection it was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford, and after his death was given by Sir Richard Wallace, his heir, to the National Gallery, London, where it now remains.

"The picture does not depict, as is commonly believed, the final conclusion of the peace of Westphalia, but represents the consummation of a previous and partial agreement between Spain and Holland, made on May 15 in the same year, 1648.

"Standing in an apartment wainscoted with carved wood, the Spanish ambassadors and the delegates of the United Provinces are ranged about a table upon which lies the document of the temporary treaty, and swear to the terms which are being read simultaneously by the plenipotentiaries of each nation. It is an exact representation of reality; the artist has made no effort to force a picturesque arrangement, nor sacrificed truth for more effective *mise en scène*; but rather seems to have attempted to place his picture on

a level with the action by its simple gravity and sincerity, qualities which give it all the value of true history.

"There is no special play of emotion visible upon the very diverse countenances of the delegates. Here and there, perhaps, we may discover traces of mortified pride in the faces of the Spaniards, here and there a hint of satisfied content in the expressions of the Dutchmen; but, for the most part, conquerors and conquered remain impassive at this termination of the bloody national struggle, impressed with the solemnity of the moment and with the consequences of the act which they are consummating.

"Indeed, the solemnity of its general impression is so strong that in the presence of this picture one hardly thinks of wondering at its facility of execution or computes the wealth of talent which it exhibits; and it is only when one forces himself to consider its technique that he begins to appreciate the resources of an artist who in spite of so many difficulties still paints with such an air of ease and naturalness as to seem to demand no share of admiration for his wonderful execution."

The picture is painted on copper, and although it contains as many as sixty figures, measures only about one foot and a half in height by less than two feet in width. As a proof of the high value placed upon it by connoisseurs, it is said that when the picture was sold in Paris in 1868, the celebrated painter Meissonier travelled all the way to that city from Antibes, where he was then living, for the express purpose of seeing Ter Borch's masterpiece, and that after standing before it for an hour declared that he considered each separate head in the picture worth the trouble and time that his long journey had cost him.

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF TER BORCH, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. BUDA PESTH MUSEUM: The Trumpeter—VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Woman Peeling Apples (Plate VIII)—VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Portrait of a Man—BELGIUM. ANTWERP MUSEUM: The Mandolin-player—ENGLAND. LONDON, BRIDGEWATER HOUSE: Paternal Advice—LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The Letter (Plate III); The Glass of Wine—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Guitar Lesson; Peace of Münster (Plate X); Portrait of a Man—FRANCE. LYONS MUSEUM: The Message—PARIS, LOUVRE: Officer and Young Woman (Plate V); The Music Lesson; The Concert; Meeting of Ecclesiastics; Learning to Read—GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Paternal Advice (Plate IX); The Grinder's Family; The Concert (Plate IV); Two Portraits of Men; The Consultation; The Smoker; Portrait of Herr van Marienburg; Portrait of Frau van Marienburg—CASSEL GALLERY: The Lute-player; The Music Lesson—DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Officer Writing a Letter (Plate II); Officer Reading a Letter; Lady Washing her Hands (Plate I); The Lute-player; Lady in White Satin—FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Girl Tasting Wine (Plate VII)—MUNICH GALLERY: The Love-letter; Boy with a Dog—HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: Paternal Advice; Portrait of Ter Borch; Portrait of Ter Borch's Wife—DEVENTER, CITY HALL: Magistrates of Deventer—HAARLEM, MUNICIPAL MUSEUM: Portraits of a Gentleman and his Wife—THE HAGUE GALLERY: The Despatch (Plate VI); Portrait of Ter Borch (Page 20)—BARON STEENGRACHT'S COLLECTION: Mother Combing her Daughter's Hair—ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: A Dutch Lady—RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG,

HERMITAGE GALLERY: The Rustic Messenger; A Concert; The Letter; A Musician; Interior of an Inn; The Glass of Lemonade — UNITED STATES. CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Guitar Lesson — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Portrait of Ter Borch; Portrait of a Man.

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Luca and Andrea

Della Robbia

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

LAVDATE DNM IN SCIS EIVS·LA EV IN FIRMAMENTO VTVTIS BE LA EV IN VTVTIS BE LA EV SVDM MVLTITVDINEM MAGNITVDIS EI
LAVDATE EVM IN SONO TVBAE; LAVDATE EVM IN PSALTERIO ET CYTHARA. LAVDATE EVM IN TIMPANO

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

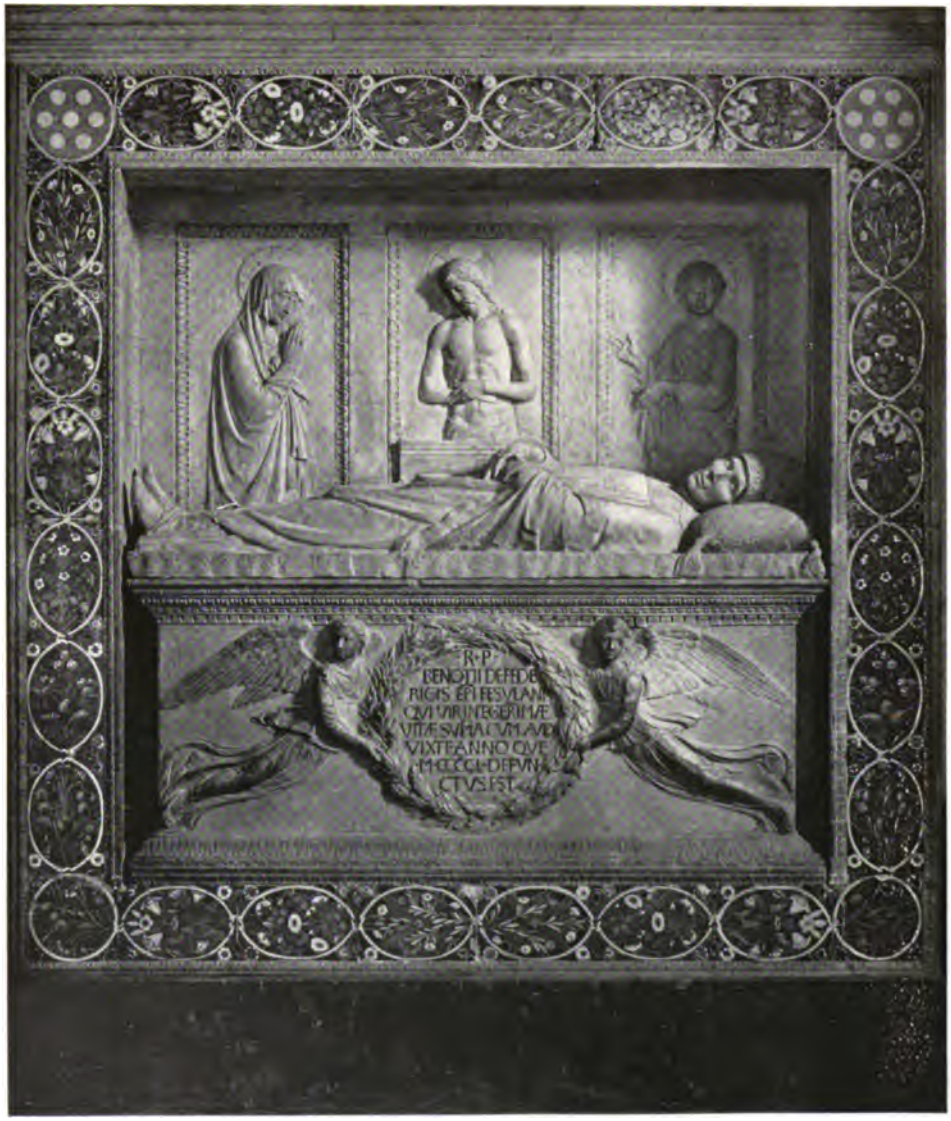
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA
SINGING GALLERY OF THE CATHEDRAL
MUSEUM OF THE CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE

NOT FILMED

STERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA
SINGING GALLERY OF THE CATHEDRAL
[END PANELS]
MUSEUM OF THE CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA

TOMB OF BISHOP BENOZZO FEDER

CHURCH OF SANTA TRINITA, FLO

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA
MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS
VIA DELL' AGNOLO, FLORENCE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA (?)
THE VISITATION
CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI FUORCIVITAS, PIST'

Microfilm

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA
BAMBINI
HOSPITAL OF THE INNOCENTI, FLORENCE

Mail

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA
MEETING OF ST. FRANCIS AND ST. DOMINIC
LOGGIA DI SAN PAOLO, FLORENCE

Mau

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA
THE ANNUNCIATION
HOSPITAL OF THE INNOCENTI, FLORENCE

Mail

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA
CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN
CHURCH OF THE OSSERVANZA, NEAR

Non-U

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA
MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS
CATHEDRAL OF PRATO

PORTRAITS OF LUCA AND ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA

No unquestionably authentic likeness of Luca della Robbia exists. The sketch of him here shown is from the engraving given by Vasari in the original edition of his "Lives," and as Vasari had seen and describes a now lost portrait of Luca, painted by Luca himself, it is not unlikely that the engraving was based upon this portrait, especially as the drapery corresponds with Vasari's description.

In one of the series of frescos in the Annunziata in Florence, Andrea del Sarto is said to have depicted Andrea della Robbia as a subordinate figure, representing him as an infirm old man. It is from Del Sarto's fresco that our portrait of Andrea della Robbia has been sketched.

MASTERS IN ART

Luca and Andrea della Robbia

BORN 1400: DIED 1482
BORN 1435: DIED 1525

CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW VOLUME 21 (1885)

BORN in 1400, Luca della Robbia was the son of Simone di Marco della Robbia, a shoemaker, who lived in the Via Sant' Egidio at Florence. Here the boy grew up, and, after receiving a thorough education in all that was held necessary for a youth of his class, was apprenticed, according to Vasari, to the aged Leonardo di Ser Giovanni, then the best goldsmith in the city. But higher ambitions stirred his young heart, and, fired by the example of Lorenzo Ghiberti, who probably gave him his earliest training in art, he soon left the goldsmith's shop to work in bronze and marble. Such was the ardor with which young Luca devoted himself to his profession that Vasari assures us he forgot to eat or sleep, and spent the day in drawing and the night in modelling, careless of cold and hunger.

We know nothing of his earliest works, but by the time he was thirty his talents had attracted the attention of the Medici. On their recommendation he was employed by the administrators of the Cathedral works to execute ten bas-reliefs for the decoration of one of the organ galleries under that fair cupola which Brunelleschi had just raised to be the wonder of all Florence. The commission for this work, a worthy task for any Florentine master, was given to Luca in 1431; and two years later the decoration of the other organ gallery on the opposite side was assigned to Donatello, then at the height of his fame. During the next eight or nine years Luca worked at these bas-reliefs, and we may infer that his employers were satisfied with the result from the fact that the price of sixty florins, originally agreed upon for the larger bas-reliefs, was raised to seventy in consideration of the time and labor expended on them. . . .

Before these immortal works had left Luca's studio, fresh commissions came in from all sides. Once more he and Donatello were required to compete for the execution of a colossal head to be placed on the top of Brunelleschi's cupola; and when this project was abandoned for lack of funds a joint commission was given them to carve two altars for the chapels of St. Peter and St. Paul in the Duomo. Again, however, the money was not forthcoming; and Donatello never even attempted his share of the task, while Luca only carved two unfinished bas-reliefs, representing the deliverance

from prison of St. Peter and his crucifixion, fine fragments bearing strong marks of Ghiberti's influence, which are now preserved in the National Museum, Florence.

It is pleasant to learn that Luca, who was so often brought into competition with Donatello, had the greatest admiration for his illustrious rival, and inspired his own nephew, Andrea, with the same veneration. When Andrea himself was old, and long after Luca's death, he often spoke with enthusiasm of the master, and told young Giorgio Vasari with pride that he had been present at the great Donatello's funeral.

In May, 1437, Luca was entrusted with a still more honorable task,—the execution of the five lozenge-shaped bas-reliefs which were still wanting to complete the series representing the progress of civilization on the base of Giotto's Tower. All five were copied from Giotto's own designs, and, but for the sharpness and clearness of the work and the loving care with which every leaf of the foliage is carved, have little in common with Luca's finer style. But the longest and most laborious task on which Luca was employed in Santa Maria del Fiore was the execution of the bronze doors of the sacristy under the organ gallery. These had been originally assigned to Donatello in 1437, and it was not until 1446 that the administrators of the Cathedral works, tired of awaiting that master's pleasure, gave the commission to Michelozzo, Maso di Bartolommeo, and Luca della Robbia. Maso died, and Michelozzo being absent, Luca completed the doors alone in 1464.

Before he had even begun to work at these gates, however, he had already entered on the second period of his career, and had, in Vasari's words, enriched the world by another art, "*nuova, utile, et bellissima.*" His fertile genius, ever seeking for new means of expression, could not rest content with the slow production of works in bronze and marble. Some easier, less costly material was needed for the more prompt and spontaneous expression of those countless forms of beauty which thronged upon his vision, and it is Luca's glory to have discovered an art exactly suited to his wants. It has been sometimes supposed that, as Vasari intimates, Luca della Robbia was the first to apply a glaze of enamel to pottery; but this is a mistake, for majolica was manufactured in Italy long before his time. On the other hand, there seems little doubt that he was the first to apply this stanniferous enamel to works of sculpture in terra-cotta, and thus give the clay he moulded the charms of transparency and brightness, while at the same time he rendered it durable enough to resist many centuries of exposure to the air.

How long he labored and how many times he failed in his experiments we do not learn, but by 1443 his success was complete, for in that year he was commanded to make a relief of the 'Resurrection' in glazed terra-cotta for the lunette above the sacristy door in the Duomo. There the work is still to be seen to-day. The figures are white on a blue ground, and little other color is introduced; but in the relief of the 'Ascension,' executed by Luca three years afterwards, and which occupies the space above the other sacristy door, green and brown and yellow are all employed to throw out the principal figures and avoid confusion. In the contract for this relief the

colors to be used are specified, and it is expressly said, "*Mons sit sui coloris, arbores etiam sui coloris,*"—a fact which sufficiently refutes the idea that Luca confined himself solely to blue and white, although it is true that as a rule his figures are white, and that he employed other colors only for the subordinate parts of the picture, while the tones he used are more delicate than those of his later followers.

Every day the new art became more popular with the Florentines, and Luca was called upon to adorn one building after another. His reliefs were not exclusively employed to ornament churches, and several Florentine palaces were decorated with shields and medallions by his hand. His masterpiece in this kind was Piero de' Medici's study, a small room which he decorated entirely, from the ceiling to the floor, with reliefs and enamelled tiles, "a rare thing," says Vasari, "and very useful for the summer-time."

Occasionally we find Luca still working in marble as well as in terra-cotta, and both are happily blended in the tabernacle now in a church at the village of Peretola, which bears a marble relief of a Pietà surrounded by a terra-cotta frieze, and also in the tomb of Benozzo Federighi, Bishop of Fiesole, which stands at present in the Church of Santa Trinità, Florence.

Luca's powers and industry showed no falling off as he advanced in years, and the vaulting of the Chapel of San Jacopo at San Miniato, executed when he was past sixty, is the finest and most complete scheme of roof decoration which he ever accomplished. This work was not completed until 1466, and is the last one of Luca's of which any record remains. Five years afterwards he was elected head of the Artists' Guild, but declined to accept the honor —the greatest to which a Florentine master could aspire— on the score of his great age and increasing infirmities.

In 1446, at about the time that his glazed terra-cotta work first became famous, he had bought a house in the Via Guelfa, where he spent the remainder of his life with his two orphaned nephews, Andrea and Simone, the sons of his only brother, Marco. He had never married, and adopted them as his own children; and while Simone followed his father's and grandfather's trade of shoemaking, Andrea had been trained by his uncle to his own art, and was already a distinguished sculptor. To him Luca left, as his most precious possession, the practice of the art which he had invented, while to Simone he bequeathed the whole of his modest fortune. His reasons for this division are fully explained in the quaintly worded will which he made on February 19, 1471. Since he had in his lifetime taught Andrea his art, while he had never taught Simone anything, since the practice of the said art which Andrea inherited from Luca was sufficiently remunerative to support his family honorably, and as all the goods Luca had were not equal to this art which Andrea had received as a gift from Luca, and since it was well that Simone should have his share, and that no one should be able to reproach him, Luca, with injustice, he now left all his remaining fortune to the said Simone, his nephew.

After making his will Luca lived eleven years more in the same house with his nephews, who were both married and had children of their own. At

length, on February 20, 1482, he died, and was buried in his own sepulchre in the Church of San Pietro Maggiore, leaving a long roll of great works and the memory of a noble life to be the glory of his native Florence.

The pains which he had spent on his nephew Andrea's training had already met with their reward; and when Luca closed his eyes on this world he had the satisfaction of knowing that he left a successor well fitted to continue his work and perpetuate the name which he had made illustrious.

Born in 1435, Andrea della Robbia had married when he was about thirty, and in 1470, according to the tax-papers of that year, he had already three children by his wife, Nanna, aged twenty-one. He led the same simple, hard-working life as his uncle before him, never leaving the old house, where he reared seven sons to be his helpers. During the ninety years of his long life the new art enjoyed an ever-increasing popularity, and attained a fuller development than ever before. It was now applied with great success to a number of different objects. Altars of every size and description, friezes, statues, and shields, issued in countless numbers from the workshop in the Via Guelfa. While Luca's activity had been almost entirely confined to Florence, Andrea's works are to be found not only in every part of Tuscany, but among all the cities and convents of Umbria and Romagna.

After his uncle's death he was employed on works for the Cathedral, which have for the most part perished. In 1489 he finished a beautiful lunette for the Duomo of Prato. Two years later he completed a frieze of garlands and medallions for Santa Maria delle Carceri in the same town. He was back at Florence soon afterwards, working at the Hospital di San Paolo, and both he and his sons were witnesses of that great religious revival by which Savonarola made the close of the fifteenth century memorable.

The whole of Andrea's family, we learn from Vasari, were deeply attached to the friar of San Marco, and, like so many of the best Florentine artists, devoted their art to his cause. More than this, two of Andrea's sons—Marco, the eldest, and Paolo—took the vows, and received the Dominican habit at the hands of Savonarola himself. On that terrible night when the faithful Piagnoni rallied in the Convent of San Marco, three of Andrea's sons were among its defenders, and the best account we have of those last sad scenes was given by Fra Luca, otherwise known as Marco della Robbia, in his examination before Savonarola's judges. He it is who describes how, as night closed on that anxious day, the little band of armed monks met in the church, and how the *frate*, standing calm and unmoved in their midst with the sacrament in his hands, bade them lay down their arms; how, too, some of them disobeyed his word, and he among the rest struck wildly with his sword at the furious mob who rushed in to seize their victim. We know that it was all in vain, that Fra Luca and his brave friends were overpowered, and that Savonarola died. But the Della Robbias were among the faithful Piagnoni who revered his memory to the last; and we learn from Vasari that they commemorated his name in medals, bearing Savonarola's head on one side, and on the other a fortified city with the sword of the Lord descending upon her, as he had prophesied.

In his last years the aged Andrea executed several works for the Dominicans, to whom he was bound by so many ties. He adorned an altar in the Church of San Marco itself. For the monks of La Quercia at Viterbo he accomplished several important works between 1498 and 1514; and a Madonna, his last work of all, was destined for Pian di Mugnone, a house in the country, belonging to the monks of San Marco. This was finished in 1515, when Andrea was already eighty years old.

Ten years after he died, on the fourth of August, 1525, and was buried by the side of his uncle and master, the great Luca, in the Church of San Pietro Maggiore.

The Art of Luca and Andrea della Robbia

ALLAN MARQUAND — SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE: 1898

THE monuments of the Robbia school are well distributed throughout Tuscany; they are found also in the Marches and in Umbria, and as far south as Rome and Naples. Many of them have travelled to the museums and private collections of northern Europe, and a few have reached the United States.

These sculptured monuments are made of terra-cotta, and covered with an opaque stanniferous glaze, in which the colors are mixed as in enamel. The figured reliefs are sometimes white against a blue background, but often exhibit a variety of colors. The popular impression — for which Vasari is responsible — that the art of making these glazes was discovered by Luca della Robbia, that it was preserved as a secret, and perished with his school, has proved to be unfounded. Opaque glazes were applied to sculpture during the Gothic period in Spain, and found their way to Italy long before Luca della Robbia was born. They disappear in the late Renaissance, partly because paint and varnish produced brilliant effects on terra-cotta with less labor, and partly because stucco and paintings on canvas were cheaper than sculptures in marble and terra-cotta. The spirit of the age also demanded brilliant reds and naturalistic flesh-colors, and these were impossible in opaque glazes.

CAVALUCCI AND MOLINIER — 'LES DELLA ROBBIA'

ALTHOUGH he stands in a somewhat different category, Luca della Robbia deserves to rank with the three greatest sculptors of the first half of the fifteenth century, — Ghiberti, Donatello, and Della Quercia. Lacking their originality and their higher gifts of conception, he yet achieved in his own day a reputation equal to theirs, and this reputation posterity has confirmed. The founder and chief of a family of artists who continued his work to the end of the century, he, still remaining a realist, yet contrived to imbue his works with so profound a sentiment, so much grace, and so

much naïveté, that few Renaissance artists so closely approach the classic in style.

Many writers have paid Luca della Robbia their tributes of praise, but to our thinking none has given a truer summary of his qualities in fewer words than the Marquis de Laborde, in his monograph upon the 'Château du Bois de Boulogne.' He writes:—

"Luca was a sculptor of the first rank. He set himself to seek beauty through the earnest study of classic models, through persevering imitation of nature, through purity of form, through truth of expression, and through graceful variation of pose; and he was so far successful that even in the face of Ghiberti's overpowering glory, and even in rivalry with Donatello, he was able to make his name equal to theirs in Florence itself. Such were his talents that he might have attained eminence had he done no more than join his contemporaries in that broad fifteenth-century highroad of art which had been opened for them by Niccola Pisano. But he did more; impatient of the slow processes of sculpture in marble, and perhaps weary of the monotony of its whiteness, he sought for a new path, or strayed into a long-abandoned one, and struck out for himself. Whatever may have led him into the byway, whether he had seen the colored terra-cottas of the ancients, whether he had in mind the painted sculptures of the middle ages, or whether his own initiative led him to attempt to fuse the sister arts of sculpture and painting, there is no more interesting figure than that of this man, who rediscovered and taught to his family an art which for two centuries was to be monopolized by those who bore the name of Della Robbia."

To affirm, as some critics have done, that Luca della Robbia was entirely under the influence of Ghiberti's mysticism, and only rarely felt the naturalistic impress of that school of which Donatello was the great representative, is an over-statement. M. Rio, who has shown himself the warmest partisan of mysticism in the art of the Italian Renaissance, claims for Luca the honor of having revolted against naturalism. "The credit of having kept sculpture in a path so opposed to contemporary prejudices," he writes, "must be shared by three men, all advanced in age when Donatello died, but who outlived him long enough to change the course into which he had directed contemporary art. These men were Luca della Robbia, Desiderio da Settignano, and Mino da Fiesole." This statement may be true to some extent, but it is surely misleading to add, as Rio does, that because of the influence of these men the study of the antique marbles in the Medici gardens "came to occupy only a secondary place in the education of the best-known Florentine artists." The bas-reliefs of the 'Singing Gallery' are alone quite sufficient to demolish, in regard to Luca at least, any such theory. Indeed, it is impossible to misunderstand the influence which classic art must have had upon his genius when we look at this work. Luca's naturalism is more temperate than the naturalism of Donatello, but it is quite sufficiently marked, and especially in this, his greatest work, to falsify any such sweeping statement. The truth is that Luca cannot be ranked as either wholly naturalistic or wholly mystic in his art. The two influences swayed him conjointly, and neither ever completely outweighed the other. In a word,

the education which Ghiberti may himself have given Luca della Robbia never effaced Luca's profound admiration for Donatello. . . .

If we were obliged to briefly summarize the preëminent qualities of Luca's art, we should be tempted to call them simplicity and nobility. Symmetry is also one of his prime characteristics—a symmetry so perfect that it sometimes recalls the sculpture of a previous age, yet without its monotony. To fully recognize these qualities, we should not confine our studies to his works in terra-cotta alone. The latter unquestionably brought him his wide renown, but on the other hand, they have done no little wrong to his true genius. Luca's name has been so often connected with works in terra-cotta which were produced in the decadence of that style during later years that amateurs in general have come to regard him, while no doubt an artist of the greatest talent, yet as one whose distinguishing characteristics are amiability and grace. But Luca had higher and stronger qualities. Indeed, we must repeat that it is not in his works in Della Robbia ware at all, but in the bas-reliefs executed for the 'Singing Gallery' of the Cathedral—executed when he was still young in years but already mature in talent—that we must turn if we would see him at his very best. If he was unquestionably and above all a Quattrocentist, if he knew how to be most supple in his workmanship, yet he could also give his personages attitudes so full of calm and dignity, and expressions so noble, that we may, without partisanship, rank him among the greatest sculptors of his day. . . .

Luca's death did not check the production of the Della Robbia reliefs. Indeed, a great number of enamelled terra-cottas were produced by Andrea, his nephew and successor, before Luca's death. But although taught and educated by Luca himself, Andrea stamped his own productions with an individuality which makes them in general easy to distinguish from those of his uncle. Master to the full of Luca's finest qualities of suppleness and grace, and, indeed, often surpassing him in these respects, Andrea, on the other hand, cannot be defended from the charge of over-delicacy, and never succeeded in imparting to his figures that strength and nobility by which Luca atoned for frequent over-minuteness in the treatment of details. Lovely as they are,—and they are invariably lovely,—Andrea's Virgins (and, like many Renaissance sculptors, Andrea wrought the effigy of the Virgin oftener than any other subject) are far less living than those of the elder sculptor; and if they evince a genuine striving after the ideal, their expressions are, on the other hand, sometimes a trifle affected, and the modelling is somewhat too soft and round.

But though Andrea was incontestably inferior to his uncle, and did not possess either the latter's originality or strength, it is not fair, nevertheless, to attribute the whole of this inferiority to lesser genius on his part. It should be remembered that while Luca lived in the first half of the fifteenth century, Andrea was not born until 1435, and that it was not until after 1450 that he began to wield the chisel. He was, at least, no more inferior to Luca than his own age was inferior to those nobler days in art during which Luca had wrought.—FROM THE FRENCH.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA'S style is so sober and contained, so delicate and yet so healthy, so lovely yet so free from prettiness, so full of sentiment and devoid of sentimentality, that it is hard to find words for any critical characterization. The work, exactly suited to its place, leaves little to be said but that it is one of the loveliest inheritances which the Renaissance has bequeathed to us, looking, indeed, says Walter Pater, "as if a piece of the blue sky had fallen down into the streets of Florence" to be fixed above some door or window. Here there is not one bit of the *bravura* of Verocchio (in his Colleone) or of Pollajuolo (in his papal monuments), none of the "feverish vitality" of Donatello; all is contained and measured, his range of subject like the rest, for Luca varies the latter but little, and sings one long hymn to Madonna, with angels for choristers. . . .

Andrea della Robbia, a little less measured and grave than Luca, is just as lovely. Somewhat more florid, his work is still none too much so to be perfectly decorative. And in looking at his 'Annunciation' of the Innocenti, the children's heads in his altar-pieces of Arezzo, above all at his lunette over the cathedral door at Prato, one is tempted to set him side by side with Luca, or at the least to call him a most worthy successor.

MRS. OLIPHANT 'THE MAKERS OF FLORENCE'

IT is one of the most striking evidences of an age of great activity and warmth of intellectual impulse, that genius, getting impatient of universal repetition, strikes out for itself new paths on every side—not so great, indeed, as the old broad highways of everlasting art, yet always interesting so long as genius continues to tread them, and they are not left to that feeble imitation which sooner or later succeeds to every original work. Luca della Robbia was not one of those great men who dominate art and leave upon it an impression which lasts for generations. He had not the vigor and force of his contemporary, Donatello, to take possession of and give a new, bold impulse to the highest branch of sculpture; but it would seem that he was impatient of the meaner fate of toiling after another's footsteps and taking a secondary place in the profession he loved. Perhaps even the inferior effect, when carried to their places, of his own carefully finished groups in comparison with Donatello's dashing *bozza* may have stimulated the artist to seek for a way of his own in which his special qualities might tell at their best.

"Feeling," Vasari says, "that he had advanced but little with very great labor" in that larger field of art where there were so many competitors, "he resolved to leave marble and bronze, and to see if he could find better fruit elsewhere. Therefore, considering that clay was easily worked with little labor, if a method could only be found to make it adhere and to defend it from the action of time," he betook himself to scientific experiments to find an *invetriamento*, glassing or glaze, which "should make works in clay almost eternal." It is not within our range to discuss whether Luca was really the sole and first inventor of this method; but at least he was the first great

artist who worked in majolica, and his beautiful groups in this material are the chief things that will occur to any reader in connection with his name. Nothing more lovely, pure, and tender than his white visionary Madonnas and divine children can well be conceived; the spotless material and the delicate art lend themselves to each other, and to this oft-renewed and always delightful subject, with a touching appropriateness. They are like embodied dreams, ethereal and pure and colorless, things made of heavenly mist or cloud.

The special use of this new invention, as not only beautiful in itself but affording a means of ornamentation for places *dove sono acque*, where pictures cannot be placed in consequence of the damp, is much insisted upon by Vasari. Even the damp corners demanded ornament in those wealthy days when artists abounded, and imagination could not picture to itself the humblest sanctuary or the most common house without some attempt at beauty as well as use. The invention binds together the craft of the workman with the genius of the artist.

Nothing can be more poetical than those white foam-groups glancing out of dark corners, over doorways, always with a delightful surprise to the spectator which is almost like a natural effect; for there is nothing that more piques and pleases the fancy than the adaptation of a thing so common to uses so beautiful. The soft, sympathetic angels, the round limbs of the lovely children, the serious, sweet Madonnas, glimmering in a light which proceeds from themselves, or seems to do so, are always delightful to behold. In convent cloisters, over the doors of hospitals, here and there hung on a bit of dark wall in some aisle chapel, they make a mild radiance about them, a softened homely illumination, not great, but sweet, and full of ethereal and visionary grace.

And at the same time what a busy *bottega* the new invention made! All the princes and the trades sent their commissions to the master. "The fame of his works flew not only through Italy, but over all Europe, and so many wished to have them that the Florentine merchants kept Luca continually at work." The Della Robbias made a school of themselves, keeping the secret among them with all the precautions natural to a family treasure. Andrea became famous like his uncle; and the race did not last long enough to fall into much bad work, but came to an end in the third generation, carrying with it the invention and the secret. Perhaps it was well so, both for the fame of the Della Robbia work and for the taste of posterity. So easy a material could scarcely have avoided debasement and degradation in times of less originality and power.

MARCEL REYMOND 'LES DELLA ROBBIA'

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA, younger by some years than either Ghiberti or Donatello, learned from both of them, and in a certain measure succeeded in reconciling their divergent styles. From Ghiberti he took something of his harmony of line and beauty of form, like him he loved to depict the figures of youth, like him he preferred to express the tenderer sentiments;

and in general bent of mind he resembled Ghiberti rather than Donatello. He was less ardent, less violent, less audacious than the latter, nor did he question nature with the same wish to be faithful to her even in her irregularities. He was not so inventive, and did not explore so many different paths; and yet if we consider the merely exterior forms of his art it would seem that he was, on the whole, more under the influence of Donatello than of Ghiberti, for it was from Donatello that he borrowed his general style of treating the bas-relief and the management of its different planes. But if Luca della Robbia was inspired by the work of Ghiberti and Donatello he should by no means be considered as an imitator, for he evolved a type of art different from theirs, and quite personal to himself; and it is because of his evolution of this type, and because he was one of the last great innovators of the fifteenth century, that he deserves to be ranked with the greatest geniuses of Italian art.

It is true that he limited the already constrained scope of the bas-relief, for he not only abandoned historical compositions, but discarded all complicated scenes, and all representations of architecture and landscape, to present only one or two figures instead. Indeed, in his hands the scope of bas-relief art underwent a real diminution. It gained, however, compensating advantages. His more restrained form allowed special importance to be given to the outline of the human body. In the more complex reliefs the individual silhouette loses its importance, and the careful drawing of each figure becomes superfluous. In Luca's work, however, the individual form predominates, and impresses itself upon the eye as does a statue. Moreover, by the same simplification, Luca attained a second advantage, that of concentrating the observer's attention upon the face. Perhaps it was mainly for this reason that he limited the number of personages in a group and often showed them only to the waist.

By his attempt to gain greater individual expressiveness he seems rather to be ranked with Donatello than with Ghiberti; but where Donatello would have sought for emotion, violence, and effectiveness Luca seeks only for the smiling and the tender, and seems never to have dreamed of sacrificing physical beauty to the revelation of thought. Indeed, one might say that no other artist ever so strictly limited himself to the depiction of beautiful ideas in beautiful human forms. The human beings which he chose to body forth his ideas were those most sensible of beauty and purity,—the woman and the child. The woman, upon whom Donatello scarcely looked, and whom Ghiberti apparently only studied for a certain cold charm of outline, Luca presents with all her seductive grace of form, smile, and look. The child, which Donatello only considered as a moving vivacious and agitated little animal, was to Luca the ideal flower of human creation, and he seems to have known how to love children as only mothers know how to love them.

Compared to his predecessors, who solved so many great problems and sought to express innumerable, thronging ideas, one might consider that Luca worked in a limited and lesser field. True as this may be, it is no less true that in all the domain of art there are no figures which haunt our memories

more persistently than the Virgins and children of Luca della Robbia, and none which inspire us with deeper sympathy. There have been greater masters than he; there have been none whose works we love more. . . .

Andrea della Robbia was born thirty-five years later than Luca. In the fifteenth century—that active period when minds were in constant ebullition and incessantly creating—this short lapse of time was sufficient to produce profound modifications in the arts. Although Andrea was educated by Luca, the differences between them in thought and grasp were so marked that no real doubt can exist as to the differences of their styles. Andrea did no work comparable to the 'Singing Gallery'; that charming motive of children playing, singing, and running was too naturalistic for his time. The great geniuses of the beginning of the fifteenth century had been able to give such subjects as these artistic distinction, but their followers preferred to confine themselves to motives based more strictly upon Christian doctrine, and devoted their art to more complex scenes which seemed to them richer in religious significance.

As a result of this same change of temper, the intimate study of nature, including in its scope all created things, which had led Ghiberti to model the borders of the Baptistery doors, and Luca to create the garlands of Or San Michele, ceased to interest the masters of the latter half of the century. True, Andrea reproduced some of Luca's motives in this kind, but he reproduced them perfunctorily and without attempting to breathe new life into his copies. We see, therefore, that Andrea discarded some of the essential qualities of Luca's art. Let us see what he preserved.

He preserved all the high religious quality of his uncle's works, but there had come a change of times, even in this respect. The great nobility of sentiment handed down from the thirteenth century, and which we find still echoed in the earlier works of Luca, no longer existed in Andrea's day; but, on the other hand, Andrea's art was more profoundly and exclusively religious. With him the Virgin is neither the Queen of Heaven upon her exalted throne, nor is she merely a human sister playing with her little brother. She might have been either in Luca's works. With Andrea, however, she is always the Virgin Mother, the Mother of God, and the servant of the Lord, sometimes on her knees to adore Him with clasped hands, sometimes holding Him in her arms with a grace which breathes both joy and humility. Andrea was more exclusively Christian in his art than was Luca, his thoughts seem never to have been distracted by any profane preoccupation; his talent embraced the whole scope of that art, and he treated the most grandiose and moving scenes. Indeed, Andrea, who is so often considered as having had merely the gift of grace, and never to have expressed the virile or the passionate, shows himself, on the contrary, as sometimes one of the most moving and most forceful masters of the fifteenth century. We may say, by way of summary, that Andrea's was such a soul as was that of St. Francis of Assisi, with all its ardent sensibility, its asceticism, its despite of life, and its upward yearning toward the love of God; but tender and impressionable

as it was, this soul was equally fitted to express the ecstasy of celestial love and the griefs and the sufferings of human life.

Technically, Andrea availed himself of all the possibilities of the process which Luca had bequeathed to him. In his hands glazed and tinted terra-cotta work advanced almost to the rank of painting, and he produced reliefs which in richness and complexity are not undeserving to rank with pictures. He did not limit his scope, as Luca had done, to one or two figures, but attempted more complex scenes. Indeed, he made bas-relief an altogether different thing from what it had been under Ghiberti and Donatello; but without attempting to utilize perspective and without employing Donatello's delicate gradations of modelling, or the violent contrasts of Ghiberti. Keeping his figures almost invariably in the same plane and rarely introducing any detail of landscape, Andrea contented himself with gaining contrast by the simple juxtaposition of two colors, with an occasional added touch which allowed him to give additional expression to his faces, such as marking the pupil of the eye and the line of the brow. In a word, he composed his altar-pieces in the old complex, hieratic manner of Giotto's followers. Luca had set him an example of this type of large religious works in the bas-reliefs of the 'Resurrection' and the 'Ascension,' and these are precisely the two compositions which Andrea seems to have most studied, and of which the influences are most generally visible in his works.—FROM THE FRENCH.

WALTER PATER 'THE RENAISSANCE'

I SUPPOSE nothing brings the real air of a Tuscan town so vividly to mind as those pieces of pale blue and white earthenware, by which Luca della Robbia is best known, like fragments of the milky sky itself, fallen into the cool streets, and breaking into the darkened churches. And no work is less imitable: like Tuscan wine, it loses its savor when moved from its birthplace, from the crumbling walls where it was first placed. Part of the charm of this work, its grace and purity and finish of expression, is common to all the Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century; for Luca was first of all a worker in marble, and his works in earthenware only transfer to a different material the principles of his sculpture.

These Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century worked for the most part in low relief. They are haters of all heaviness and emphasis, of strongly-opposed light and shade, and seek their means of expression among those last refinements of shadow, which are almost invisible except in a strong light, and which the finest pencil can hardly follow. What is the precise value of this system of sculpture, this low relief? Luca della Robbia and the other sculptors of the school to which he belongs, have before them the universal problem of their art; and this system of low relief is the means by which they meet and overcome the special limitation of sculpture—a limitation resulting from the material and essential conditions of all sculptured work, and which consists in the tendency of this work to a hard realism, a one-sided presentment of mere form, that solid material frame which only

motion can relieve, a thing of heavy shadows, and an individuality of expression pushed to caricature. Against this tendency to the hard presentment of mere form trying vainly to compete with the reality of nature itself, all noble sculpture constantly struggles: each great system of sculpture resisting in its own way, etherealizing, spiritualizing, relieving its hardness, its heaviness and death. The use of color in sculpture is but an unskilful contrivance to effect, by borrowing from another art, what the nobler sculpture effects by strictly appropriate means. To get not color, but the equivalent of color; to secure the expression and the play of life; to expand the too fixed individuality of pure, unrelieved, uncolored form—this is the problem which the three great styles in sculpture have solved in three different ways.

Allgemeinheit—breadth, generality, universality—is the word chosen by Winckelmann, and after him by Goethe and many German critics, to express that law of the most excellent Greek sculptures, of Phidias and his pupils, which prompted them constantly to seek the type in the individual, to abstract and express only what is structural and permanent, to purge from the individual all that belongs only to him, all the accidents, the feelings, and actions of the special moment, all that (because in its own nature it endures but for a moment) is apt to look like a frozen thing if one arrests it.

In this way their works came to be like some subtle extract or essence, or almost like pure thoughts or ideas: and hence the breadth of humanity in them, that detachment from the conditions of a particular place or people, which has carried their influence far beyond the age which produced them, and insured them universal acceptance.

That was the Greek way of relieving the hardness and unspirituality of pure form. But it involved to a certain degree the sacrifice of what we call *expression;* and a system of abstraction which aimed always at the broad and general type, at the purging away from the individual of what belonged only to him, and of the mere accidents of a particular time and place, imposed upon the range of effects open to the Greek sculptor limits somewhat narrowly defined; and when Michelangelo came, with a genius spiritualized by the reverie of the middle age, penetrated by its spirit of inwardness and introspection, living not a mere outward life like the Greek, but a life full of inward experiences, sorrows, consolations, a system which sacrificed so much of what was inward and unseen could not satisfy him. To him, lover and student of Greek sculpture as he was, work which did not bring what was inward to the surface, which was not concerned with individual expression, with individual character and feeling, the special history of the special soul, was not worth doing at all.

And so, in a way quite personal and peculiar to himself, which often is, and always seems, the effect of accident, he secured for his work individuality and intensity of expression, while he avoided a too hard realism, that tendency to harden into caricature which the representation of feeling in sculpture must always have. This effect Michelangelo gains by leaving nearly all his sculpture in a puzzling sort of incompleteness, which suggests rather than realizes actual form. Many have wondered at that incomplete-

ness, suspecting, however, that Michelangelo himself loved and was loath to change it, and feeling at the same time that they too would lose something if the half-realized form ever quite emerged from the stone, so rough hewn here, so delicately finished there; and they have wished to fathom the charm of this incompleteness. Well! that incompleteness is Michelangelo's equivalent for color in sculpture; it is his way of etherealizing pure form, of relieving its hard realism, and communicating to it breath, pulsation, the effect of life.

Midway between these two systems—the system of the Greek sculptors and the system of Michelangelo—comes the system of Luca della Robbia and the other Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century, partaking both of the *Allgemeinheit* of the Greeks, their way of extracting certain select elements only of pure form and sacrificing all the rest, and the studied incompleteness of Michelangelo, relieving that expression of intensity, passion, energy, which might otherwise have hardened into caricature. Like Michelangelo, these sculptors fill their works with intense and individualized expression, and they unite the elements of tranquillity, of repose, to intense and individual expression, by a system of conventionalism as skilful and subtle as that of the Greeks, subduing all such curves as indicate solid form, and throwing the whole into lower relief. . . .

The work of Luca della Robbia possessed in an unusual measure that special characteristic which belongs to all the workmen of his school, a characteristic which, even in the absence of much positive information about their actual history, seems to bring those workmen themselves very near to us—the impress of a personal quality, a profound expressiveness, what the French call *intimité*, by which is meant some subtler sense of originality—the seal on a man's work of what is most inward and peculiar in his moods and manner of apprehension: it is what we call *expression*, carried to its highest intensity of degree.

The Works of Luca and Andrea della Robbia

SINGING GALLERY — MUSEUM OF THE CATHEDRAL: FLORENCE

THE earliest known work by Luca della Robbia is the world-renowned 'Singing Gallery' (*cantoria*), executed in 1431-40 for the Cathedral of Florence, to be placed over one of the doors of the sacristy; Donatello being commissioned two years later to make a corresponding gallery for a similar position over an opposite door. Both Donatello's and Luca's galleries are now in the Museum of the Cathedral.

"Luca's work," writes Dr. Bode, "exhibits in ten reliefs groups of youths and maidens of different ages, singing in chorus, playing upon musical instruments, or dancing hand in hand. The variety in the composition, the diversity of the types, the entirely naturalistic rendering of the expressions

of the youthful singers and musicians, each in accordance with his voice or instrument, the rich and yet perfectly simple arrangement made possible by the classic style of high relief, and the finished execution of this work in marble, would ensure it a place among the masterpieces of the Renaissance even were it not for the beauty of the forms and grace of the movements which have given it its popularity."

"Among those dancing children and players upon musical instruments," writes Perkins, "there is one group of choristers whose music has gone out unto the ends of the world. Who that has listened to the shrill treble, the rich contralto, the luscious tenor, and the sonorous bass has failed to feel with the poet when looking upon another 'marble brede of men and maidens,' that 'heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter'?"

"Luca's organ gallery still remains the finest and most characteristic of his achievements," writes Cosmo Monkhouse. "It appears to have been the only opportunity that he had of displaying his gifts with perfect, or almost perfect, freedom. He had no tradition to follow, no archaic type or ecclesiastical model to which he must conform. The love of nature and his sense of art were his only guides, and he produced these lovely reliefs, in which observation and fancy were regulated by classical feeling, in a manner before unknown and scarcely equalled since. For once in that age the artist was emancipated."

TOMB OF BISHOP BENOZZO FEDERIGHI CHURCH OF SANTA TRINITÀ: FLORENCE

ONE of the most beautiful of the numerous fifteenth-century tombs of Tuscany is that of Benozzo Federighi, Bishop of Fiesole. In the year 1455, some five years after the death of the bishop, Luca della Robbia engaged to execute this monument in marble, and according to the official register, it was completed before 1457.

Cavalucci and Molinier regard it as a transition between the works of Luca in marble and those in terra-cotta, and consider that in this, one of his very greatest creations, the artist has most happily combined the art of the sculptor proper and that of the worker in majolica. In describing it Professor Middleton writes: "A very beautiful effigy of the bishop, in a restful pose, lies on a sarcophagus sculptured with graceful reliefs of angels holding a wreath which contains the inscription. Above are three-quarter length figures of Christ between St. John and the Virgin, delicately carved in low relief. The whole is surrounded by a rectangular frame formed of painted majolica tiles of the most exquisite beauty. On each tile is painted, with enamel pigments, a bunch of flowers and fruit in brilliant realistic colors, the loveliness of which is very hard to describe. The perfect mean between truth to nature and decorative treatment has never been more thoroughly obtained than in these wonderful tile pictures, which are of special interest as being among the earliest examples of Italian majolica."

MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS — VIA DELL' AGNOLO: FLORENCE

OVER the door of a small shop in a narrow by-street of Florence is set a beautiful relief representing the Virgin—"here wholly human, and we love her none the less for that reason"—with the infant Saviour, who holds a scroll upon which are inscribed the words "EGO SUM LUX MUNDI," while on each side is a lovely angel bearing a vase filled with lilies. The whole is surrounded by an exquisitely wrought garland of flowers, tinted in various pale colors. There is no question that this lunette is Luca della Robbia's handiwork. The date which should be assigned to it is, however, uncertain. Dr. Bode has placed it before 1431, Professor Marquand dates it as between 1430 and 1440, and Reymond considers it as a still later work, dating about 1450.

"It seems strange," writes Marquand, "that this Madonna does not occur again in Luca's work. Her face perhaps modified his angel type, but as a Madonna she disappears. After this burst of realistic inspiration, in which he may have portrayed the features of some living woman, he returns to a type more along the old lines, to which he adheres, more or less closely, in all his later works."

THE VISITATION — CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI FUORCIVITAS: PISTOJA

IN a dimly lighted niche over one of the altars of the old Church of San Giovanni fuorcivitas, Pistoja, is placed this life-sized group, in white enamelled terra-cotta. It has frequently been ascribed to Fra Paola, a Pistojan painter, who, however, is not known to have worked in sculpture. Cavalucci, Gsell-Fels, and Marcel Reymond attribute it to Andrea della Robbia, while Professor Marquand and Dr. Bode (who calls it "the most perfect group of the early Renaissance") pronounce it without hesitation the work of Luca.

"Its exquisite loveliness will long be remembered by those who have seen it," writes Bianciardi. "Elizabeth has rushed to meet the Virgin and thrown herself on her knees. Her upturned face and parted lips betoken the excitement of joyful surprise tempered by humility and awe. 'Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?' Mary, on the contrary, is calm and dignified. Her slight figure is almost erect, and her right hand rests on the shoulder of Elizabeth. Her face is very noble and pure in its outlines. She has not yet spoken, but her answer to Elizabeth's salutation is already framed within her heart."

BAMBINI — HOSPITAL OF THE INNOCENTI: FLORENCE

THE medallions of *bambini*, or infants in swaddling-clothes (two of which are shown in our plate), from the façade of the Foundling Hospital in Florence, are among the first works executed by Andrea della Robbia alone. Cavalucci and Molinier consider them to date from about 1463, when Andrea was but twenty-eight years old, and Luca was still alive.

"They are the simplest of all Andrea's works," writes Reymond, "and

those which show Luca's influence most, and it is not unlikely that the elder master here advised and counselled his young nephew. It is not improbable that it was Luca who pointed out how effective this repetition of the same motive in successive medallions might be made, and the interest that might be derived from presenting the same idea again and again in varying forms; for, accomplished artist as Andrea must have been at this time (and Luca's will makes it clear that in 1471 his nephew was already renowned), the masterly simplicity of the charming conception of decorating the façade of a hospital for foundlings by a series of medallions, each enclosing one little swaddled child, must have been due to a master thoroughly familiar with all the resources of his especial art."

"These delightful little foundlings," write Cavalucci and Molinier, "who by their gestures seem to invoke our aid and pity, combine in the most decorative way to adorn the loggia. The white enamel of their flesh, and the swaddling-bands, occasionally tinted with brown, relieved against the bright blue of the backgrounds, form cheerful notes against the sombre tones of the wall. Perhaps these *bambini* are the best known of Andrea's works, and they fully deserve their popularity."

MEETING OF ST. FRANCIS AND ST. DOMINIC LOGGIA DI SAN PAOLO: FLORENCE

ONE of Andrea della Robbia's latest and most perfect works, this bas-relief depicts a meeting between the founders of the two great monkish orders, St. Francis and St. Dominic. In the expression of the faces (which Andrea left without enamel in order that the finer lines might not be obscured), in the treatment of the draperies, which recall those of Fra Bartolommeo or Raphael, and in the carving of the hands, the work is unsurpassed. "It may be counted," write Cavalucci and Molinier, "as among the very best productions of the Della Robbia family, and has all the simplicity and dignity of the works of Luca himself. Andrea was rarely able to produce so great an effect with so simple a motive. The movement of St. Francis as he hastens into St. Dominic's outstretched arms, the effective contrast between the two costumes, the care with which the heads are modelled, and the depth and fineness of the expressions render this bas-relief, as a whole, a veritable masterpiece."

THE ANNUNCIATION HOSPITAL OF THE INNOCENTI: FLORENCE

THIS exquisitely decorative lunette, with its white figures relieved against a blue ground, was by the elder critics considered as Luca della Robbia's work; but modern authorities (with the exception of Dr. Bode, who has recently changed his opinion in favor of Giovanni della Robbia) are practically unanimous in considering it as Andrea's handiwork, and Cavalucci and Molinier regard the angel in particular, which is more graceful than any of Luca's figures and yet without that insipidity which marks the later work of the school, as being "as good as a signature by Andrea." They go on to say: "This subject, although a very common one in the

works of the Della Robbias, has never been treated with greater loveliness or charm. Demanding little skill in composition, and eminently fitted to exhibit skill in handling the processes of bas-relief, it was eminently suited to Andrea's graceful talent."

CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN CHURCH OF THE OSSERVANZA: NEAR SIENA

IN the little church belonging to the suppressed Franciscan monastery of the Osservanza, outside the walls of Siena, may be seen this 'Coronation of the Virgin,' one of the most celebrated and most beautiful of the works of Andrea della Robbia. The figures are white upon a blue ground, no other color being used, with the exception of delicate touches of gold in the drapery of the angels and in the pattern of the Virgin's robe. Upon the predella are represented the 'Annunciation,' the 'Assumption,' and the 'Nativity.'

Marcel Reymond calls this 'Coronation' "one of the masterpieces of Italian art," and says: "In the tenderness of its sentiment Fra Angelico alone can here be compared with Andrea della Robbia. The charm and poetry of the composition are indescribable—the affectionate gesture of God the Father, the Virgin's look of joy and humility, and the science with which the group of angels is arranged around her kneeling figure, and the expressions of ecstasy and love transfiguring the faces of St. Jerome and St. Francis of Assisi."

MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS CATHEDRAL OF PRATO

THIS relief, which stands above the door of the Cathedral of Prato, is one of the loveliest of Andrea della Robbia's works, and bears the date 1489. It was for long, and even at Prato, considered to be by Luca, but critics are now unanimous in assigning it to his nephew.

The Madonna, with the Christ-child on her arm, stands between the martyred saints, St. Stephen on her right, and St. Lawrence on her left. The Child carries his finger to his mouth,—a characteristic action to be found in almost all Andrea's representations of the Child at the period when this work was executed.

"The relief is especially remarkable," says Reymond, "for the tender loveliness of the Virgin's expression, and the beautiful figures of the accompanying saints. The excellence of the draperies, too, should be noticed. They show more complication than in Andrea's previous works, yet without losing anything of his perfection of handling."

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF LUCA DELLA ROBBIA, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: Coat of Arms of King René of Anjou — FRANCE. PARIS, CLUNY MUSEUM: Justice and Temperance (medallions) — PARIS, LOUVRE: Virgin and Six Angels; Virgin and Four Saints — PARIS, COLLECTION OF M. FOULC: Adoring Madonna — GERMANY. BERLIN MUSEUM: Madonna and Angels; Madonna (5) — ITALY. FLORENCE, CAMPANILE: Five marble bas-reliefs — FLORENCE, CATHEDRAL: Resurrection; Ascension; Sacristy Doors; Two Angels —

FLORENCE, MUSEUM OF THE CATHEDRAL: Singing Gallery (Plates I and II); God the Father; Madonna and Child — FLORENCE, HOSPITAL OF THE INNOCENTI: Madonna and Child — FLORENCE, NATIONAL MUSEUM: Deliverance of St. Peter; Crucifixion of St. Peter; Madonna of San Pierino; Madonna of the Roses; Madonna of the Apple; Adoring Madonna; Madonna and Child (2) — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF OR SAN MICHELE: Four Medallions — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, PAZZI CHAPEL: Evangelists and Apostles — FLORENCE, QUARATESI PALACE: Coat of Arms (2) — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SANTA TRINITÀ: Tomb of Bishop Benozzo Federighi (Plate III) — FLORENCE, VIA DELL'AGNOLO: Madonna and Child (Plate IV) — FLORENCE, COLLECTION OF MARCHESE CARLO VIVIANI DELLA ROBBIA: Virgin and Child — IMPRUNETA, COLLEGIATE CHURCH: Two Tabernacles; Crucifixion — PERETOLA, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA: Tabernacle — PISTOJA, CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI FUORCIVITAS: The Visitation (Plate V) — SAN MINIATO, CHURCH: Ceiling of the Chapel of the Crucifix; Ceiling of the Chapel of the Cardinal of Portugal — URBINO, CHURCH OF SAN DOMENICO: Madonna and Child — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, COLLECTION OF QUINCY A. SHAW, ESQ.: Madonna and Child — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Madonna and Child.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: Adoration of the Magi; Madonna and Child — GERMANY. BERLIN MUSEUM: Annunciation; Madonna and Saints — ITALY. AREZZO, CATHEDRAL: Altar-piece; Crucifixion; Madonna and Saints — AREZZO, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE: Marble Altar — AREZZO, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN GRADO: Altar-piece — ASSISI, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI: Altar-piece — CAMALDOLI (CASENTINO): Altar-piece — FLORENCE, ACADEMY: Resurrection; Assumption; Madonna and Child (4) — FLORENCE, HOSPITAL OF THE INNOCENTI: Bambini (Plate VI); Annunciation (Plate VIII) — FLORENCE, LOGGIA DI SAN PAOLO: St. Francis and St. Dominic (Plate VII) — FLORENCE, MUSEUM OF THE CATHEDRAL: Madonna — FLORENCE, NATIONAL MUSEUM: Madonna and Child (5); Adoring Madonna (5) — FLORENCE, HOSPITAL OF SANTA MARIA NUOVA: Madonna and Child — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SAN GAETANO: Madonna of the Bertello — FOJANO, COLLEGIATE CHURCH: Madonna of the Girdle — GRADARA (ROCCA DI), PALAZZO BIANCO: Altar-piece — MEMMENANO, CHURCH OF SAN MATTEO: Altar-piece — MONTEPULCIANO: Altar-piece — PISTOJA, CATHEDRAL: Madonna and Angels — PRATO, CATHEDRAL: Madonna and Child (Plate X) — PRATO, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLE CARCERI: Medallions of Evangelists — SANTA FIORA MONTE AMIATA: Madonna of the Girdle; Baptism of Christ — SIENA, CHURCH OF THE OSSERVANZA: Coronation of the Virgin (Plate IX) — LA VERNA: Annunciation; Adoration; Crucifixion; Ascension; Madonna of the Girdle; Madonna and Saints — VITERBO, CHURCH OF THE MADONNA DELLA QUERCIA: Madonna and Saints; St. Peter Martyr; St. Thomas Aquinas — UNITED STATES. NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Altar-piece.

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Del Sarto

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

ANDREA DEL SARTO
MADONNA OF THE HA
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLO

Mrau

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

ANDREA DEL SARTO
THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN
CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA, FLORENCE

Mrau

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

ANDREA DEL SARTO
DANCE OF SALOME
CLOISTER OF THE SCALZO, FLORENCE

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

ANDREA DEL SARTO
PORTRAIT OF A SCULPTO
NATIONAL GALLERY, LO

Blank

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

ANDREA DEL SARTO
MADONNA OF THE SACK
CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA, FLORENCE

Mau

UofM

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN CLÉMENT & CIE

ANDREA DEL SARTO
DISPUTATION ON THE TRIN-
PITTI PALACE, FLORI

MAU

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

ANDREA DEL SARTO
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

Non-U

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

ANDREA DEL SARTO
THE LAST SUPPER
CONVENT OF SAN SALVI, FLORENCE

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

ANDREA DEL SARTO
THE ANNUNCIATION
PITTI PALACE, FLOR

Withdrawn

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

ANDREA DEL SARTO
PIETÀ
PITTI PALACE, FLO

PORTRAIT OF ANDREA DEL SARTO UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

This portrait was painted by Del Sarto some two years before his death. According to Vasari's narrative, the artist had just finished a picture, and, "finding that certain colors were remaining, took up a tile, and calling to Lucrezia, said, 'Come, wife, I will take your portrait that all may see how well you have preserved your good looks.' But the woman would not remain still; and Andrea, as though almost divining that his end was near, took a mirror and drew his own portrait on that tile instead, executing the same so naturally and to such perfection that one might almost believe him to be in the life."

Andrea del Sarto

BORN 1486: DIED 1531
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

JULIA CARTWRIGHT 'THE PAINTERS OF FLORENCE'

ANDREA DEL SARTO, or Andrea d'Agnolo, as he generally signs himself, was the son of a tailor named Agnolo (whence his appellation 'Del Sarto,' for Andrea del Sarto merely means "the tailor's Andrew"), who lived in the parish of Santa Maria Novella. He was born on the sixteenth of July, 1486, and baptized on the following day. At seven years old he was placed in a goldsmith's shop; but his talent for drawing soon attracted the notice of an inferior artist, named Barile, who taught him for three years, and then recommended him to Piero di Cosimo. Under the influence of this master, who, Vasari tells us, was then held to be one of the best in Florence, Andrea made rapid progress, and amazed every one by the facility of his drawing and his skill in handling colors. Piero, we are told, had the greatest affection for his brilliant pupil, and heard with indescribable delight that Andrea spent all his leisure hours in copying the celebrated cartoons of Leonardo and Michelangelo which hung in the Pope's Hall, and was already known as the cleverest of all the artists who met to study these masterpieces. But Piero's eccentricities at length forced Andrea to leave his house, and when, in 1508, he matriculated in the Painters' Guild, he opened a workshop on the Piazza del Grano with another promising student, Franciabigio, who had lately left Albertinelli's studio. A little panel of 'Christ appearing to the Magdalen,' now in the Uffizi Gallery, is the earliest of Andrea's works that we have. Soon he obtained a more important commission from Fra Mariano, the sacristan of the Servite monks, who gladly availed himself of an opportunity to secure so promising an artist at small cost. At his suggestion, Andrea agreed to paint five frescos from the life of St. Philip Benizzi in the court of the Servite Church of the Annunziata for the sum of ten florins apiece, and was later induced to paint two more frescos, a 'Birth of the Virgin' and an 'Adoration of the Magi,' upon receiving a further payment of forty-eight florins.

These beautiful paintings were marvellous productions for a youth who was little over twenty, and remain Andrea's most charming and attractive works. The finest of the whole series is 'The Birth of the Virgin,' which

was not completed till 1514. By this time Andrea's talents had already attracted the notice of Ottaviano de' Medici, and in 1515, when Pope Leo X. visited Florence, he was employed to construct a temporary façade for the Cathedral, adorned with chiaroscuro paintings in imitation of statues and bas-reliefs, which excited general admiration, and was pronounced by the pope to be as fine as marble. Meanwhile, both Andrea and his friend and assistant Franciabigio had taken up their residence in the Via della Sapienza, close to the Servite Convent. It was a favorite abode with young artists, and Leonardo's friend, the sculptor Rustici, Jacopo Sansovino, and many other well-known masters were already lodging there. Together they led a gay and joyous life, and Vasari describes the wonderful masques and suppers held in the clubs which they formed among themselves. There was the famous 'Club of the Paiolo,' or Cauldron, which met at Rustici's house, where dishes of the most elaborate kinds were provided by each of the twelve members, and Andrea, on one occasion, designed a temple in imitation of the Baptistery, with mosaics of jelly, columns of sausages, and choir and priests represented by birds and hooded pigeons. Another evening he recited a comic Greek poem, called 'The Battle of the Mice,' which excited great merriment among the company. No less popular were the meetings of the 'Society of the Trowel,' where the members appeared in mason's clothes, and acted comedies and dramas, for which Andrea painted the scenery.

But Andrea was not idle. Hardly had he finished the frescos in the court of the Annunziata than he set to work on a series of chiaroscuro subjects from the life of the Baptist in the cloisters of the Scalzo or Barefooted Friars in the Via Larga, works which reveal his wonderful powers in all their fulness.

The story of Andrea's marriage is familiar to us in the pages of Vasari, who was at one time the artist's pupil, and who in his hatred of his master's wife has painted her in the blackest colors. But although his language may be exaggerated the main facts of the case are probably true and have never been refuted. This handsome woman, whose face recurs in almost every Virgin and saint of Andrea's pictures, was the wife of Carlo di Recanati, a hatter in the Via San Gallo. Andrea was fascinated by her charms in the early days when he painted his first frescos in the Annunziata, and after the death of her husband, on the seventeenth of September, 1513, took her for his wife. But the fulfilment of his long-cherished desire brought him little peace. Lucrezia's violent and overbearing temper drove away his favorite scholar, Pontormo, and several of his best apprentices, while her vanity excited his jealousy and her extravagance involved him in constant difficulties. He soon found that he had not only his wife but her father and sisters to keep, and in order to provide for their needs was compelled to lead a life of incessant toil, and to neglect his own parents, who, if we are to believe Vasari's tale, died in miserable poverty.

In May, 1518, Andrea accepted an urgent invitation from the French king, who had been greatly impressed by two of his works which had been sent to France by Giovanni Battista della Palla, a Florentine picture dealer in the pay of that monarch. Andrea found a generous patron in Francis I.; but

while he was enjoying the change from the narrowness and poverty of his Florentine life to the splendor of the French court his wife became impatient for his return—"being more anxious," remarks Vasari, "to profit by his gains than to see him again." Her entreaties touched his heart so deeply that, early in 1519, he obtained leave from the king for two months to go to Florence, and bring back his wife. But once at home again Andrea forgot his promises in the joy of Lucrezia's company. He lavished presents upon his wife and her sisters, and spent the money which Francis I. had given him to purchase works of art for his palace at Fontainebleau in buying a plot of land and building a house near the Annunziata. Whether Vasari's story is true or not, it is certain that Andrea never returned to France, and threw away the prospect of a great and honorable career in that country. But he found plenty of employment in Florence, where, now that Fra Bartolommeo was dead, he had no one left to be his rival. He soon resumed his work at the Scalzo Cloister, and, in 1521, his old friend Ottaviano de' Medici employed him to decorate the villa of Pope Leo X. at Poggio a Cajano, where his fresco may still be seen in the great hall.

In 1524 a sudden outbreak of the plague drove Andrea and his family to take refuge in the Convent of San Piero at Luco, where the abbess and nuns entertained him hospitably, and where he painted the well-known 'Pietà,' now in the Pitti, as well as two smaller pictures which have disappeared. . . .

As years went by, his style became more and more artificial. He repeated his old compositions, and painted one picture after another with the same marvellous facility, in the same mannered style. A wonderful example of his technical skill is still to be seen in the copy of Raphael's great portrait of Leo X. and his cardinals, which he painted, in 1524, for Ottaviano de' Medici. So admirable was Andrea's copy that even Giulio Romano, who had himself helped Raphael in painting the pope's portrait, was completely deceived until Vasari showed him Andrea's monogram of interlaced initials on the edge of the panel.

In spite, however, of his untiring industry and of the great reputation which he enjoyed in Florence, Andrea del Sarto never attained the position to which his rare talents entitled him. During the siege of Florence he suffered many privations, and was glad to accept a commission from the Signory to paint on the walls of the Podesta palace the effigies of some rebels who had been hung as traitors. But being ashamed of the task, he announced that one of his apprentices would fulfil the order, which he really executed himself, going backwards and forwards by night, and hiding behind a hoarding when he was at work.

All through his later years, Vasari tells us, the painter never ceased to look back regretfully at the time which he had spent in France, and made more than one effort to recover the favor of King Francis. In 1529, Giovanni Battista della Palla once more commissioned Andrea to paint a picture for his master. This time the artist, anxious to recover his former patron's good graces, exerted himself to the utmost, and produced his 'Sacrifice of Abraham,' a picture far finer in design and expression than any other work

of his later years. But the siege intervened, Giovanni Battista della Palla died in prison, and the picture was never sent to France. . . .

When Florence was taken by the Spaniards the plague broke out in many parts of the city, and Andrea del Sarto was one of its first victims. He breathed his last on the twenty-second of January, 1531, at the age of forty-five, deserted even by his wife, who fled in terror from the house and left him to die alone. Yet his devotion to her had never altered, and in a will which he made four years before his death he left all his property to his dear wife, "*la mia diletta domina*," and even remembered his stepdaughter Maria. Lucrezia survived her husband forty years, and died in January, 1571. One day in the winter of 1570, when the artist Jacopo da Empoli was copying Andrea del Sarto's 'Birth of the Virgin' in the court of the Annunziata, an old woman of eighty stopped to speak to him on her way to mass, and, pointing to the figure of the handsome young matron in the picture, told him that this was her portrait, and that she herself was Lucrezia del Fede, the widow of the artist who painted the fresco. She had vexed him in his lifetime and abandoned him on his death-bed, but it was still her greatest pride to remember that she had been the wife of the "faultless painter," *Andrea senza errori*.

IN his wonderful poem 'Andrea del Sarto' Robert Browning has so fundamentally grasped the painter's character as mirrored in his life and in his works, that, far from offering an apology for printing a portion of it here among more academic criticisms, it is rather to be regretted that there is not space to quote the whole.

In the years after Andrea's desertion of the French king, Francis I., the painter and his wife are sitting at the open window in the hush of an autumn evening, looking forth on "sober, quiet Fiesole"; and in the silver grayness of the twilight a picture of himself as he is seems to form itself in Del Sarto's mind—seems, as he says, to

> " . . . fall into a shape,
> "As if I saw alike my work and self,
> "And all that I was born to be and do,—
> "A twilight piece. . . . "

and in this mood he speaks, half to himself, half to Lucrezia's inattentive ears:—

> " . . . Love, we are in God's hand.
> "How strange now looks the life He makes us lead;
> "So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
> "I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie!
> "This chamber for example—turn your head—
> "All that 's behind us! You don't understand
> "Nor care to understand about my art,
> "But you can hear at least when people speak:
> "And that cartoon, the second from the door,
> "It is *the* thing, love! So such things should be—
> "Behold, madonna! I am bold to say,

"I can do with my pencil what I know,
"What I see, what at bottom of my heart
"I wish for (if I ever wish so deep),—
"Do easily, too,—what I say, perfectly.
"I do not boast, perhaps. Yourself are judge
"Who listened to the Legate's talk last week;
"And just as much they used to say in France.
"At any rate 't is easy, all of it!
"No sketches first, no studies, that 's long past.
"I do what many dream of all their lives.
"—Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,
"And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
"On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
"Who strive—you don't know how the others strive
"To paint a little thing like that you smeared
"Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,—
"Yet do much less, so much less! . . .
"Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
"There burns a truer light of God in them,
"In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain,
"Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
"This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
"Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
"Reach many a time a heaven that 's shut to me,
"Enter and take their place there sure enough,
"Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
"My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here. . . .
. . . . . .

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
"Or what 's a heaven for? All is silver-gray
"Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!
"I know both what I want and what might gain,
"And yet how profitless to know, to sigh —
"'Had I been two, another and myself,
"'Our head would have o'erlooked the world!' No doubt.
"Yonder 's a work now, of that famous youth
"The Urbinate who died five years ago.
"('T is copied; George Vasari sent it me.)
"Well, I can fancy how *he* did it all,
"Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
"Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
"Above and through his art—for it gives way;
"That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
"A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
"Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
"He *means* right—that a child may understand.
"Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
"But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
"Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
"Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,

"We might have risen to Raphael, I and you!
"Nay, love, you did give all I asked, I think—
"More than I merit, yes, by many times.
"But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
"And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
"And the low voice my soul hears as a bird
"The fowler's pipe and follows to the snare—
"Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
"Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged,
"'God and the glory! never care for gain.
"'The present by the future, what is that?
"'Live for fame, side by side with Angelo!
"'Raphael is waiting: up to God, all three!'
"I might have done it for you. So it seems:
"Perhaps not. All is as God o'errules."

The Art of Andrea del Sarto

EUGÈNE MÜNTZ 'HISTOIRE DE L'ART PENDANT LA RENAISSANCE'

FEW artists in Renaissance history are more difficult to criticize with anything like precision of statement than Andrea del Sarto, for his work is a mingling of subtle seductions and of intangible defects. If we attempt to disentangle the diverse elements which go to make up his style, we shall find that he has borrowed something of the infinite gradation and depth of his coloring from Leonardo da Vinci (in spite of the superficial differences in the make-up of their respective palettes, Andrea's being the gayer and richer); that from the Primitives he learned how to animate his scenes by motives drawn from real life, such as portraits, costumes, and furniture,—and in this respect he stands midway between the episodic painting that preceded him and true historical painting;—that from his contemporary Fra Bartolommeo he gained much knowledge of composition, and that many of his groups are evidently based upon motives created by that master. But in spite of these debts to others Andrea was no imitator, and gave as much as he took. No painter has excelled him in the rendering of flesh—a rendering not dependent upon color alone, for even in his drawings the hands and cheeks wonderfully suggest the soft, round, elastic quality of flesh. No painter, moreover, has surpassed him in his grasp of the infinite resources of the palette. All the secrets of richness, softness, and *morbidezza*, all the mysteries of *pastoso* and *sfumato*, were his. It is not, then, as a technician that we must deny Andrea del Sarto the right to rank with the very greatest. It is as an artist (using the word in its highest sense) that he falls below them, for he was lacking in the loftier qualities of imagination, sentiment, and, worst of all, conviction. Vasari, in spite of his overweening enthusiasm for his former master, recognizes his "lack of firmness and boldness, of imposing grandeur

and largeness"; and, indeed, his types, gestures, and attitudes are all "soft," and occasionally even artificial and frivolous. One longs sometimes for stronger lines even in the invariably beautiful faces of his women, and the type in which he best succeeded was, perhaps, the adolescent, where the fine soft curves of youth have not yet been touched by those nobler lines which are the signs of emotion, intellect, and power.—FROM THE FRENCH.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

IN the Tuscan or Tusco-Roman school, Andrea del Sarto comes immediately after Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael. He was a great draughtsman, the best colorist among the Tuscans, an accomplished chiaroscurist; like Raphael, he was intensely assimilative, but possessed a personality which invariably made itself felt through and beyond this assimilativeness. We see the influence of Raphael and of Fra Bartolommeo in Andrea's compositions, of Dürer in a few of his figures, but above all, of Leonardo and Michelangelo; and yet in all his works the artist himself is ever present. He has been called "*Andrea senza errori*," which is praise that implies a want of *élan*, and which touches the core of any analysis of his faults. We are constantly told that he is the painter who stops just short of perfect fulfilment; this, in other words, means that he lived in an age which demanded not only a complete technical equipment, but also great spiritual gifts, which latter gifts, as understood in the highest sense, Andrea lacked. No earlier epoch had been so exacting, but in the first years of the sixteenth century all problems had been resolved, and the Florentines counted among their artists two men, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo Buonarroti, who could not only perform nearly everything that drawing and composition might compass, but who added to this technical capacity at once a subtlety and a grandeur unapproached by other Tuscans. Next after these great men, and after Raphael Sanzio, came Fra Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto. . . .

That the artistic personality of Andrea was not a weak one, in spite of what has been said about his lack of will, may be seen in his earlier works and in the best of his later ones. As a draughtsman he was skilful beyond any of his Florentine contemporaries save Michelangelo and Leonardo. Great emphasis has been laid by most art historians upon Andrea's color, and yet he was rather a harmonist than a colorist. Florence did not produce artists who felt color. Fra Bartolommeo after his visit to Venice brought back some of the reflection of the lagoons upon his canvases, and Andrea did still better, for he avoided Bartolommeo's black shadows; but no quality in the pictures of the old masters is so uncertain as the color quality, because time has affected and restorers have altered the original appearance of the oil-paintings and frescos until we can be certain of nothing. It has been said that in his best work Andrea equalled the color of the Venetians; but it would be hard to sustain this statement: Del Sarto shone especially as a fresco painter, and the Venetians have left us little fresco work to judge them by. His frescos were silvery rather than rich; they were clear, harmonious, and astonishingly free from the heaviness that comes with over-painting. In his

canvases Andrea is harmonious, and there is sometimes even a certain golden strength of tone; but on the whole, if we compare Andrea's easel pictures with the richest Venetian color, there is the same difference which exists between a note vibrating clearly and deeply and the same note slightly muffled. As a composer with color Andrea was far less skilful than in the handling of the colors themselves; indeed, in a broad way it may be said that to *compose with color* never occurred to the Tuscans at all. In the 'Last Supper' of San Salvi the colors are spotted about rather arbitrarily, although in the upper part of the picture the richness and softness are admirable and approach the Venetians more nearly than does anything else in Del Sarto's work. The frescos of the Annunziata and some of his altar-pieces are pleasing and pretty in color rather than fine; at the best they may be called charming. It is doubtful whether any man who was a great natural colorist would have been content to do his most important work, the decoration of the Cloister of the Scalzo, in monochrome. Yet it must be admitted that he easily led all the Tuscans in comprehension and handling of color.

As a composer by line and mass, Andrea was formal at times in one or two of the frescos of the Annunziata, academic in several of the Scalzo frescos, where he followed Fra Bartolommeo as to distribution, and was strongly influenced by Leonardo in the composition of some of his altar-pieces. One of his especial idiosyncrasies was the overloading of his figures with draperies; some of the latter were admirably studied, but on the whole, not only Andrea, but his friends and scholars Franciabigio and Pontormo, hampered, and as it were tripped up, the dramatic action of their pictures by this voluminous swathing of the actors.

Del Sarto was also a portrait-painter, leaving a whole series of remarkable portraits of himself, and yet in his altar-pieces and decorative paintings he preferred, wherever it was possible, to use but one type, that of his wife. In the treatment of this type he was very unequal; sometimes it is heavy and coarse, sometimes it is noble, as with his 'Madonna of the Harpies,' and it is especially fascinating where Lucrezia posed for him as a St. Michael or St. George.

In his 'Last Supper' at San Salvi there is so much of a certain competency and workmanlike skilfulness of handling that Andrea becomes, perhaps, the first Italian, and surely the first Florentine, of whom we may say that his technique was clever. This cleverness, which compels our admiration in Del Sarto's more fortunate moments, at other times leads him to the *facilis descensus;* in many a great altar picture his possession of artistic riches gives us a shock of pleasure, soon followed by the sense of his misuse of this same possession; in such cases his types lack characterization, his groups are overfacile in composition, and even his famous "silvery" color looks as if chalk and water had been poured into it, so that we feel him to be for the time but a "*grand homme en robe de chambre,*" wearing his art only too easily.

His life appears to have been a triple tragedy from the active hindrance of his wife's character, from the weakness of his own, and from the fact that he came either just too soon or too late, at a time when the greatest rewards

fell naturally to three men who possessed exactly the one high spiritual quality which was denied to Andrea. Nevertheless, he was among the greatest of the Italian masters, and his special glory is, that, living at a time when all Tuscany was overshadowed by Michelangelo and Raphael and all Lombardy by Leonardo, he should have accomplished works which were permeated with the spirit of his time, which showed the influence of all the greatest men of his epoch, yet which were also strictly personal to him, Andrea del Sarto, and which were masterpieces. For there is in his pictures, even when all mental reservations are made, all adverse criticism accepted, a certain intangible seduction that gives them an enduring claim upon our artistic sympathies. All students of Del Sarto feel the potency of this spell, which Paul Mantz attempted to define when he wrote, "Andrea has the despotism of charm."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

ANDREA DEL SARTO, the pupil of Piero di Cosimo, but more nearly related in style to Fra Bartolommeo than to any other of the elder masters, was himself a contemporary of Raphael and Correggio. He gave new qualities to the art of Tuscany, and formed a tradition decisive for the subsequent history of Florentine painting. To make a just estimate of his achievement is a task of no small difficulty. The Italians called him "*il pittore senza errori*," or "the faultless painter." What they meant by this must have been that in all the technical requirements of art, in drawing, composition, handling of fresco and oils, disposition of draperies, and feeling for light and shadow, he was above criticism. As a colorist he went further and produced more beautiful effects than any Florentine before him. His silver-gray harmonies and liquid blendings of cool yet lustrous hues have a charm peculiar to himself alone. We find the like nowhere else in Italy. And yet Andrea del Sarto cannot take rank among the greatest Renaissance painters. What he lacked was precisely the most precious gift,—inspiration, depth of emotion, energy of thought. We are apt to feel that even his best pictures were designed with a view to solving an æsthetic problem. Very few have the poetic charm belonging to the 'St. John the Baptist' or the 'Madonna of the Harpies.' Beautiful as are many of his types, like the Magdalen in the large picture of the 'Pietà,' we can never be sure that he will not break the spell by forms of almost vulgar mediocrity. The story that his wife, a worthless woman, sat for his Madonnas, and the legends of his working for money to meet pressing needs, seem justified by numbers of his paintings, faulty in their faultlessness and want of spirit. Still, after making these deductions, we must allow that Andrea del Sarto not unworthily represents the Golden Age at Florence. There is no affectation, no false taste, no trickery in his style. His workmanship is always solid; his hand unerring. If nature denied him the soul of a poet and the stern will needed for escaping from the sordid circumstances of his life, she gave him some of the highest qualities a painter can desire—qualities of strength, tranquillity, and thoroughness, that in the decline of the century had ceased to exist outside of Venice.

VASARI concludes his notice of Del Sarto's life with the verdict that if in the things of daily life he displayed no great elevation of mind and was without ambition, none the less was he an artist of prompt and elevated genius, and one whose works were not only ornaments of the places where they were found, but also examples to all other artists of his time. In drawing, color, and composition Del Sarto was a master, and had his character been such as could have sustained these great gifts, he would surely have been as much *senza equali* as he was *senza errori;* but the great genius of this admirable painter was in some subtle manner measured and limited by a personal timidity which the circumstances of his bourgeois life only fastened closer upon him, and from which he had not force of character to liberate himself. He was, too, unfortunate in his marriage, the slave of a faithful devotion to the woman he loved and wedded, and for whom he did not hesitate to sacrifice both honor and fame. These things told upon his art; but if the soul of Andrea lay in things of sense and he missed the vision of ideal beauty, the secret of visible beauty was truly his, and was rendered by him with consummate skill. His figures are well-nigh faultless; his heads of young men and old are full of life and character; his women and children are natural and graceful; and the subdued richness of his coloring and the force and simplicity of his drawing complete a perfection of work rarely attained.

Beautiful as are the details of his work, however, it is rather in the unity and homogeneity of the whole that his force lies. Before his masterpieces we experience an impression at once instantaneous and complete. There is nothing to distract the mind from the central unity of his compositions—no fictitious effects are aimed at, no auxiliary aids are introduced, but with simple directness and unlabored ease he renders clearly what he sees sanely. The works of men like Michelangelo and Leonardo betray a hundred subtleties of invention, and astonish with the sense of difficulties aimed at and overcome. But Andrea knew none of these complexities; difficulties of technique did not exist for him. The supreme gift which had early gained for him the title "*senza errori*," and the naïve simplicity of his character, left him without desire to startle; he aimed at nothing beyond the reach of his facile brush, and the longer the spectator beholds his works the deeper grows his admiration before their absorbing unity. We feel that he himself stood before Nature as we stand before his works. "I can do with my pencil what I see . . . do easily, too," Browning makes him say,—and as he sees nothing *outré*, he exaggerates nothing, but sets Nature herself before us, and not the wonder of his own productions. The base of his artistic greatness lay in the integrity of his drawing. The details are perfect when we turn to look for them, neither unduly emphasized nor avoided, but they are only part of a greater whole, where the balance is true and the impression indelible.

Bourgeois by birth, marriage, and associations, Del Sarto was never vulgar in his art. His models were of that homely, simple type one meets in the market-place, or stays to exchange a word with in the Signoria,—sincere,

simple folk, strong of limb and beautiful in proportion. They have none of the stale air of the studio about them. Their sincerity and simplicity touch us profoundly—they are real men and women.

A great deal has been written and said about the influence of other artists upon the art of Del Sarto, and critics of ability have sought to trace in him the manners of Fra Bartolommeo and Leonardo, of Ghirlandajo and Michelangelo. But though there may, of course, be truth in pronouncements of this sort, we are inclined to believe that, beyond the subtle influence and stimulating incitement which all great works must necessarily impose upon contemporary workers, Del Sarto was free from seeking to follow the manner of any who went before him. Reminiscences of Piero di Cosimo may be found in his earlier works, Dürer aroused his liveliest admiration, and we know that the frescos of Masaccio were the constant study of his youth, and must have determined to a large degree the colorist Del Sarto was yet to be; but these were but passing influences, while the only abiding inspirer of his art was, and ever remained, Nature herself!

Del Sarto worthily represents the Golden Age of the Cinquecento. The Renaissance was over. It had touched a time when technical processes were perfected, but when already the aim after ideal beauty was beginning to sink, and an achieved greatness, which the age could no longer support, sank rapidly into that mediocrity which marked the arts generally at the close of the sixteenth century.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE 'ESSAYS AND STUDIES'

TO praise Andrea del Sarto would need sweeter and purer speech than this of ours. His art is to me as the Tuscan April in its temperate days, fresh and tender and clear, but lulled and kindled by such air and light as fills the life of the growing year with fire. At Florence only can one trace and tell how great a painter and how various he was. There only, but surely there, can the influence and pressure of the things of time on his immortal spirit be understood; how much of him was killed or changed, how much of him could not be. There are the first-fruits of his flowering manhood, when the bright and buoyant genius in him had free play and large delight in his handiwork; when the fresh interest of invention was still his, and the dramatic sense, the pleasure in the play of life, the power of motion and variety; before the old strength of sight and of flight had passed from clouding eye and weary wing, the old pride and energy of enjoyment had gone out of hand and heart.

How the change fell upon him, and how it wrought, any one may see who compares his later with his earlier work—with the series, for instance, of outlines representing the story of St. John the Baptist in the desolate little Cloister of the Scalzo. In these mural designs there is such exultation and exuberance of young power, of fresh passion and imagination, that only by the innate grace can one recognize the hand of the master whom hitherto we knew by the works of his after-life, when the gift of grace had survived the gift of invention. This and all other gifts it did survive,—all pleasure of life and power of mind, all the conscience of the man, his will, his character, his

troubles, his triumphs, his sin and honor, heart-break and shame. All these his charm of touch, his sweetness of execution, his "Elysian beauty, melancholy grace," outlived, and blossomed in their dust. Turn from that cloistral series to those later pictures painted when he was "faultless" and nothing more, and seeing all the growth and all the gain, all the change and all the loss, one to whom the record was unknown would feel and foreknow his story and his sorrow. In the cloister, what life and fulness of growing and strengthening genius, what joyous sense of its growth and the fair field before it, what dramatic delight in character and action!—where St. John preaches in the wilderness, and the few first listeners are gathered together at his feet, old people and poor, soul-stricken, silent; women with worn, still faces and a spirit in their tired, aged eyes that feeds heartily and hungrily on his words; all the haggard and funereal group filled from the fountain of his faith with gradual fire and white-heat of soul; or where Salome dances before Herod, an incarnate figure of music, grave and graceful, light and glad, the song of a bird made flesh, with perfect poise of her sweet slight body, from the maiden face to the melodious feet; no tyrannous or treacherous goddess of deadly beauty, but a simple virgin, with the cold charm of girlhood and the mobile charm of childhood; as indifferent and innocent when she stands before Herodias as when she receives the severed head of John with her slender and steady hand; a pure, bright animal, knowing nothing of man, and of life nothing but instinct and motion. In her mother's mature and conscious beauty there is visible the voluptuous will of a harlot and a queen; but, for herself, she has neither malice nor pity; her beauty is a maiden force of nature, capable of bloodshed without blood-guiltiness; the king hangs upon the music of her movement, the rhythm of leaping life in her fair, fleet limbs, as one who listens to a tune, subdued by the rapture of sound, absorbed in purity of passion. I know not where the subject has been touched with such fine and keen imagination as here.

The time came when another than Salome was to dance before the eyes of the painter; and she required of him the head of no man, but his own soul; and he paid the forfeit into her hands. With the coming of that time upon him came the change upon his heart and hand, "the work of an imperious, whorish woman." Those words, set by the prophet as a brand upon the fallen forehead of the chosen bride, come back to mind as one studies in her husband's pictures the full, calm lineaments, the large and serene beauty, of Lucrezia del Fede—a predominant and placid beauty, placid and implacable, not to be pleaded with or fought against. Voluptuous always, and slothful, subtle at times, no doubt, and sweet beyond measure, full of heavy beauty and warm, slow grace, her features bear no sign of possible love or conscience. Seen side by side with his clear, sad face, hers tells more of the story than any written record, even though two poets of our age have taken it up. In the feverish and feeble melodrama of Alfred de Musset there is no touch of tragedy, hardly a shadow of passionate and piteous truth; in Mr. Browning's noble poem—his noblest, it seems to me—the whole tragedy is distilled into the right words, the whole man raised up and reclothed with flesh. One

point only is but lightly touched upon,—missed it could not be by any eye so sharp and skilful,—the effect upon his art of the poisonous solvent of love. How his life was corroded by it and his soul burnt into dead ashes we are shown in full; but we are not shown in full what as a painter he was before, what as a painter he might have been without it. This is what I think the works of his youth and age, seen near together as at Florence, make manifest to any loving and studious eye. In those latter works the inevitable and fatal figure of the woman recurs with little diversity or change. She has grown into his art, and made it even as herself,—rich, monotonous in beauty, calm, complete, without heart or spirit. But his has not been always the "low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand" it was then. He had started on his way toward another goal than that. Nothing now is left him to live for but his faultless hand and her faultless face,—still and full, suggestive of no change in the steady, deep-lidded eyes and heavy, lovely lips without love or pudency or pity. Among his sketches we find it again, and ever again the same, crowned and clothed only with the glory and the joy and the majesty of the flesh. When the luxurious and subtle sense which serves the woman for a soul looks forth and speaks plainest from those eyes and lips she is sovereign and stately still; there is in her beauty nothing common or unclean. We cannot but see her for what she is; but her majestic face makes no appeal for homage or forgiveness.

The Works of Andrea del Sarto

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

MADONNA OF THE HARPIES — UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

THIS picture may be considered as Andrea's highest achievement in oil-painting. The composition is absolutely symmetrical, and might have been conceived by Fra Bartolommeo. The Virgin, in a red robe and a blue mantle, with a white veil over her head, stands upon a pedestal decorated with the conventional bas-reliefs of harpies which have given the picture its title. With one arm she supports the wonderfully animated little figure of the Child who hangs about her neck, while with the other she holds a book. The two child angels, who seem partly to embrace and partly to sustain her, rival even those of Correggio in loveliness. "This whole centre group is conceived in sculptural fashion," writes Paul Mantz, "and it is indeed a matter of surprise that it has occurred to no sculptor to translate it into marble. There would be almost nothing to change, so carefully is it composed and balanced, and so excellent is its general outline." Two other figures complete the picture. On the right, St. John, in a gray tunic and red mantle, holds open the pages of his gospel; on the left, St. Francis, clad in a brown robe, clasps a small cross to his breast.

Crowe and Cavalcaselle especially extol this Madonna for the "harmonious vagueness of the misty tone which bathes and almost obliterates the outlines," and add: "For fusion and transparent gaiety of color Del Sarto was never more remarkable. But the striking point is not so much that the picture is without question a masterpiece, as that we find the painter adapting his means to his subject with such astonishing versatility; for, at the very time when he is surprising us in the Scalzo Cloister by his strength and energy he here shows exceeding softness in the handling and coloring of this quiet, lovely picture."

Upon the Virgin's pedestal is an inscription in her honor, and Andrea's signature, with the date 1517.

THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN — CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA: FLORENCE

THIS fresco, in the entrance court of the Annunziata, is, in the almost unanimous opinion of competent judges, Del Sarto's most complete and satisfactory work, and Crowe and Cavalcaselle rank it "on the highest level ever reached in fresco."

The scene is familiar yet dignified. St. Anne reclines in the great canopied bed at the right, while two attendants bring her cordial drinks. In the middle two aristocratic visitors clad in the Florentine fashion, one bareheaded, her hair falling over her yellow gown, the other in a red robe bordered with fur, and with a white veil over her head (this latter figure being Del Sarto's first picture of his wife, whom he had married shortly before completing this work), advance to congratulate the mother. At the left side of the chamber, and before the high, Renaissance chimney-piece, upon which the artist has painted his signature and the date MDXIIII., nurses are attending the new-born child, while a boy warms himself at the blaze. St. Joachim, the father, sits in the shadow of the background. About the canopy of the bed angels hover.

"In 'The Birth of the Virgin,'" write the editors of Vasari, "Andrea rises to his full height. Everything in the work is large, ample, simple—composition, feeling, line, mass, and color alike." Crowe and Cavalcaselle lay especial stress upon the skilful balance of the composition, and the action of the figures is truthful, dignified, and lifelike.

"Technically," says Paul Mantz, "Andrea here shows himself a master of the art of fresco painting, and the effect of this picture is like that of some lovely stuff upon which the light lies softly. The colors are well chosen and combined, the shadows are transparent, and the general tone is that of warm amber, softening into reddish grays, and heightened here and there by rose and orange."

DANCE OF SALOME — CLOISTER OF THE SCALZO: FLORENCE

IN the Cloister of the Scalzo, or Barefooted Friars, in Florence, Andrea del Sarto painted in monochrome his well-known frescos from the life of St. John the Baptist. Begun in 1515, the series was interrupted by the artist's

journey to France, and during his absence his co-worker Franciabigio was employed to continue the task, which, however, Andrea resumed upon his return to Florence, and finished in 1526. In spite of the injury they have sustained from exposure to weather (for it is only within the last few years that the cloister has been roofed and glazed), these frescos may still be ranked among Del Sarto's greatest achievements. Messrs. Blashfield and Hopkins consider that, "after the Sistine Chapel of Michelangelo and the Vatican Stanze of Raphael, there is no series of frescos of the beginning of the sixteenth century more interesting than these. . . . In them Andrea has shown himself capable of a feat to which no other save Raphael was equal. That is to say, he has experienced the influence of Michelangelo without being overpowered by it. . . . Less episodical and more severe in style than those of the Cloister of the Annunziata, these frescos still retain Andrea's simplicity, his naturalness, his freedom alike from declamation and from academic coldness, although not from academic composition. If in many ways they show the influence of the Roman school, and even of Dürer, the study of Pagan sculpture is instantly felt in them. One of the most beautiful figures inspired by antiquity in the whole range of modern art is the figure of Salome. It is as noble in line as Mantegna's 'Judith,' and possesses a human quality and an ample stateliness that are Andrea's own." This is the central figure in the picture reproduced in Plate III., of which a description is included in the criticism by Mr. Swinburne printed on Page 31 of this number.

PORTRAIT OF A SCULPTOR — NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

IT was formerly believed that this portrait represented Del Sarto himself, but, as is pointed out by the latest official catalogue of the London National Gallery, "the features and general form of the head have little or no resemblance to the authentic portraits of Andrea in the Uffizi and in the Pitti Palace, or to that engraved by Vasari, who was personally acquainted with the painter." If the object in the hands of the sitter is, as has been suggested, a block of marble, the subject of the portrait was probably a Florentine sculptor.

"This work," writes Richter, "is a real masterpiece of painting, broadly executed, of an imposing conception, and very attractive because of the typical *sfumato*, which remarkably enhances the harmony of the delicate violet and gray tones of the coloring." In the background is seen the artist's monogram, formed by two interlaced A's, signifying Andrea d'Agnolo.

MADONNA OF THE SACK — CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA: FLORENCE

THERE is a story that Andrea painted this lunette, which is in the cloister of the church, at the request of a lady who was ordered by her father-confessor to donate a picture as the price of absolution from some broken vow. The amount which she was able to pay was small, but as Andrea had won much reputation by his previous frescos in the same convent he ac-

cepted the commission, which resulted in this Madonna, painted in 1525, and which is inscribed "QUEM GENUIT ADORAVIT. AN. DOM. MDXXV."

The picture, honored by the admiration of Michelangelo and Titian, is one of Del Sarto's greatest achievements. Paul Mantz writes of it: "The Virgin is seated, clad in a robe and mantle of which the folds give her figure a pyramidal shape. She holds the infant Christ, who plays upon her knees. On the left St. Joseph, his eyes upon an open book, leans one arm upon the sack of corn which gives the picture its title. Andrea was not always impeccable in his coloring, but here there is a harmonious variety which must win the most critical. The Virgin's hood is green, her bodice white with yellow undersleeves, and her blue drapery falls over a rose-colored skirt, while St. Joseph's tunic is violet with a yellowish mantle, and there are yellow, or rather écru, tones in the architecture. But all these colors, a little dimmed by time, are subdued to a velvety harmony, and the whole when seen from a distance has a pervading grayish-golden tone.

"In color, design, execution and serene beauty this work is masterly. Raphael might have composed the curves more harmoniously, Michelangelo have given it a more sculptural quality and more haunting mystery, but neither one nor the other could have imparted a more exquisite grace nor a more pervasive tenderness. Before the 'Madonna of the Sack' one's critical faculties become stupefied, and one has no heart to scrutinize for defects. If he was not of the greatest, Andrea was one of those privileged ones of earth whose works have the despotism of charm. Men have well called him the faultless painter. He may have had faults, but what matter, if one cannot see them!"

DISPUTATION ON THE TRINITY — PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

THIS picture, one of the finest of Del Sarto's altar-pieces, was painted in 1518 for the monks of San Gallo. Removed some ten years later from their convent church to that of San Jacopo tra' Fossi, it was seriously injured, especially in the lower portion, by an overflow of the Arno which inundated the church in 1555. About the middle of the seventeenth century it was transferred to the Pitti Palace.

The figures are larger than life, and represent St. Augustine, St. Lawrence, St. Peter Martyr (or St. Dominic), and St. Francis engaged in a discussion concerning the mystery of the Trinity, faintly visible in the clouds above, while at the feet of the disputants kneel St. Sebastian and the Magdalen, the face of the latter being a portrait of the painter's wife.

Burckhardt considers that in this picture Andrea "attained his height in intellectual expression," and the Vasari editors write: "It is an admirable work, and leaves little room for criticism—full of beauty, yet also in some of its parts foreshadowing that loss of grasp which Andrea, either through indifference or discouragement, showed in many of his works." Even in its present damaged condition the picture retains much of its original charm and harmony of color.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST — PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

IN this beautiful picture the young St. John, clad in a skin robe and red drapery, with a bowl in his right hand and in his left a folded parchment, is shown at life size. St. John's features distinctly recall the beautiful face of Lucrezia del Fede, and we may well believe that she was her husband's model here, as she was for one of the kings in the 'Adoration of the Magi,' and again for St. Michael in the picture of 'Four Saints.' But, as Vasari says, "if Andrea took a model from any other face there was always a resemblance to hers in the painting, not only because he had this woman constantly before him and depicted her so frequently, but also, and what is more, because he had her lineaments engraven on his heart."

Andrea painted two pictures of this subject,—one which later came into the possession of Duke Cosmo de' Medici, and another intended as a gift for Francis I., by which the artist hoped to restore himself to favor with his former patron. It is undetermined which of these two is the present picture.

THE LAST SUPPER — CONVENT OF SAN SALVI: FLORENCE

ABOUT one mile outside the Porta Santa Croce, Florence, is the ancient Vallombrosan Convent of San Salvi, in the refectory of which Andrea del Sarto, probably in 1526 or 1527, painted in fresco his celebrated '*Cenacolo*,' or 'Last Supper,' "the only representation of the subject," says Burckhardt, "which can even distantly be compared with Leonardo's." In its necessarily symmetrical arrangement it is similar to Da Vinci's painting, but in its composition, as Paul Mantz has said, "Andrea's picture leaves much to be desired; and at first sight the remembrance of Leonardo's great work nullifies our admiration." But although it nowhere approaches the technical subtlety of composition nor the spiritual masterliness of the work of Leonardo, within whose grasp alone lay the power to give artistic expression to the complete significance of the impressive moment, Andrea del Sarto has here surpassed all other painters who have treated this difficult subject.

"The reality of the thing is striking," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle. "The Saviour and the apostles sit at a long table in a room at an upper window of which two persons converse. The types are characteristic of the age and habit of the men represented, whose faces all seem portraits. To this is superadded color, in every wave of which there is light, plasticity, and air. It is marvellous how the shadows cast by the figures, and the parts in them turned away from the light, keep their value; how the variegated tints preserve their harmony. The action is everywhere true, the drapery of grand and simple cast, but sculptural in the flattened aspect of its relief. The Saviour, at the centre of the table, lays his hand on that of St. John, towards whom his face is turned, and holds the bread in the direction of Judas, who sits by him. This is a group in which all Andrea's faults and qualities are combined." "The representation of the Saviour may not realize one's idea of the Redeemer of the world," writes Reumont, "and indeed Andrea himself has elsewhere conceived Him more nobly, as for example in a mar-

vellous head painted for the altar of the Annunziata. It may be that this head of the Saviour in the 'Last Supper' has, however, been partially painted over, and has thereby lost some of its original character. Here and there the picture seems to have been somewhat hastily and carelessly executed, as is frequently to be remarked in other works of the artist's later period."

We are told that during the siege of Florence in 1529 this work was saved as by a miracle. "The soldiers had already torn down a great portion of the church and cloister of San Salvi," writes Benedetto Varchi, the Florentine chronicler of that time, "but when they came to the refectory in which is painted a 'Last Supper' by the hand of Andrea del Sarto, at sight of this creation they stood spellbound, filled with amazement, and would proceed no further with the work of demolition. And this is the reason," concludes the old chronicler, "that we who are better able to appreciate its worth can still look upon one of the most beautiful pictures of the world."

THE ANNUNCIATION — PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

"'THE Annunciation' (originally painted for the Church of San Gallo) is as lovely as it is skilfully executed," writes Janitschek. "Mary stands beside a *prie-dieu*, holding in her left hand a book, in which she was evidently absorbed before the advent of the angel, who seems to have just dropped down from heaven, and who now kneels on clouds before her. The space on the right is filled by the figures of two attendant angels, which are amongst the loveliest ever painted by Andrea. Roman architecture in the middle distance and a thoughtfully treated landscape in the background form a beautiful framework to the composition. The conception of the action here reveals a spiritual depth of which Andrea elsewhere rarely gives proof. The coloring, however, still lacks that perfect blending peculiar to his more mature works, but is already full of promise in its finely balanced tones and the consequent harmonious general effect. The painting must be referred to the year 1512, as the predella, which has since disappeared, was executed by Pontormo, who worked in Andrea's studio during that year."

PIETÀ — PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

IN the year 1523 the plague broke out in Florence, and Andrea del Sarto, with his family, took refuge in the Convent of San Pietro, at Luco, where he painted this 'Pietà' for the nuns, "setting himself to the work with infinite devotion," says Vasari, "in gratitude for the kindness with which the venerable sisters of the convent had received him."

The body of the Saviour is stretched upon a stone slab overlaid with a white cloth. St. John, in a green tunic and red mantle, supports the body on the left, while the Virgin, in a garnet robe and white veil, upholds one arm. Between them stands St. Peter, in yellow, and Mary Magdalen, in a rose-colored robe and green mantle, kneels, with clasped hands. Behind her is St. Catherine, whose dress is green and drapery yellow, while St. Paul, in red, stretches out his arm. These figures are of life size. In the foreground is the host, set upon a chalice.

"It is," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "a fine example of Del Sarto's versatility,—correct in composition, dramatic and powerful in action, and original in conception. Not so severely grave as Fra Bartolommeo would have made it, nor so serenely calm as would Perugino, but there is Michelangelesque fibre in it, and Del Sarto has made the scene forcible yet human and familiar, realistic and yet noble."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF ANDREA DEL SARTO, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Pietà—BELGIUM. BRUSSELS MUSEUM: Jupiter and Leda—ENGLAND. LONDON, HAMPTON COURT: Virgin and Child—LONDON, HERTFORD HOUSE: Madonna and Angels—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Portrait of a Sculptor (Plate IV)—LONDON, COLLECTION OF LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, ESQ.: Madonna del Fries—PANSHANGER, EARL COWPER'S COLLECTION: Two Portraits of Men; Portrait of a Woman; Life of Joseph (part of a predella)—FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Charity; Holy Family (*bis*)—GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Madonna and Saints; Portrait of the Artist's Wife—DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Sacrifice of Abraham; Marriage of St. Catherine—MUNICH GALLERY: Holy Family—ITALY. FLORENCE, ACADEMY: Two Angels; Four Saints; Dead Christ (fresco)—FLORENCE, CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA: [entrance court] Five frescos from the Life of St. Philip Benizzi; Adoration of the Magi (fresco); Birth of the Virgin (fresco) (Plate II); [chapel] Head of Christ; [inner cloister] Madonna of the Sack (fresco) (Plate V)—FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Pietà (Plate X); Holy Family; Annunciation (Plate IX); Assumption (*bis*); Disputation on the Trinity (Plate VI); St. John the Baptist (Plate VII); Portrait of Del Sarto; Story of Joseph (two panels); Annunciation (*bis*); Virgin in Glory (finished by Vincenzo Bonilli); Virgin in glory; Madonna and Child; Portrait of a Man—FLORENCE, CLOISTER OF THE SCALZO: Ten frescos from the Life of St. John the Baptist [Annunciation to Zacharias; Visitation; Birth of St. John; Baptism of Christ (in part by Franciabigio); Preaching of St. John; Baptism of the Multitude; Imprisonment of St. John; Dance of Salome (Plate III); Beheading of St. John; Bringing the Head of St. John to Herod]; Four figures of Virtues—FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Christ appearing to the Magdalen; Madonna of the Harpies (Plate I); St. James and Choristers; Portrait of Del Sarto; Portrait of Del Sarto (tempera) (Page 20); Portrait of the Artist's Wife; Madonna, Child, and St. John—FLORENCE, CONVENT OF SAN SALVI: The Last Supper (fresco) (Plate VIII)—FLORENCE, VILLA OF POGGIO A CAJANO: Cæsar receiving Tribute (fresco, finished by Al. Allori)—NAPLES MUSEUM: Copy of Raphael's Leo X.—NAPLES, CHURCH OF ST. GIACOMO DEGLI SPAGNAOLI: Madonna and Child—PISA, CATHEDRAL: St. John; St. Peter; St. Margaret; St. Catherine; St. Agnes—ROME, BARBERINI PALACE: Holy Family—ROME, VILLA BORGHESE: The Magdalen—RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Holy Family—SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Holy Family and Angel; Sacrifice of Abraham—UNITED STATES. BOSTON, ART MUSEUM: Holy Family (loaned).

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Gainsborough

ENGLISH SCHOOL

Withdrawn

GAINSBOROUGH
ORPIN, THE PARISH CLERK
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

GAINSBOROUGH
MRS. SIDDONS
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
FROM ARMSTRONG'S "GAINSBOROUGH"

GAINSBOROUGH
THE MORNING WALK
LORD ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION, TRING PARK

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
PHOTOGRAVURE BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO

GAINSBOROUGH
THE BLUE BOY
DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COLLECTION, LONDON

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN CLÉMENT & CIE

GAINSBOROUGH ?
MRS. JORDAN
EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION, LONDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

GAINSBOROUGH
THE WATERING-PLACE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

NOT FOR LOAN

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

GAINSBOROUGH
THE HONORABLE MRS. GRAHAM
NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, EDINBT

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

GAINSBOROUGH
THE HONORABLE MRS. GRAHAM
NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
FROM ARMSTRONG'S "GAINSBOROUGH"

GAINSBOROUGH
ELIZA LINLEY AND HER BROTHER
LORD SACKVILLE'S COLLECTION, E

PORTRAIT OF GAINSBOROUGH BY HIMSELF ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON

The portrait here reproduced was in Gainsborough's studio at the time of his death, and was presented by his daughter to the Royal Academy. "In person," writes Fulcher, who drew his description from those who had known the painter personally, "he was handsome, fair, tall, and well proportioned. His forehead, though not high, was broad and strongly marked; his mouth and eye denoted humor and refinement. The general expression of his face was thoughtful, yet not altogether pleasant. The most casual observer would have seen that much lay there; one gifted with greater insight would also have said that something was wanting there; few could have affirmed what."

MASTERS IN ART

Thomas Gainsborough

BORN 1727: DIED 1788
ENGLISH SCHOOL

LONDON SOCIETY VOLUME 47 [1885]

THOMAS, third son of John Gainsborough, a respectable trader, was born, some time in 1727, in the town of Sudbury, in Suffolk, amidst some of the loveliest rural scenery of England. The exact date of his birth is not known, but he was baptized in the Independent Meeting-house early in May. The father, a shroud-maker, seems to have been fairly prosperous, for though he had a large family, nine in all, he was able to give them good educations. He appears to have been a fine, generous-hearted, clear-headed man. Respected by his fellow townsmen, his good repute does not seem to have suffered in those days by the fact that he was wont to carry on a contraband trade with Holland, and the circumstance would scarcely be worth naming but for the conjecture that through the father's visits to the Netherlands the son may have learned something of the principles of Dutch art. Certainly his earlier work betrays evidences of some acquaintance with the Dutch masters. . . .

The artist's mother, like the mother of so many great men, was evidently a woman of altogether superior qualities. She was, among other things, an accomplished painter of flowers, and from the first encouraged her little boy in his attempts at drawing. Thomas, like many another great painter, early showed signs of his special gift. At ten years old, we are told, he had made progress in sketching, and at twelve was a confirmed painter. He himself tells us that there was not a picturesque clump of trees, nor even a single tree of any beauty, nor hedgerow, stem or post for miles around, that he had not noted as a lad.

At ten years of age Thomas was sent to the grammar school, of which his uncle was head master. Tom seems to have struck a sort of bargain with his school-fellows by which they undertook to do his lessons while he amused them with his sketches. But the boy's chief delight was to get a holiday and ramble about with his sketch-book. It is recorded that having applied to his father for such a holiday, and having been refused, Master Tom, nothing daunted, wrote on a slip of paper the usual formula, "Give Tom a holiday," so cleverly imitating his father's handwriting that the much-

desired holiday was granted. He set out, and returned with a book full of sketches. Meantime, however, the fraud had been discovered, and his father, on seeing the clever forgery, exclaimed, "Tom will be hung!" But when the boy showed his book and told how he had spent his day, the old man said, "Tom will be a genius!"

At the back of the house in which the artist was born there was a spacious orchard. It was separated only by a fence from the road, and the ripe fruit had for some time been mysteriously disappearing. One morning Gainsborough, having risen early to sketch in the inclosure, noted a man's face peeping over the fence and gazing wistfully at the ripe pears. Immediately the young portrait-painter made a sketch of these features. Then, before the marauder could gather his prey, the boy revealed himself and put him to flight. At breakfast Tom told the story and showed his sketch, from which the man was immediately recognized. He was sent for and taxed with felonious intent, which he stoutly denied, till the boy confronted him with the portrait. This juvenile effort was preserved in the family, and Gainsborough ultimately made a finished painting of the scene under the title of "Tom Pear-tree's Portrait." No wonder his friends thought that something might be made of a lad possessing so true an eye and ready a hand. A family consultation was held, at which it was decided to send Tom to London to study painting; and thus he went thither at the early age of fifteen.

In London Gainsborough lived first with a silversmith who gave him great assistance and introduced him to the engraver Gravelot, one of the best of his time, with whom he learned the art which he occasionally practised in after-life. Gravelot also got the boy admission to the old academy in St. Martin's Lane. This academy Gainsborough left for the studio of Hayman, who, if he enjoyed some reputation as an historical painter, was far more notorious for his convivial habits. Whether his master's paintings or his convivial habits proved too much for the young student we know not, but certain it is that the latter soon set up a studio for himself at Hatton Garden. This was a period in English art which one critic calls "disgraceful," another "contemptible," and a third "degraded." Small wonder that Gainsborough preferred working alone to working with any of the masters of the time! But ere long he returned to the old Suffolk lanes and woods.

The legend has it that while engaged on one of his first landscapes a young woman entered unexpectedly on the scene, and that Gainsborough not only transferred her to his canvas, but enshrined her in his heart. The young woman, whose remarkable beauty has been acknowledged by all who knew her, was Margaret Burr, whose brother was a commercial traveler for old John Gainsborough. The painting of her picture seems to have taken some time; long enough, at all events, for the young couple to fall in love. A few months later they were married—he aged nineteen, she a year younger.

About six months after their union the boy-husband and girl-wife went to live at Ipswich, renting a cottage for the modest sum of six pounds a year. In those days the Ipswichians were an essentially practical people who

knew nothing and cared less for art, and from them Gainsborough received no patronage; but probably this want of success was in fact an advantage to the artist, for the young man could give his whole time to that minute and loving study of nature that was to stand him in such good stead. The fact that two of the water-color sketches of this period are merely studies of sunbeams piercing through clouds shows how patient and earnest was his work.

In 1754 Gainsborough met Philip Thicknesse, a rich, pompous, tedious, conceited fellow of the Dogberry type, who at once took Gainsborough in hand and proved a useful patron, though he must ever have been an intolerable bore. He was really useful in getting the young painter commissions, and it was at his suggestion that, after fifteen years of pure happiness and quiet content at Ipswich, Gainsborough moved to the then fashionable city of Bath. Here he had to take a more expensive house, much to the alarm of his prudent wife, who asked him if he were going to throw himself into jail. She need not have been alarmed. From the first orders came in so fast that Gainsborough was obliged to raise his charges from five to eight guineas a head in order to keep his patrons within manageable numbers; and finally he raised them to forty pounds for a "kit-cat," and one hundred pounds for a full-length. Indeed, he so prospered that, punning upon his name, his house was called "Gain's Borough." At Bath Gainsborough of course became acquainted with all the brightest spirits of the time, the bucks and fashionable beauties of the period, and their lineaments gaze down upon us from his canvases. . . .

While he was prospering at Bath, public interest in matters artistic showed signs of awakening in London. The Royal Academy of Arts had been founded, and Gainsborough had at once been elected an original member; but he was never active as an associate, often quarreled with that body, and finally withdrew from exhibitions because his celebrated picture of 'The Princesses' was not hung on the line.

A quarrel with Thicknesse led Gainsborough to leave Bath for London in 1774, where he set up for a second time—now no longer as a young fellow waiting in vain for work, but as one of the most successful painters of his day. On hearing of his advent, George III. summoned him to the palace, and gave him orders. As soon as this became known all the court and all the fashionable world rushed to follow the royal example. Commissions for portraits flowed in so fast that, with all his rapidity of execution and industry, Gainsborough was unable to satisfy the impatience of his sitters. He was now at the zenith of his fame.

Yet, while Gainsborough continued to be known solely as a portrait-painter, he did not neglect his paintings of nature, though not a dozen of his landscapes were exhibited at the Academy, and we learn from a contemporary that these pictures stood ranged in long lines from his hall to his painting-room. Yet those who came to Schomberg House to sit for their portraits rarely deigned even to honor them with a look as they passed by. It was impossible for the artist not to feel a little aggrieved on the subject—especially as he was convinced that his strength and power lay in his landscapes.

Next to his love of nature, Gainsborough's greatest passion was for music, a devotion concerning which many quaint stories are extant, for he was beset by the childish illusion that if he could only possess himself of the actual instrument on which a certain performer played he would be able to execute in the same manner. It is remarkable in his pictures that, while as a rule not addicted to microscopic fidelity, he painted musical instruments with special care, so that of his portrait of the musician Fischer a critic remarked, "The violin is so well painted that a connoisseur in the instrument could at once name the builder."

Early in the year 1787 Gainsborough began to show signs of failing health. One day when dining with Sir George Beaumont and Sheridan his friends noticed that he who was generally so merry sat silent, and before dinner was half over he left the table, beckoning Sheridan to follow him. "I shall die soon," he said to the dramatist when they were outside the room; "I know it, I feel it. I have less time to live than my looks infer, but for this I care not. What oppresses my mind is this,—I have many acquaintances, but few friends, and as I wish to have one worthy man accompany me to the grave, I am desirous of bespeaking you. Will you come? Yes, or no?" Sheridan gave him the desired promise, and they both returned to the dinner-table, Gainsborough apparently in his usual spirits. His gloomy presentiment proved, however, not ill-founded.

The following year, like all the world, he joined the huge crowd that flocked to the trial of Warren Hastings. There, sitting with his back to an open window, he suddenly felt an icy-cold touch on the back of his neck. On his return he complained of the pain, and his wife looked at the place and saw a small white mark. This soon grew worse, and was declared to be a cancer. "If this be a cancer I am a dead man," said Gainsborough calmly, and set about arranging his affairs. He rapidly grew worse. Shortly before the end he remembered Sir Joshua Reynolds, his rival painter, to whom his feelings had not always been of the friendliest. He therefore wrote to Sir Joshua, desiring to see him once more before he died. "If any little jealousies had subsisted between us," writes Reynolds, "they were forgotten in those moments of sincerity." Very solemn was the death-bed scene, in which the two great painters buried their petty, worldly rivalries. Gainsborough could speak but little, and what he said was understood with difficulty by Reynolds, the deaf. The dying man said that he feared not death, but his regret at losing life was principally his regret at leaving his art, more especially as he now began to see where his deficiencies lay. Delirium set in and clouded his understanding. His last coherent words are memorably pathetic, as well as especially characteristic, for they point to the ideal the English painter had set for himself: "We are all going to Heaven, and Van Dyck is of the party."

Two days after the interview with Reynolds he was dead. By his own wish he was privately buried in the Kew churchyard, and Sir Joshua was among the pall-bearers.

The Art of Gainsborough

WALTER ARMSTRONG 'GAINSBOROUGH AND HIS PLACE IN ENGLISH ART'[1]

GAINSBOROUGH was the artistic temperament made visible and stripped of irrelevance. It would not be rash to call him the first and the best of the impressionists. In every task he set himself, or at least in every task he carried through, his aim was entirely pictorial. He felt no temptation to be literary, to be anecdotic, to be didactic, to be anything but artistic within the limits of his own emotions and the materials he was using. His pictures are examples of pure reaction between subject and object. He was the first of the impressionists; but between his impressionism and that of the last forty years there is one remarkable difference. The modern impressionist professes to be true to his impressions; his declared idea is to reproduce the broad effect of any scene upon his senses; but, nevertheless, his observation is supplemented by analysis, and his pictures are the result of a long process of justification, as it were, applied to the image first received. Such a proceeding was quite foreign to the genius of Gainsborough. With him the impression was everything. Once received, it had to be justified, not by the truth which underlay it, but by the splendor to which it led.

Gainsborough's finest things are all impromptus. We might almost say that when he deliberated he was lost. A sympathetic personality had the power to set his brain burning with creation at a touch. In the 'Mrs. Siddons,' the 'Mrs. Graham,' 'The Morning Walk,' we cannot discover the faintest sign of that mental preparation which is so evident in Sir Joshua. The pictures, as we see them, record the images which sprang into the painter's brain as his sitters approached. Beauty and æsthetic unity grew under his hand with an unequalled rapidity. The idea of conscious and deliberate control never obtrudes itself. His art is to that of other painters what conversation is to literature. It is vital, spontaneous, and, within the pattern, unexpected. He paints as a first-rate talker talks. His head is full of his conception, and his fingers do the rest. His brush-strokes are scarcely due to separate acts of volition. The happy color, never muddy or fatigued, trips from his brush; one felicitous line succeeds another; delicious textures weave themselves into the inevitable pattern, and the picture emerges with delight from the matrix of his exulting brain.

All this, however, is true only when the problem to be solved is simple. In such complex matter as groups of many figures Gainsborough was never successful in hitting upon a quite satisfactory conception. The 'Baillie Family' in the National Gallery is a collection of beautiful passages; it is not a picture. In a less degree we may say the same of such a comparatively simple thing as the 'Eliza and Tom Linley.' In these separate ideas were suggested by the different figures, and the painter was deficient in the faculty

[1] In the following criticism a few paragraphs have been interpolated from the same author's article on Gainsborough in 'The Portfolio,' 1894.

required for seducing them into a real intimacy. Before Eliza Linley he could only paint what her personality inspired, and so when it became Tom's turn to sit he had to smuggle him into the composition as best he could. The only striking exceptions to this are afforded by those few cases in which his portraits become so far subject-pictures as to suggest an independent title, like 'The Morning Walk.' Here, for once in a way, a detached idea embracing two persons slipped in before the simpler conception and got itself expressed. It was not often, however, that Gainsborough composed a group as happily as this. . . .

In more than one of his letters he alludes to his own incapacity to think out things or to reason in any consecutive fashion. Familiarity with his work convinces us that if he had been compelled, by some external force, to think steadily for half an hour he would have found it a physical torture. When the right stimulus was offered, in the shape of a beautiful woman or a lovely scene in nature, a consummate piece of art was the certain reaction; but I doubt whether, in the whole course of his life, he ever built up excellence on a germ, or felt the slightest temptation to realize on canvas any scene he had read of in a book. His greatness depends on the quickness with which he perceives beauty and answers to its summons, and on that faculty for artistic synthesis which enables, or rather compels, him to see and select only those notes which make a pictorial chord.

Beauty was the foundation of Gainsborough's art in that it was his sole and only stimulus; but the merit of his pictures as we see them does not lie in the beauty they reproduce, but in the beauty they create, in the extraordinary felicity of his means and in the remarkable æsthetic unity of his results. Technically, Gainsborough was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of *painters*. He was not a good draughtsman. Indeed, when we consider how carefully he worked in his youth and how thoroughly he then drew, he must have had a special inaptitude for seeing and remembering the linear proportions of things to be able to draw as badly as he often did in his maturity. As a painter, as a transmuter of a paletteful of colored earths into light and air, into glowing human flesh and waving trees, he has no superior, and perhaps no equal. Such fault-finding as we have for him is always for his intentions, never for his realization. When he failed it was not because the material had for once beaten him, but because his ambition slumbered in the absence of its favorite stimulant.

It may seem audacious to put the technique of Gainsborough, as a painter, above that of any one else when we remember that Rubens, Frans Hals, and Velasquez are in the field; but, as a literal matter of fact, Gainsborough did what not one of those three ever succeeded in doing—because, you may say, they did not try—Gainsborough could take an eight-foot canvas, and, with a thousand unerring strokes of his brush, could build up a mosaic of brilliant, pellucid notes of gemlike color, each one as clear as an amethyst and as light as a snowflake, and yet the result would be as solid, rich, and profound as any Velasquez. In his finest things it is impossible to point to a faltering passage. From top to bottom, from right to left, the canvas glows

with internal light. The opacity which betrays, I do not say the fumbler, but the man whose mastery falters now and then, never chills us for an instant. Everything is cool, clear, and transparent, like the air of a hilltop in June. Velasquez rendered, Gainsborough expressed. In this comparison I do not mean to suggest that one was right and the other wrong, but merely that they had different aims, and that, as Gainsborough's solicitude was above all for his paint and the feelings it was capable of suggesting and satisfying, he shows, as a painter, qualities we do not find so fully developed in any one else.

Gainsborough's conceptions are so essentially simple that attempts at any detailed analysis seem out of place. He saw beauty in external nature, and combined it with the beauty latent in paint. In doing so he followed a few obvious principles, of which he may or may not have been conscious. His men and women are always so posed as to bring out the easy flexibility of the human figure. His heads are set at gentle angles to the vertical axis of the body, his limbs are at easy rest or in quiet movement, his hands and arms are well placed and eloquent in gesture, while the draperies which float about them suggest the last movement they have made. Before a sitter who excites his interest Gainsborough's imagination never flags. Nothing is perfunctory, although much may be slight. There is always, for instance, a subtle harmony between the pattern made by his figures and that of those landscape backgrounds against which nearly all his finest portraits are set. The heavy leafage, without contour and with only a questionable transparency, which occurs in so many portraits by Romney and Hoppner, and in not a few by Sir Joshua, never confines one's fancy in a Gainsborough. With him the luminous air plays round the figure and among the trees, and we feel that the fair Mrs. Robinson could rise and walk away into the woods, unembarrassed by any fear of walking through the canvas.

Gainsborough's embrace was large. He did not forget one part of his task for another. He carried on all the elements of his conception side by side. He did not see in color, like Reynolds, or in light and shade, like Rembrandt, or in line, like Ingres; he saw in a combination of the three, and as he drove them like a skilful teamster he kept his eye on beauty as the goal. You cannot divide a Gainsborough into its component elements, as you can the works of most other great painters. It is easy to think of a Rembrandt as a creation in chiaroscuro, of an Ingres as a pattern in line, of a Sir Joshua as a symphony in color, of a Hals as a feat in brushing; but in a Gainsborough all these elements are so intimately blended, they were so closely interwoven in his mind as he rapidly gave substance to his conception, that one cannot be dissected from the other. We have to accept them as a whole, and to admit that in his ability to fuse the three elements of pictorial art into unity, or, rather, in his gift for seeing them as one, he has had few equals and no superior.

In writing like this, however, I must guard myself against misconception. I do not wish the reader to suppose that I aim at setting our English master on a pedestal higher than others. My comparisons have been strictly limited.

Putting it as shortly as I can, Rembrandt conceived on a higher plane than Gainsborough, Velasquez painted objects better than Gainsborough, but Gainsborough painted in the abstract better than either. That sounds like nonsense, but I think it is sound sense. Paint can be used in many ways. It can be used to express ideas—Rembrandt's way; it can be used to render objects—the way of Velasquez; it can be used to delight us with its own constitution and to play upon our emotions like the notes of a violin—that was the way of Gainsborough. . . .

In all I have said I have made no distinction between Gainsborough's portraits and his landscapes. It seems to me that no real distinction can be made. Many writers and not a few painters have contrasted the two branches of his art as if they issued from two different men. The finest of Gainsborough's portraits are finer than the finest of his landscapes for exactly the same reason that a park with a beautiful woman in it is more desirable than the same park with nothing in it at all. A picture like 'The Morning Walk' *is* a fine landscape, plus some delightful figures. Some artists who have painted both landscapes and moving tales have followed principles in the one case which they have neglected in the other. Gainsborough did nothing of the kind. His art was a simple and sensuous thing, and whether he painted a portrait, or a scene from nature, or a combination of both, he depended for his effects on the same way of seeing and the same way of reproducing what he saw. . . .

I feel impelled to sketch the development of Gainsborough here, as lightly as I can, in order to bring out the pattern it made on the art of the eighteenth century. Gainsborough began young, and in his youth he devoted all his energies to that exploratory art which is the only sure road to success. In all probability he saw few pictures except those of his own immediate companions. His art at this time was all experimental. It changed from day to day, and it was not until he had been at work for some ten years that he finally settled down to a method of his own and to single-minded work from nature. By the time he was thirty all this toil had made him master of his tools, and had left him waiting only for a lead. The move to Bath took place; the art of Van Dyck, and as I believe, of Rubens, opened his eyes to what paint could do, and he blossomed at once. His conceptions grew bolder, his hand freer, his color more luminous and infinitely richer. . . .

Gainsborough, too, seems to have been awakened at Bath by Van Dyck to fresh possibilities in the art he practised. Sincerity had been his governing virtue in Suffolk. The people he had painted there were homely, healthy, bucolic, and so he had shown them. But when, after ten years of happy drudgery, he moved away to new scenes, and there fell into the society of the ladies and cavaliers of Van Dyck, new horizons opened before him. He now perceived, for the first time, what selection could do, and how a greater race of men and women than he had dreamed of lay among the tints on his palette. And as Gainsborough was a rarer genius than Van Dyck, as his art was more personal, more exquisite, more alive with temperament than the Fleming's, so, although in one or two of Van Dyck's Genoese pic-

tures the dignity given by birth and habits of command is suggested more surely perhaps than by any other painter, neither Van Dyck nor any one else has equalled Gainsborough in the lightness and apparent rapidity with which his hand settles exactly on those things which make up the indescribable quality we call *distinction*. The grace of his women seems a part of themselves; even when the fashion of their dress is extravagant, it is brought, by a mysterious insight of the artist's, within their own personalities. . . .

The change in Gainsborough was so rapid that, in settling the chronology of his works, it is difficult to believe that so short an interval elapsed between the comparatively stiff and cold half-lengths of his Ipswich time and, for instance, the 'General Honywood' of 1764. After that his strides were longer than ever. In 1768 he painted the Linley group, and in 1770 'The Blue Boy,' and then, according to my chronology, most of the fat, low-toned landscapes, which have usually been assigned to the latest period of all. A typical example of this time is the 'Watering-place' of the National Gallery.

Last of all, Gainsborough, like every other magician of the brush, arrived at the time when painting seemed to be done with his will rather than with his hand. His canvases are all light, and air, and limpid color. Heaviness disappears, and there is not a square inch which does not glow like a sapphire and warm us like the sun at noon. To this period belong all his very greatest achievements. The 'Eliza Linley and her Brother,' 'The Blue Boy,' the 'Mrs. Graham,' superb as they are, cannot boast the unity, the absolute realization of an æsthetic thought, which we see in 'The Morning Walk.' . . .

As for Gainsborough's place in the general hierarchy of art, it depends entirely on his positive qualities. It is easy to see his defects. It is easy to point out that his ambition was narrow, that his culture was small, that his faculty for taking thought was a negative quantity, and that in certain matters of equipment he has been surpassed by many unimportant people. But his art was all art. It was the pure, spontaneous expression of a personality into which no anti-artistic leaven had been mixed. . . . His finest things embody an exquisite thought with a perfection denied to Reynolds, denied to Romney, denied even to those great men of the seventeenth century with whom he may be most fitly measured. His glory lies between himself and his country. His inspiration came from the beauty by which he was surrounded, and his success from an artistic gift of remarkable vigor and of a purity which has been seldom equalled and never surpassed.

FREDERICK WEDMORE 'STUDIES IN ENGLISH ART'

IN portraits, as in landscapes, Gainsborough's power is best shown in subjects in themselves picturesque and attractive. To make of an entrancing loveliness or of a noble pathos that which is lovely or pathetic to begin with—that is Gainsborough's strength. He is not—like the greatest of his brethren, Rembrandt and Velasquez—the uncompromising painter of the terrible reality; and when the French call him, with their mild praise, "*un*

peintre aimable, un peintre agréable," that is what they mean. He was born to paint men and women of a noble presence, but living for the most part in the undisturbed ease of a somnolent time. At the keener court of Henry VIII., or in the palace of Lorenzo de' Medici, or where Velasquez painted the saddened dwarf and the boy king, each in his strange dignity, or where Rembrandt traced the lines of thought and care on the brows of the burghers of Amsterdam, Gainsborough would have been less great. But he came at the right moment, and painted George, Prince of Wales, fat and comely, and glorious in decorated coat manfully padded; and the Duchess of Cumberland, magnificent in attitude of stately abandonment; and the Queen, of affability greater than history has recorded; and the three Princesses, fresh and flower-like; and Signora Baccelli, the dancer, with her wan, thin face and wreathed smile and waving draperies; and Mrs. Siddons, radiant; and Lady Spencer, gracefully grave, with broad touches of a solemn woodland landscape at her back; and the benignant Orpin, the old clerk, with his homely sweetness. Such is his compass; such, within limit, his variety.

Nor as a landscapist is he more easily exhaustible. It is a pastoral poet's landscape, with ever new combinations of sturdy tree-trunk and waving bough and rising field-land—landscape never reaching to terrible energy; avoiding passion, and not failing in it. The Classicists of his own time, and earlier, had composed an artificial nature; had gone abroad, to give us classical Italy or Italianized England. The first English landscapists had been masters of topography; had laboriously traced—and without emotion—the colder aspects of London and the country. But Gainsborough gave us first the selected moment and selected place of beauty and charm of English life and landscape. He idealized a little, but it was a mild idealizing. He put before us Nature, not in her first aspect; yet his work has no sense of forcing. He gently persuaded her, till she came his way.

J. E. HODGSON AND F. A. EATON ART JOURNAL: 1889

THERE could have been but little real sympathy between Reynolds and Gainsborough. To Reynolds, Gainsborough must have appeared a somewhat questionable and enigmatical person—not a little contemptible, even. Reynolds's own life had been regulated on incontrovertible principles; he had walked circumspectly, guided by prudence and sagacity; diligence, economy, punctuality, order, method, and duty were his watchwords. Though too busy a man for much reading, he loved knowledge and lost no opportunity of acquiring it; he chose the best and wisest men as his friends and associates; he never began anything without reflection, and what he began he carried out; and finally, with each succeeding year, his contact with the great world added polish to his manners and his mind. It must have been difficult for him to even understand such a character as that of Gainsborough, who did not walk circumspectly; with whom, as far as we may judge by the evidence before us, prudence, sagacity as applied to worldly matters, economy, punctuality, order, and method were not; who

had no sense of duty; who never once attended a meeting of the Royal Academy, though frequently elected into the council; who did not care for any knowledge except that which appertained to his art; who chose for friends and associates only those who amused him; who constantly began pictures and never finished them; who was guided by impulse and not reflection; who was highly incautious, blurted out the most unpalatable things in conversation and writing; made the most absurd bargains, and offered impossible sums when the whim was on him. His was not a serious character; he was a bright, amiable, whimsical, and lovable man, who revelled in the joys of genius, of exquisite sensibilities and exuberant spirits—the grasshopper of the fable. He worked hard but not laboriously; what he did he did without effort, in a fit of enthusiasm; his art was music to him; it delighted his senses and his imagination, and he stopped short when it became toilsome. The German epithet "*genialisch*" exactly applies to everything he said and did, and would be quite misapplied to the acts and sayings of Reynolds. We may plausibly surmise that no permanent friendship was possible between them, that they irritated each other, and that neither could do the other full justice. . . .

To define the difference between them is by no means easy. Art is subtle; its distinctions often baffle the coarse materialism of words and phrases. To describe their separate methods of working appears the most convenient way. Let us imagine Reynolds to have made an appointment with a sitter, a young lady of a classic cast of countenance, and to have made due note of the date and the hour in one of those shabby little notebooks which are preserved in the library of the Royal Academy. In the interim he carefully cogitates his picture. He has long wished to paint a portrait with a mass of amber color as his principal light, opposed to red in shadow, with a green-blue as a foil. The amber dress and the flesh shall make the principal light; two other minor lights must be introduced; the dark hair will serve for the extreme point of shade. Those two minor lights must be seen to. If nothing strikes him he turns over a portfolio of engravings, and finally gets an idea. When the appointed hour arrives, and with it the sitter, he is ready; his picture is schemed out; it exists in his head, and he begins with certainty and fearlessness.

Gainsborough, on the other hand, makes an appointment of which he thinks no more, trusting to be duly reminded of it by his faithful Margaret; he plays on the fiddle with Abel or listens to his son-in-law Fischer's hautboy, and when the hour arrives he sits down before his easel with a mind as blank as the canvas before him. His sitter is a young lady; he eyes her intently, he chats with her, he draws her out, he gets excited, strange flashes of drollery and absurdity escape him; she turns in her chair, her face lights up, and inspiration comes to him. "Stay as you are!" he exclaims. He sees a picture; he seizes his palette and begins. He painted what he could discover in nature; Reynolds used nature to help him to paint what he had already discovered; his work presents what the French have called "*le voulu*"; that of the other, "*l'imprévu.*" . . .

It is related that on one occasion after a dinner Reynolds rose and proposed the health of "Mr. Gainsborough, the greatest living landscape-painter." It happened, if it ever did happen, in the days before Turner; we can now no longer think of Gainsborough as the greatest of landscape-painters; we are compelled to pull down his claims out of the superlative into the comparative degree, and must make allowance for the fact that since his day landscape-painting has taken an entirely new departure. The landscape-painter of the present day, the camper-out in the fields, the earnest follower of nature, would be inclined to describe the landscapes of the last century as representing an impossible universe, where the sky was not the vast laboratory in which were distilled the dews and vapors which hourly fertilize the earth, but a field of meaningless blue in which were suspended what look more like feather-beds than any known form of water; where the earth was without stratification or intelligible structure, and composed entirely of baked clay and putty; where the trees had gutta-percha stems, with no past history discernible in their forms, no joy or vigor in their growth; where the grass was a meaningless wash of translucent green which appeared to afford subsistence to bituminous cows and an insecure resting-place to questionable milkmaids. The universe as depicted by Gainsborough is open to satirical criticism of that kind; nothing is seriously or carefully studied, but, as in his figure-pictures, he goes to the heart of the matter, the soul which underlies the outward features, and represents that.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE — CENTURY MAGAZINE: 1897

GAINSBOROUGH'S pictures make up practically his only autobiography, and all of them are temperamental rather than philosophical; reflective of moods or states of feeling rather than intellectual expositions of abstract fact. An individuality full of delicate feeling, sensitive to things graceful and charming, and tinged by a strain of romantic melancholy shows in the majority of his canvases. On the surface his art is frequently vivacious, sprightly, dashing; but underneath flows almost always a current of sadness inherent in the man. How many handsome women he painted, with heads tossed coquettishly on one side, with lively pose of figure, and soubrette turn of hand and foot! They all smile, but there is something behind the smile that seems to mock at gaiety. As might be surmised from this disposition, Gainsborough worked better with women and children for sitters than with men. Some trace of effeminacy lingers in almost all of his men, and one wonders if he ever painted a man's portrait that possessed the force of Reynolds's 'Lord Heathfield.' After all, Sir Joshua had an intellectual stamina which he instilled into his characters, whereas Gainsborough had merely a winning personality. But this very shortcoming in his men's portraits proved an excellence in his portraits of women. The 'Mrs. Siddons' is very like 'The Parish Clerk' in conception and treatment; but in the 'Mrs. Siddons' the delicacy and softness are the very essence of the tragic queen when off the stage and once more a woman. . . .

Possessed as Gainsborough was of the true artistic temperament, he was not a thoroughly trained craftsman any more than his contemporaries. It is often apparent that he did not know how an object should be presented by line, and that he sought, by diverting the attention to color and texture, to give the appearance of reality in another way. He did this effectively, for he was more of a painter than a draughtsman, and if he did not paint in patches, like Manet, he at least tried to reproduce the exact values of the tones. The tone as a substitute for line was a makeshift, but it had its advantages, not unforeseen by the painter, of giving elasticity and mobility to the figure; and it is not a matter of regret that he failed to inclose his figures in a rim or an outline.

His handling is one of his oddities, and is certainly original enough, since no other master ever handled in just the same way. Rubens wrote with the brush as easily and as smoothly as a writing-master with the pen; Rembrandt modeled in paint, oftentimes producing surfaces in relief; Reynolds kneaded and thumbed; but Gainsborough streaked, scratched, and rubbed, working with a long-handled brush, and striving to gain an under-surface effect. Close to view, such scratching and hatching as one sees in the hair of the 'Mrs. Siddons' seems quite unnecessary; but at the proper distance this work reveals the lightness and fluffiness of the hair most strikingly. A similar effect was frequently sought for in his flesh-tones. He did not like the hard, shining surface, though he sometimes painted it; and in his faces he was usually striving for the depth and transparent quality of the flesh rather than for its external appearance. His touch was usually smooth and swift enough, but thin, and not always certain. Where Reynolds hesitated Gainsborough was perhaps too hasty, painting with more decision than precision; all of which would tell us, even if we did not know it from contemporary testimony, that he was an impatient, impulsive man, working by fits and starts with much energy, and putting more of the artist's mood into his work than the brushman's skill.

Perhaps Gainsborough's greatest charm as a painter was his color, and here he followed no master but himself. In fact, so independent was he that he was disposed to place himself in opposition to Reynolds in the matter of pleasing color arrangements; and instead of using the warm academic hues he preferred the cool tints,—blues, cream-whites, dull reds, and pinks, saffron-yellows, and silver-grays. Pale, cool notes he could arrange in most charming combinations. Here he relied almost entirely upon his sensitive eye, and the result was a harmony quite his own. Van Dyck and Reynolds may have taught him something about aristocracy of pose and bearing, but they taught him nothing about color. It was Gainsborough's most original quality, and was most appropriate, in fact quite complementary, to that shade of melancholy which dominated his finest work. His soft tones seem to harmonize with the pathos of sad faces, where lively or severe coloring would have been out of place and disturbing.

Again we come back to a primary statement that Gainsborough was a temperament instead of a rule, a person of feeling rather than an erudite

craftsman. In art, temperament is perhaps above character, as more spontaneous; but temperament in the ascendency usually means limitation, and Gainsborough was not a versatile man. True, he did many subjects—and so did Corot, the Frenchman; but the peculiar sentiment of the painter is apparent in almost every one of them. Reynolds, who was somewhat different from Gainsborough in this respect, seemed to appreciate in his contemporary what he himself could lay less claim to; and it was perhaps not presidential condescension or funereal eulogy that led him to say of the dead painter: "If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honorable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name."

The Works of Gainsborough.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

MRS. ROBINSON ('PERDITA') — WALLACE COLLECTION: LONDON

GAINSBOROUGH'S picture in the Wallace Collection of the famous actress Mrs. Robinson, whose beauty charmed the heart of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was painted in the year 1782. There are, in the same collection, two other portraits of this lady,—known to all the world as 'Perdita,'—one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the other by Romney.

"The Gainsborough, with its beautiful feathery touch and harmony of effect, is more fascinating than either of the others," writes Spielmann, "yet they, more closely agreeing in respect of feature, were doubtless the better likenesses. But though you may forget the others, you can never lose the memory of the haunting, thoughtful face that appears on Gainsborough's canvas. The refinement of this accomplished, unstable lady is brilliantly suggested in a picture which must be reckoned among Gainsborough's masterpieces."

ORPIN, THE PARISH CLERK — NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

IN 1772 Gainsborough wrote from Bath to his friend Garrick, the actor: "I have been several days rubbing in and rubbing out my design of 'Shakespeare'; and hang me if I think I shall let it go, or let you see it at last. I was willing, like an ass as I am, to expose myself a little out of the simple portrait way, and had an idea of showing where that inimitable poet had his ideas from by an immediate ray darting down upon his eye turned up for that purpose; but confound it, I can make nothing of my ideas!"

The Shakespeare portrait never came to anything; but it seems probable that in the likeness of Edward Orpin, the parish clerk of Bradford-on-Avon, Gainsborough utilized the conception he had been unable to carry out with-

out the help of a sitter. The picture is one of his most careful works,—a little overcareful, perhaps,—but he seems not to have set an especial value upon it, for it was probably one of those which he gave to John Wiltshire, the public carrier whom he employed to convey pictures between Bath and London. Wiltshire had refused to accept payment for his services. "No, no," he said, "I love art too much. When you think I have carried the value of a little painting, I beg you will let me have one, sir, and I shall be more than paid;" and Gainsborough gave him several.

MRS. SIDDONS — NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

IN 1784, the same year that she posed for Reynolds as 'The Tragic Muse,' and when, at twenty-nine, she was in the prime of her beauty as a woman and at the zenith of her fame as an actress, Mrs. Siddons sat to Gainsborough for this portrait. As a record of beauty and as a work of art the picture is ranked by many critics as Gainsborough's masterpiece, so distinguished is its design, so firm the drawing, and so exquisite the color, despite the fact that the red curtain in the background is not absolutely in tune with the blues and buffs of the costume.

The actress wears a black hat with feathers, and a striped dress, which, when the folds throw the rich blue and buff silk into a mass, shows like sea-water in the sun; and Armstrong considers that the 'Mrs. Siddons,' in which every law laid down by Reynolds is carefully broken, rather than 'The Blue Boy,' was Gainsborough's authentic repartee to Sir Joshua's celebrated dictum respecting the use of blue.

THE MORNING WALK — LORD ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: TRING PARK

"STANDING opposite this portrait of Squire Hallett and his wife," writes Théophile Gautier, "we have a strange retrospective sensation, so intense is the illusion it produces of the spirit of a bygone century. We really fancy that we can see the young couple walking arm-in-arm along a garden avenue." The romantically lovely lady is attired in a gray muslin dress with greenish-yellow ribbons. A 'Pamela' hat rests on her splendid auburn hair, which, after the fashion of the day, is swelled into an enormous chignon. Her husband wears a dark coat of French cut, knee-breeches, and white stockings. A white Pomeranian dog, tired of their tête-à-tête, trots beside the couple as if to beg his usual share of caresses.

Sir Walter Armstrong, the most authoritative of recent writers on Gainsborough, pronounces this portrait to be the finest picture "for pure artistry" painted in the eighteenth century, adding: "If I followed my own conviction I should say since the death of Rubens and Velasquez." After pointing out that in conception the picture was evidently an echo of Rubens's celebrated group-picture of himself, his wife, and their child (now in Baron Alphonse de Rothschild's collection, Paris), he goes on to note the surpassing excellence of its background, the freedom and sweep of its execution, and, finally, that the conception is of unusual unity for Gainsborough. "The tradition

is," he writes, "that Mr. and Mrs. Hallett sat to the painter immediately after their marriage, and that his intention was to suggest their first promenade as husband and wife. He succeeded admirably. Their aspect toward each other and the aspect of the dog toward both are eloquent of novel relations."

THE BLUE BOY — DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COLLECTION: LONDON

JONATHAN BUTTALL, the original of the celebrated 'Blue Boy,' was the son of a wealthy ironmonger of London. In Gainsborough's picture the boy is represented clad in a blue satin coat and knee-breeches and standing bare-headed in the open air. His plumed beaver hat is held in his right hand, and behind him is a richly colored background of dark landscape and stormy sky.

It has been said that this picture was painted in refutation of Sir Joshua Reynolds's statement, made in his eighth Discourse, that "the masses of light in a picture ought to be always of a warm, mellow color, yellow, red, or a yellowish-white; and the blue, the gray or the green colors should be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colors; and for this purpose, a small proportion of cold colors will be sufficient. Let this conduct be reversed, let the light be cold, and the surrounding colors warm, and it will be out of the power of art, even in the hands of Rubens or Titian, to make a picture splendid and harmonious." But if, as Sir Walter Armstrong and other critics now believe, 'The Blue Boy' was painted as early as 1770—eight years before Reynolds's discourse was delivered—it can no longer be looked upon as an answer to Sir Joshua's dictum.

"'The Blue Boy,'" writes Conway, "is of all Gainsborough's pictures that in which genius, labor, and developed skill meet in most balanced harmony. It is a fine conception, cleverly, skilfully, and carefully worked out. The face is full of life and sweet attractiveness, and is, at the same time, thoroughly modeled. The chord of color is rich and mellow. Every detail of the work, from end to end of the canvas, is marshalled like the units in a well-ordered host, and directed towards the end in view."

Three versions of this picture are in existence,—the one in the Duke of Westminster's collection, another belonging to Mr. George Hearn, of New York, and a third owned by the Count de Castellane. The painting belonging to the Duke of Westminster is held by the most competent critics to be the original 'Blue Boy.' Whether the other versions are replicas by Gainsborough or copies of the original remains an open question.

MRS. JORDAN — EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION: LONDON

IN this charming portrait Gainsborough has depicted Mrs. Jordan, the actress who in her day took London by storm and captivated the fancy of His Royal Highness, William, Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. "Not many a daughter of Thespis was so popular as the beautiful and

sprightly Mrs. Jordan," writes Lionel Cust. "She won all hearts. In her figure Comedy seemed to be personified. When we gaze upon the entrancing portrait which Romney painted of her as 'Peggy' in 'The Country Girl' we can picture to ourselves an actress who ran upon the stage as a playground, and laughed from sincere wildness of delight. In this part she fascinated Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it can well be believed that it was with equal pleasure that Gainsborough made her immortal in his lovely portrait."

THE WATERING-PLACE NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

BETWEEN 1768 and 1775, the last years of his stay at Bath, Gainsborough painted some of his finest landscapes. "In these maturer landscapes," writes Sidney Colvin, "he composes and selects freely, according to a convention full of power and poetry, but now without any idea of the Dutchmen, such as he had started with, and equally without any idea of Italy and the Romans, such as had governed the contemporary convention of Wilson. Nor, indeed, is the reference of his landscape to the glowing champaigns and blue and golden panoramas of Rubens, commonly as it is made, one that is very pertinent. Gainsborough's ideal is one of woods, pools, and glades; the great trees of a wood wield and fling their volumes of rounded and sweeping leafage athwart the space from either side, parting in the midst, and down the opening between them you see a rich country and a far-off hill beneath a sunset which will be caught in the broken ripples and reflections of a near pool where cattle drink, while peasants rest in the foreground shade. This, the scheme of the famous 'Watering-place,' is the scheme also, with one or another variation, of a large number of Gainsborough's more important landscapes."

THE HONORABLE MRS. GRAHAM NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: EDINBURGH

THE Honorable Mrs. Graham is shown leaning against the pedestal of a column, holding a feather in her right hand. Her overdress is of yellowish gray, and, contrary to Gainsborough's usual custom, the central note of color in the picture is the warm crimson of the skirt.

"Not proud nor haughty, like a Van Dyck duchess, yet what a refined, delicate creature she is, with that girlish throat and those small, taper hands and feet," writes Mr. John C. Van Dyke. "Vivacious and spirited in pose, she is nevertheless constrained to quietude, dignified, and even saddened by that Gainsborough strain of melancholy. The deep glen at the left and the loneliness of the background add to the romance of the face, until one might fancy her, for all her jauntiness of air, the subject of some tragedy. No wonder that when she died, in the fresh bloom of her youth, her husband could not bear to look at the wistful, tender face, and walled up the picture in his house, where it was forgotten, and hung in darkness for fifty years, until a new proprietor, making alterations, brought it once more to light."

QUEEN CHARLOTTE — SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: LONDON

OF the many commissions which Gainsborough received from Buckingham Palace, his portraits of Queen Charlotte, consort of George III., were among his greatest triumphs. In writing of the one now in the South Kensington Museum, Sir Walter Armstrong says, "It is a masterpiece of color and of that great quality of distinction, which is perhaps the intellectual note of the English school in particular."

ELIZA LINLEY AND HER BROTHER — LORD SACKVILLE'S COLLECTION: KNOLE

THIS picture of the beautiful and accomplished Eliza Linley and her brother, Tom, was painted in 1768, five years before her marriage to Sheridan the dramatist. From the various likenesses which Gainsborough made of this lady it would seem that he, as one of his critics has expressed it, "found in her soft loveliness a type no less sympathetic than objectively perfect." In speaking of the portrait at Knole, Sir Walter Armstrong says, "Here Gainsborough has seen and immortalized a great deal more than a pretty woman. He has seen a child with a beautiful soul into whose countenance experience of a peculiar world has already brought a touch of doubt and pathos." And again: "If I had to select a single picture to represent Gainsborough, I think I should choose the small canvas on which the painter has united the portraits of Eliza Linley and her no less handsome brother."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF GAINSBOROUGH, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG'S list of Gainsborough's works in his monograph "Gainsborough and his Place in English Art" includes six hundred and sixty-two portraits, one hundred and seventy-five landscapes, and fifty subject-pictures and copies. While this list is not free from omissions, nor can be, in the nature of the case, free from errors in regard to the locations given, it is the best existing catalogue of Gainsborough's works. The following list only includes such pictures as are in public galleries and thus accessible to the public, with the addition of the names of some forty odd of the most celebrated of Gainsborough's works in private collections.

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Thomas Linley—ENGLAND. CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: Hon. Fitzwilliam; William Pitt—DULWICH GALLERY: Samuel Linley; Thomas Linley; The Misses Linley, afterwards Mrs. Tickell and Mrs. Sheridan; Philip James Loutherbourg; Mrs. Moody and her Children—LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE: George III.; Queen Charlotte; Duke of Cumberland; Duchess of Cumberland; Prince Octavius; The Eldest Princesses—LONDON, COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS: Richard Warren, M.D.—LONDON, HAMPTON COURT: J. C. Fischer; Colonel St. Ledger; Bishop of Worcester (*bis*); Jewish Rabbi—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Market Cart; Woody Landscape; The Watering-place (Plate VII); The Watering-place; Mrs. Siddons (Plate III); Orpin, the Parish Clerk (Plate II); 'Musidora'; Rustic Children; The Baillie Family; Rev. Sir Henry Bate-Dudley; Cornard Wood or 'Gainsborough's Forest'; View of Dedham; Study for a Portrait; Miss Gainsborough;

Two Dogs; Portrait of a Young Man; Two Landscapes; Ralph Schomberg, M.D.; The Misses Gainsborough; The Watering-place (sketch); An Old Horse; Rustics with Donkey —LONDON, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: Duke of Bedford; Earl Amherst; George Colman; Marquis of Cornwallis; Thomas Gainsborough (?); Admiral Vernon; John Henderson; Stringer Lawrence—LONDON, ROYAL ACADEMY: Portrait of Gainsborough (Page 20); Prince Hoare—LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: Queen Charlotte (Plate IX); The Eldest Princesses; The Misses Gainsborough—LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Mrs. Robinson ('Perdita') (Plate I); Miss Haverfield—OXFORD, CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE: David Garrick—STRATFORD-ON-AVON, TOWN HALL: David Garrick —WINDSOR CASTLE: Queen Charlotte; George III. (*bis*); Prince Alfred; Princess Augusta Sophia; Princess Charlotte Augusta Matilda; Duke of Clarence; Duke of Cumberland; Duchess of Cumberland; Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland; Duke and Duchess of Cumberland with Lady Elizabeth Luttrell; Prince Edward, Duke of Kent; Princess Elizabeth; Princess Mary; Prince Octavius (*bis*); Princess Sophia; Princess Royal with Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth; Duke of Sussex; Duke of Cambridge; George, Prince of Wales; Mrs. Robinson ('Perdita'); Diana and Actæon—FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Landscape—IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: Landscape; Duke of Northumberland—SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: Hon. Mrs. Graham (Plate VIII); Mrs. Isabella Kinloch (loaned)—UNITED STATES. CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Landscape with Figures—NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Landscape; Mr. Burroughs; Child with a Cat; Landscape.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COLLECTION: The Cottage Door; The Blue Boy (Plate V)—EARL SPENCER'S COLLECTION: Duchess of Devonshire; Countess of Spencer; Hon. Georgiana Spencer as a Child—DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH'S COLLECTION: Duchess of Montagu—BARON FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Master Nicolls ('The Pink Boy'); Miss Linley; Mrs. Robinson ('Perdita'); Colonel St. Ledger; Lady Sheffield; The Prince of Wales—LORD ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: The Morning Walk (Plate IV); Earl of Romney and his Sisters; Mrs. Sheridan—COLLECTION OF ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD, ESQ.: Mrs. Beaufoy; Mrs. Norton; Mrs. Villebois—SIR CHARLES TENANT'S COLLECTION: Lady Clarges; Mrs. Hippisley; The Ladies Erne and Dillon—LORD SACKVILLE'S COLLECTION: Eliza Linley and her Brother (Plate X)—LORD BATEMAN'S COLLECTION: Going to Market—EARL OF CARNARVON'S COLLECTION: Wood-gatherers —COLLECTION OF W. E. ALEXANDER, ESQ.: Mushroom-gatherer—COLLECTION OF G. L. BASSETT, ESQ.: The Cottage Girl—COLLECTION OF LIONEL PHILIPS, ESQ.: Return from Harvest (other versions are owned by Lord Tweedmouth and S. G. Holland, Esq.)—COLLECTION OF REV. E. R. GARDINER: Margaret Gainsborough; Gainsborough and his Wife—COLLECTION OF T. HUMPHREY WARD, ESQ.: Lavinia; Gainsborough Dupont—LORD MASHAM'S COLLECTION: Signora Baccelli—EARL OF CARLISLE'S COLLECTION: Girl and Pigs—EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION: Mrs. Jordan (Plate VI)—LORD VEAGH'S COLLECTION: Boys and Fighting Dogs—DUKE OF PORTLAND'S COLLECTION: Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott—SIR ALGERNON NEELD'S COLLECTION: The Mall in St. James's Park—EARL FORTESCUE'S COLLECTION: Mrs. Fitzherbert—COLLECTION OF W. H. CUMMINGS, ESQ.: Karl Friedrich Abel—COLLECTION OF J. S. MUSKETT, ESQ.: View in Epping Forest—FRANCE. COUNT DE CASTELLANE'S COLLECTION: A Page ('The Blue Boy')—UNITED STATES. COLLECTION OF GEORGE HEARN, ESQ.: Jonathan Buttall ('The Blue Boy')—COLLECTION OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ.: Duchess of Devonshire ('The Lost Duchess').

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Correggio

SCHOOL OF FERRARA

Uof M

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

CORREGGIO
MADONNA WITH ST. FRAN
ROYAL GALLERY, DRES

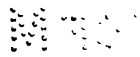
MASTERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

CORREGGIO
MADONNA WITH ST. JEROME
PARMA GALLERY

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN CLÉMENT & CIE

CORREGGIO
THE HOLY FAMILY
NATIONAL GALLERY, I



CORREGGIO
MADONNA DELLA SCO
PARMA GALLER

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

CORREGGIO
THE NATIVITY ("THE NIG
ROYAL GALLERY, DRES

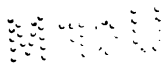
MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

CORREGGIO
DANAË
BORGHESE GALLERY, ROME

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & C E

CORREGGIO
MADONNA WITH ST. SEBASTIAN
ROYAL GALLERY, D'



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MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

CORREGGIO

THE VIRGIN ADORING THE CHRIST-C

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

LIBRARY

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

CORREGGIO

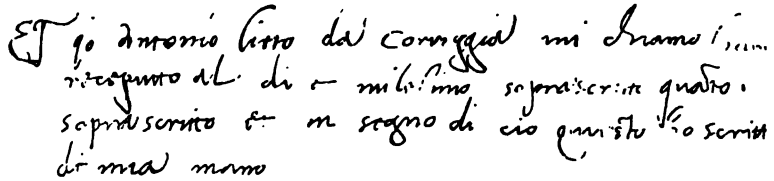
MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHER

LOUVRE, PARIS

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

CORREGGIO
MADONNA WITH ST. G
ROYAL GALLERY, D



No authenticated portrait of Correggio has been discovered. A picture which Dosso Dossi is said to have painted of him cannot be identified, and the claims of several pretended likenesses have been conclusively disproved. We have, however, a few specimens of his handwriting, and the autograph lines here shown are a receipt for "forty pounds of the ancient currency" which he received in 1522 as an advance payment for the unfinished 'Nativity,' upon which he was then at work. They read: "And I, Antonio Lieto of Correggio, declare that I received the sum mentioned on the day and in the year aforesaid, in token of which I have written this with my own hand."

Antonio Allegri da Correggio

BORN 1494(?): DIED 1534
SCHOOL OF FERRARA

THE present monograph treats of Correggio only as a painter of pictures in oil. A future issue will be devoted to his frescos.

ALTHOUGH Antonio Allegri da Correggio justly ranks as one of the six or eight most famous painters in the history of art, few authenticated facts concerning his life have come down to us. This may be accounted for by the comparative obscurity in which he lived, far from the great art centres of Venice, Florence, and Rome. The belief, however, that he was absolutely self-made and had in his youth no artistic environment worthy the name has been proved to be false, for there is evidence to show that Correggio grew up as the protégé of Veronica Gambara, wife of the Lord of Correggio, amid the refinements of a small but cultivated court; and the story of his abject poverty is as foundationless as is that famous legend of Vasari's that his death was caused by exhaustion, occasioned by his carrying on his back from Parma to his home in Correggio, to save the cost of transportation, a sum of sixty scudi that had been paid him in copper money.

It may be that the very lack of history concerning Correggio gave rise to the legends related by his early biographers,—legends which recent investigations have proved to be purely apocryphal. We may, for instance, no longer place implicit credence in the story that when Titian visited Parma and was shown Correggio's frescos by the monks, who disparaged them as poor things which they were about to have replaced, the Venetian painter exclaimed, "Have a care what you do; if I were not Titian I should wish to be Allegri!" We must also doubt his further rebuke to the local dignitaries for their light estimate of Correggio's work in the Parma Cathedral, when he is reported to have declared, "Turn the cupola upside down and fill it with gold, and even that will not amount to its money's worth." Another story, which tells of Correggio's standing before Raphael's picture of St. Cecilia, in Bologna, which it is said he had long wished to see, and crying, "I too am a painter!" has been definitely proved to be but a fable.

Indeed, to his contemporaries Correggio was all but unknown, and when

his art was finally discovered the memory of the artist's personality was well-nigh lost. Early biographies of him are full of errors and misstatements, and not until Dr. Julius Meyer published, in 1871, his study of Correggio was there any life of the artist in which evidence had been sifted and examined. This has now been followed by a more authoritative and comprehensive work, written by Signor Corrado Ricci, director of the Parma Gallery. But although in the light of modern research and criticism much has been disproved that long lingered in the popular mind as fact concerning Antonio Allegri, it must be admitted that little has been learned of the personal life of the great painter.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER 'SIX PORTRAITS'

ANTONIO ALLEGRI was born, probably in 1494, at the little village of Correggio, near Modena, from which he takes his artist-name. His parents were burghers in decent circumstances. The town was a seat of a miniature court, and, like all its neighbors, boasted local talent and patronized art in a tiny way. It is nevertheless uncertain from whom Antonio got his first lessons; probably it was from an uncle, whom tradition represents as the worst of bunglers. In his boyhood he went to Modena and learned of painters there. The chief among them was Bianchi Ferrari, a scholar of Francia's, imbued with traditions of Urbino and its school.[1] He died when his pupil was sixteen. Before his scanty schooling was complete Antonio went also to Mantua, where Mantegna had been the head and front of the Lombard school. His influence is easily read in Correggio's early work, especially in the 'St. Francis' of the Dresden Gallery. This was his first important picture, painted when he was twenty; and it was evidently modeled upon Mantegna's 'Vierge de la Victoire,' now in the Louvre. Yet the influence was not personal, for the great Lombard had died when Correggio was only twelve years old: from his pictures or his scholars, not from himself, the boy must have learned his marvelous perspective and his fashion of foreshortening from the point of view of the spectator.

Leonardo's influence seems almost as visible as Mantegna's in Correggio's work, exhibited especially in his wonderful chiaroscuro. Yet it is difficult to imagine how it can have been exerted. No one has shown, even to the point of probability, that canvases by Leonardo had found their way to Mantua or Modena; and it is still more improbable that Correggio ever visited Milan. Again, there is strong evidence to disprove the fact, which was long asserted, that Correggio learned perspective of Melozzo da Forli; and it is conclusively shown that he never traveled to Rome, while there is no evidence to show that he even visited Bologna.

If we come down to facts, we find that Antonio's youth was spent between Correggio, Mantua, and Modena, and was influenced only by the forces that these towns could bring to bear. General culture, including a

[1] Francia, Costa, and Dosso Dossi are also believed by some authorities to have been Correggio's early teachers; but all discussion about his masters ends where it begins, in conjecture. — Editor.

knowledge of anatomy, he is said to have imbibed from Giambattista Lombardi, a physician.

While still in his teens he was back at Correggio, his education finished, his contact with art and artists forever at an end. Now he painted the Dresden 'St. Francis,' with its clear echo of Mantegna, yet unmistakable personal accent, and a few years later bequeathed us the famous 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' which hangs in the Louvre. No teacher had given the lad further counsel, no other great man's work a further inspiration, yet from the 'St. Catherine' all traces of Mantegna have disappeared. Here, at the age of twenty-eight, Correggio is as exclusively and as fully himself as when he paints the Dresden 'Night' a few years before his death; and through the intervening period runs the current of his lovely work, untroubled by outward influences or by mutations in the man himself.

In 1518 Correggio left his village for a somewhat wider field at Parma, probably in answer to a direct invitation, as important orders were at once forthcoming. Between this year and 1524 he painted his frescos in the cloisters of San Paolo, in the Church of San Giovanni, and in the dome of the Cathedral. Near the latter date also belong his most famous easel-pictures. Once he almost came in contact with the great outer world. Through some channel unknown to us, Federigo, Duke of Mantua, ordered of him two mythological pictures as a gift for the Emperor Charles V. But it is proved, as clearly as proof is possible, that Correggio himself was not called to Mantua; and the fact is a measure of his obscurity, for Federigo stood in close friendship with many other artists. The commission was doubtless given in a half-careless way as proper patronage for "local talent." It is impossible to say, moreover, for whom Correggio painted the other pictures in the mythological series to which the two designed for Charles V. belong.

Correggio married in 1520, or soon after, during a visit home, a young girl by the name of Girolama Merlini, but his wife seems to have followed him back to Parma only after an interval of several years. She died, most probably, between 1528 and 1530; and in 1530 Correggio returned to his native town, where he spent the remaining four years of his life.

In this last change of residence we have a forcible proof of his unlikeness to the other great painters of his day. It is true that at Parma he had no equals in his art, no rivals, and scarcely any fellow-workers. Even there he was out of the main current of influence, competition, and reward. But he had at least a public of some size which had given him commissions for noble work, and his foot was on the threshold of the rich outer world. A return to Correggio was a deliberate retreat, in the very prime of early manhood, to the obscure monotony of village life and the limitations of easel-painting. Such a move stands indeed in contrast to the wish for full existence, the search for grand opportunities, the love of conflict, fame, and favor that so essentially characterized the artists of the Renaissance.

There is nothing further to tell about Correggio. He died in 1534, at the age of forty, apparently in full possession of his powers. It was a short life, yet three years longer than Raphael's; and Raphael had found time and

strength for a cycle of work still wider than Correggio's,—for the occupations of a courtier first, and later of a veritable prince, and for the labors of an architect, an antiquary, and a teacher of the whole artist-generation just below him. Raphael's full, ambitious life may seem exceptional in the eyes of today; but it was the natural, typical life of an artist in his time. And Raphael's funeral, Raphael's tomb, were but the necessary tribute of his age to the endowments that it valued most. The real place to be surprised is when we find Correggio's grave covered by a wooden slab with merely "*Antonius de Allegris, Pictor*," carved upon it, and, looking further on history's page, discover that it was a hundred years before even a few words cut in stone replaced this first curt record.

The Art of Correggio

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN ITALY AND GREECE'

THE world created by Correggio is very far removed from that of actual existence. No painter has infused a more distinct individuality into his work, realizing by imaginative force and powerful projection an order of beauty peculiar to himself, before which it is impossible to remain quite indifferent. We must either admire the manner of Correggio or else shrink from it with the distaste which sensual art is apt to stir in natures of a severe or simple type. What then is the Correggiosity of Correggio? In other words, what is the characteristic which, proceeding from the personality of the artist, is impressed on all his work?

The first thing that strikes us in the art of Correggio is that he has aimed at the realistic representation of pure unrealities. His saints and angels are beings the like of whom we have hardly seen upon the earth. Yet they are displayed before us with all the movement and the vivid truth of nature. Next, we feel that what constitutes the superhuman, visionary quality of these creatures is their uniform beauty of a merely sensuous type. They are all created for pleasure, not for thought or passion or activity or heroism. The uses of their brains, their limbs, their every feature, end in enjoyment; innocent and radiant wantonness is the condition of their whole existence. Correggio conceived the universe under the one mood of sensuous joy: his world was bathed in luxurious light; its inhabitants were capable of little beyond a soft voluptuousness. Over the domain of tragedy he had no sway, and very rarely did he attempt to enter upon it. In like manner, he could not deal with subjects which demand a pregnancy of intellectual meaning. In this respect he might be termed the Rossini of painting. The melodies of the 'Stabat Mater'—'*Fac ut portem*' or '*Quis est homo*'—are the exact analogues in music of Correggio's voluptuous renderings of grave or mysterious motives. Nor, again, did he possess that severe and lofty art of composition which subordinates the fancy to the reason, and which seeks for

the highest intellectual beauty in a kind of architectural harmony supreme above the melodies of gracefulness in detail. The Florentines, and those who shared their spirit,—Michelangelo and Leonardo and Raphael,—deriving this principle of design from the geometrical art of the Middle Ages, converted it to the noblest uses in their vast well-ordered compositions. But Correggio ignored the laws of scientific construction. It was enough for him to produce a splendid and brilliant effect by the life and movement of his figures, and by the intoxicating beauty of his forms.

His type of beauty, too, is by no means elevated. Leonardo painted souls whereof the features and the limbs are but an index. The charm of Michelangelo's ideal is like a flower upon a tree of rugged strength. Raphael aims at the loveliness which cannot be disjoined from goodness. But Correggio is contented with bodies "delicate and desirable." His angels are genii disimprisoned from the perfumed chalices of flowers, houris of an erotic paradise, elemental spirits of nature wantoning in Eden in her prime. To accuse the painter of conscious immorality, or of what is stigmatized as sensuality, would be as ridiculous as to class his seraphic beings among the products of the Christian imagination. They belong to the generation of the fauns; like fauns, they combine a certain savage wildness, a dithyrambic ecstasy of inspiration, a delight in rapid movement as they revel amid clouds or flowers, with the permanent and all-pervading sweetness of the master's style. When infantine or childlike, these celestial sylphs are scarcely to be distinguished for any noble quality of beauty from Murillo's cherubs, and are far less divine than the choir of children who attend Madonna in Titian's 'Assumption.' But in their boyhood and their prime of youth they acquire a fullness of sensuous vitality and a radiance that are peculiar to Correggio. . . .

As a consequence of this predilection for sensuous and voluptuous forms, Correggio had no power of imagining grandly or severely. . . . He could not, as it were, sustain a grave and solemn strain of music. He was forced by his temperament to overlay the melody with roulades. Gazing at his frescos, the thought came to me that Correggio was like a man listening to sweetest flute-playing, and translating phrase after phrase as they passed through his fancy into laughing faces, breezy tresses, and rolling mists. Sometimes a grander cadence reached his ear; and then St. Peter with the keys, or St. Augustine of the mighty brow, or the inspired eyes of St. John, took form beneath his pencil. But the light airs returned, and rose and lily faces bloomed again for him among the clouds. It is not therefore in dignity or sublimity that Correggio excels, but in artless grace and melodious tenderness. The 'Madonna della Scala,' clasping her baby with a caress which the little child returns, St. Catherine leaning in a rapture of ecstatic love toward the infant Christ, St. Sebastian in the bloom of almost boyish beauty, are the so-called sacred subjects to which the painter was adequate, and which he has treated with the voluptuous tenderness we find in his pictures of 'Leda' and 'Io' and 'Danaë.' Could these saints and martyrs descend from Correggio's canvas, and take flesh, and breathe, and begin to live, of what high action, of what grave passion, of what exemplary conduct in any

walk of life would they be capable? That is the question which they irresistibly suggest; and we are forced to answer, None! The moral and religious world did not exist for Correggio. His art was but a way of seeing carnal beauty in a dream that had no true relation to reality.

Correggio's sensibility to light and color was exactly on a par with his feeling for form. He belongs to the poets of chiaroscuro and the poets of coloring; but in both regions he maintains the individuality so strongly expressed in his choice of purely sensuous beauty. Tintoretto makes use of light and shade for investing his great compositions with dramatic intensity. Rembrandt interprets sombre and fantastic moods of the mind by golden gloom and silvery irradiation, translating thought into the language of penumbral mystery. Leonardo studies the laws of light scientifically, so that the proper roundness and effect of distance should be accurately rendered, and all the subtleties of Nature's smiles be mimicked. Correggio is content with fixing on his canvas the many-twinkling laughter of light in motion, rained down through fleecy clouds or trembling foliage, melting into half-shadows, bathing and illuminating every object with a soft caress. There are no tragic contrasts of splendor sharply defined on blackness, no mysteries of half-felt and pervasive twilight, no studied accuracies of noonday clearness in his work. Light and shadow are woven together on his figures like an impalpable Coan gauze, aërial and transparent, enhancing the palpitations of voluptuous movement which he loved. His coloring, in like manner, has none of the superb and mundane pomp which the Venetians affected; it does not glow or burn or beat the fire of gems into our brain; joyous and wanton, it seems to be exactly such a beauty-bloom as sense requires for its satiety. There is nothing in his hues to provoke deep passion or to stimulate the yearnings of the soul: the pure blushes of the dawn and the crimson pyres of sunset are nowhere in the world that he has painted. But that chord of jocund color which may fitly be married to the smiles of light, the blues which are found in laughing eyes, the pinks that tinge the cheeks of early youth, and the warm yet silvery tones of healthy flesh mingle as in a marvelous pearl-shell on his pictures. Both chiaroscuro and coloring have this supreme purpose in art, to affect the sense like music, and like music to create a mood in the soul of the spectator.

Now the mood which Correggio stimulates is one of natural and thoughtless pleasure. To feel his influence, and at the same moment to be the subject of strong passion, or fierce lust, or heroic resolve, or profound contemplation, or pensive melancholy, is impossible. Wantonness, innocent because unconscious of sin, immoral because incapable of any serious purpose, is the quality which prevails in all that he has painted.

It follows from this analysis that the Correggiosity of Coreggio, that which sharply distinguished him from all previous artists, was the faculty of painting a purely voluptuous dream of beautiful beings in perpetual movement, beneath the laughter of morning light, in a world of never-failing April hues. When he attempts to depart from the fairyland of which he was the Prospero, and to match himself with the masters of sublime thought or earnest

passion, he proves his weakness. But within his own magic circle he reigns supreme, no other artist having blended the witcheries of coloring, chiaroscuro, and faunlike loveliness of form into a harmony so perfect in its sensuous charm. Bewitched by the strains of the siren we pardon affectations of expression, emptiness of meaning, feebleness of composition, exaggerated and melodramatic attitudes. In that which is truly his own—the delineation of a transient moment in the life of sensuous beauty, the painting of a smile on Nature's face, when light and color tremble in harmony with the movement of joyous living creatures—none can approach Correggio.

F. T. KUGLER 'HANDBOOK OF PAINTING'

CORREGGIO has been justly admitted as a worthy competitor with his three great contemporaries,—Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael. Not so, however, if the higher elements of beauty and dignity, of ideal grandeur of form and intensity of expression be pronounced the exclusive objects of art, for in these respects, especially when compared with Raphael, he was often deficient or mannered; but granting him to be thus far much inferior to these masters, he must still be considered the creator of a sphere of such power and splendor that no position short of the highest can be assigned to him. He seized upon that niche, which, even in so redundantly rich a period of art, was still unoccupied, by venturing to depict, as it were, the very pulses of life in every variety of emotion and excitement; till, in the luxuriance of his ardent representations, the beauties and the faults, the high poetry and the low earthliness of his productions are indissolubly united.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE THE DIAL: 1896

CORREGGIO was a painter of striking individuality, but his isolation from the leaders of the Renaissance did not necessarily produce his individuality; he was simple, almost childlike, in his thought, having little care for the religious, the classic, or the intellectual; but his alleged lack of education did not necessarily produce his simplicity. It was a part of his nature to regard all things for what they looked rather than for what they meant, and to see all things as form and color rather than as symbols of ideas. Nothing could have greatly changed that point of view. In a way, he was material and sensuous, given to form and color for their own sake, and to human beings for their humanity's sake. The problems of good and evil, of sin, death, and the hereafter, never concerned him. To live and be glad in the sunlight, to be simple, frank, natural, and graceful, apparently made up his sum of existence in art. He would have no solemnity, no austerity, no great intellectuality. Nothing tragic or mournful or pathetic interested him. He was in love with physical life, and he told his love with all the sentiment of a lover. That he sometimes nearly precipitated sentiment into sentimentality is true. He barely escaped it, and his followers were lost in it. It was the imitation of Correggio that produced the insipidities of painters like Carlo Dolci and Sassoferato.

That Correggio, technically, should have been so perfect, living as he did shut off from Florence and Venice, is more remarkable than his peculiar mental attitude, since craftsmanship is seldom well taught if self-taught. Yet Correggio was somehow extremely well taught. His composition was occasionally involved and bewildering, but his drawing was nearly faultless and his movement excellent. His light-and-shade has never been surpassed by any painter, ancient or modern; his color was rich and harmonious; his atmosphere omnipresent and enveloping; his brush-work sure and spirited. Indeed, it was the technique of his art, rather than the spirit of it, that first drew the attention of painters to his work, and they made it known to the world.

WILHELM LÜBKE 'HISTORY OF ART'

EVEN as a youthful artist Correggio must have had an exceedingly delicate sensibility, for he was one of the most precocious geniuses in the whole history of art. Endowed with unusual exaltation of feeling, with great nervous excitability, he aims in all his works directly at bringing out this aspect of his inner life. He bathes his figures in a sea of joy and ecstasy, fills them with intoxicating delight and rapture, and gives to the sense of pain itself an expression half sweet, half sad. He scarcely knows what is meant by dignity, gravity, or nobility of form, rhythmical composition, or the beauty that is in harmony of line. He represents his figures only in the lively expression of some feeling full of inner emotion, and in restless outward movement; and to attain this, he violates all strict tradition, and oversteps all the laws both of religious conception and of artistic usage. Whoever looks upon his forms readily perceives that they belong to a different sphere from those of the other great masters. His Madonnas and Magdalens exhibit the same genre-like style of face, the same dewy, melting, tenderly-languishing eyes, the same small nose, and the same over-delicate, smiling mouth as his Danaë, his Leda, or his Io. He loves to portray the rapture of passionate devotion; but the expression is the same, whether he paints heavenly or earthly love. Yet, though he knows how to paint most perfectly the transports of human passion, and to make soft and swelling limbs seem trembling in a paroxysm of ecstasy, nevertheless, with few exceptions, his tone remains pure, clear, and true; and hence, from his point of view, he does not demean his saintly personages when he portrays them as alive to these same emotions. He transports them all back into the state of paradisiac innocence; and therein lies the justification of his work.

But his peculiar means of expression is a light, which, softly blended with the twilight, and interwoven with delicate reflections and transparent shadows, plays around his forms in a kind of chiaroscuro, and pervades the atmosphere like an electric fluid, as though with the breath of some delightful sensation. In producing this chiaroscuro, with all its minutest gradations and shadings, Correggio is one of the foremost masters of painting. He it was who discovered and brought to a wonderful degree of perfection this new medium, by which bodies half concealed and half unveiled appear only all

the more attractive, all the more fascinating. It is for him the one great instrumentality through which his art works. To it he sacrifices exalted style, noble design, and strong grouping; for its sake he even commits errors of form, and contents himself with commonplace and even affected traits, and with a style of composition in which effects of color decide everything; while every ideal requirement is utterly disregarded, and every conceivable kind of foreshortening is freely employed.

CORRADO RICCI 'ANTONIO ALLEGRI DA CORREGGIO'

CORREGGIO'S development has been a fruitful theme of discussion. He was long supposed to have been a member of the Lombard school, and to have come under the immediate influence of Leonardo; then, after a certain manipulation of conflicting dates, he was relegated to Mantua and pronounced a disciple of Mantegna; but academic classicism could not brook the thought of his exemption from Roman influences, and proclaimed him a student of Raphael, Michelangelo, and the antiques of the Eternal City. Finally, by a bold and happy inspiration, his affiliation to these various schools was canceled, and he was handed over to that of Ferrara. Correggio indeed assimilated all the energy of this latter, and reinforced it with the depth and grandeur of Mantegna's conceptions, but only to prepare himself for lofty and independent flight. These influences were but the *point d'appui*, as it were, whence he rose and soared on the wings of his own genius. To discover their traces, we are compelled to a close analysis of his work, seeking them within the narrow limits of a tint, a fold, or a type. Such traces, barely recognizable in his mature creations, are by no means proclamatory even in his juvenile works, where conventional and scholastic traits are already transfused with personal sentiment. . . .

At Parma, far from the direct influences alike of antique art and of the great moderns, both such irresistible forces in Rome, Correggio was able to preserve his own sincerity and to follow out the bent of his peculiar aptitudes, which displayed themselves more especially in the movement and variety of multitudinous figures, in audacity of grouping, in a consummate mastery of perspective, combined, nevertheless, with great simplicity of conception and unity of idea.

His compositions are never characterized by a lofty development of thought or incident. The life he expresses in each subject is never complicated by contrasts, but unfolds itself in a smooth, continuous harmony, broken at most only by the gradations of a dominant sentiment. It is a life entirely independent of realistic or historic elements. . . .

Correggio is above all things a *painter;* nay, more; he may perhaps be called the painter *par excellence* among the great Italians. But we may recognize this truth without detracting from his other qualities. His compositions have been condemned as "uninteresting," and as "lacking in true beauty." It is admitted that "he grouped his figures skilfully," but, continues the critic, "his chief concern was for the distribution of masses in his chiaroscuro, rather than for truth of expression."

Thus is Correggio offered up as a sacrifice by those who wish to glorify Raphael! They ignore the severe and dignified treatment of the evangelists and doctors in the pendentives of San Giovanni, and of the apostles in the dome above, and the lunette in the same church with the Evangelist of Patmos, a supreme example of Correggio's mastery of line; they overlook the triumphant originality of the 'Madonna with St. Jerome' and 'The Nativity,' as contrasted with that obedience to accepted forms which characterizes the first and the last of his great altar-pieces, the 'Madonna with St. Francis,' and the 'Madonna with St. George.'

It is obvious that Correggio was not solely preoccupied with pictorial effect, as is supposed, but that his artistic decisions were governed by an intense perception of pictorial unity. His treatment was further influenced by his anxiety to give life and movement to all his figures, to have no inert and purposeless character in the drama. In expressing the sentiment of a conception by the play of attitude and gesture he has had few rivals; and this is the more remarkable in that the art of his time sought beauty rather in harmony of lines than in unity of interest. The number of supernumeraries introduced purely for effect in the great pictures of the period is a characteristic feature of the age. In Correggio's work, on the other hand, each person has his function. St. Joseph is no longer a melancholy and passive intruder; he participates in the joy of the Virgin; he gathers fruit for the Child, or plies his trade beside the pair. The angels no longer gaze from the canvas in rapt and motionless abstraction. They seek to divert the infant Jesus; they turn the pages of a book for him, offer him fruits, help St. Joseph to draw down the branches of the date-palm, or tether the ass to a tree. Youthful genii, scattered in joyous profusion throughout the compositions, are busily employed in supporting models of cities, pastoral staves, books, and mitres; they peer into the Magdalen's jar of ointment, or play with St. George's armor.

It is clear that this intensity of life, expressing itself harmoniously in every detail, tends to the production of an emotional, rather than of a technical effect; and therefore, that the artist's desire to express his thought was at least equal to his passion for pictorial result. Hence it would seem that criticism has occasionally confused beauty and harmony of composition with breadth and grandeur of subject. The themes which agitated the minds of the pontifical court, and suggested the works of Michelangelo and Raphael, were no doubt more complex than those which contented Correggio, and demanded a more intense application of the intellect. The triumph of Correggio's art lies in this, that the workings of his own psychologic personality informed the simplest themes with a noble poetry, and that by their means he arrived at the loftiest ideality. . . .

The predominant sentiment of his creations is joy. He could not linger over mournful subjects; his treatment of them is always summary. On the other hand, his own delighted emotion overflows when he can fittingly give himself up to the expression of triumphant life, of laughter, of rapture! Michelangelo, always grandiose and disdainful, seldom smiled himself and

seldom created a smiling face. Lofty and generous, he was saddened by scorn of the ignoble conflicts which rent Italy asunder, and finally destroyed her liberty. He was the artist of the grave and the sublime. Raphael touched the classic dignity of his forms with the mingled sweetness and melancholy of his own angelic character. His Madonnas often seem to gaze at the Child with infinite sadness, as if presaging the mournful end, and agitated by the vision of Calvary. Leonardo, the darling of nature, showed a deeper and more varied range of feeling. To him was it first given to "portray the joy of spiritual bliss, the intimate beauty of the soul." He sought the beautiful in all things, and strove to reproduce it with the perfection of technical mastery. The very universality of his genius prevented the concentration of his powers, and he died, leaving a few pictures of the highest psychological and technical beauty, in which, nevertheless, we miss that variety of attitude and that full development of human expression achieved by Correggio. By the latter, joyful emotion is rendered with so much charm, completeness, and spontaneity that it communicates itself as if by magic to the spectator. . . .

Even those least disposed to admire Correggio's forms, the rigid devotees of Florentine dignity and correctness, cannot but admit the fascination that breathes from a thousand lovely creations, moving and smiling in the effulgent light of morning and spring. This is the "demoniac power," as Goethe calls it, which informs the work of the great creative genius. The magic of form, the intoxication of movement and sentiment, awaken an emotion against which reason and criticism are alike powerless. All defects are forgotten, and, filled with wondering admiration, we recognize the artist's greatness in our own sense of delighted enjoyment.—FROM THE ITALIAN, BY FLORENCE SIMMONDS.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'STUDY AND CRITICISM OF ITALIAN ART'

IT happens that the English poets afford striking parallels to the Italian painters. Thus, there is a decided similarity of genius between Shakespeare and Titian, and between Michelangelo and Milton. A lover of these poets cannot help finding the corresponding painters much more intelligible. But centuries had to elapse before emotions so intense as those Correggio felt found expression in literature—in Shelley when he is at his best, and in Keats when he is perfect.

JACOB BURCKHARDT 'DER CICERONE'

AS free from the bonds of ecclesiastical traditions as Michelangelo, Correggio saw in his art the means of making his representations of life as sensuously charming and as sensuously real as possible. In this he was singularly gifted, and is in this type of creation an originator and discoverer, even when compared with Leonardo and Titian. . . .

Correggio was the first to represent completely and perfectly the reality of genuine nature. It is not this or that beautiful or charming form which fascinates us in his work, but rather it is the absolute conviction that this form actually exists in space and light.

From a purely technical point of view Correggio denotes the last and highest development of Italian painting. His chiaroscuro is proverbially famous. The fifteenth century shows innumerable attempts in this kind, but these attempts seem to have aimed only at giving some special part of the picture a more finished modeling. Correggio was the first to make use of chiaroscuro as an essential means for the expression of a pictorially combined whole, and through the play of light and shade to render the appearance of life itself. Moreover, Correggio was the first to recognize that what gives the greatest beauty of aspect to the human body is half-lights and reflections. His color in the flesh-tints is perfect, and is laid on in a way that shows infinite study of the appearance in air and light. For the rest, he does not go into detail; he seeks rather the euphony of the transitions, the harmony of the whole.

The most marked characteristic of Correggio's style, however, is the universal mobility of his figures. Without this motion there exists for him neither life nor space. Or rather, he measures life and space according to the human form in motion, which in some cases he presents violently foreshortened. He gives to the celestial world a cubically measured space, and fills it with powerful moving forms. With him the arrangement is purely pictorial, arranged in perspective and shown from the spectator's point of view. This motion, however, is not merely external; it interpenetrates the figures from within outwards; Correggio divines, knows, and paints the finest thrills of nervous life, the joy of existence from a serene and tranquil happiness to the intoxication of the senses triumphant.

There is no question with Correggio of grandeur in lines, of severe architectonic composition, nor of sublime and free beauty. Instead of monumental construction he gives us picturesque grouping; instead of rhythm of line the harmonious play of light and shade; and with him charm and grace take the place of a grand and classic purity of style.

In the tranquil joy of living, in grace and serene happiness, he may be said to represent the feminine side of the life of the senses, as later, Rubens, who owes so much to him, forms his complement in depicting the masculine. When Correggio touches upon this side he fails from lack of earnestness and strength, but when he remains within his own domain he is inimitable.—FROM THE GERMAN.

W. M. ROSSETTI 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA'

WHEN we come to estimate painters according to their dramatic faculty, their power of telling a story or impressing a majestic truth, their range and strength of mind, we find the merits of Correggio very feeble in comparison with those of the highest masters, and even of many who, without being altogether great, have excelled in these particular qualities. Correggio never *means* much, and often, in subjects where fullness of significance is demanded, he means provokingly little. He expressed his own miraculous facility by saying that he always had his thoughts at the end of his pencil: in truth, they were often thoughts rather of the pencil and its

controlling hand than of the teeming brain. He has the faults of his excellences,—sweetness lapsing into mawkishness and affectation, empty in elevated themes and lasciviously voluptuous in those of a sensuous type, rapid and forceful action lapsing into posturing and self-display, fineness and sinuosity of contour lapsing into exaggeration and mannerism, daring design lapsing into incorrectness. No great master is more dangerous than Correggio to his enthusiasts; round him the misdeeds of conventionalists and the follies of connoisseurs cluster with peculiar virulence, and almost tend to blind to his real and astonishing excellence those practitioners or lovers of painting who, while they can acknowledge the value of technique, are still more devoted to greatness of soul, and grave or elevated invention as expressed in the form of art.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER 'GUIDE DE L'AMATEUR AU MUSÉE DU LOUVRE'

STENDHAL, one of the least emotional of critics, has declared that he who does not love Correggio's pictures has no soul—and I avow that I am of the same opinion. Much as I admire other masters, I must confess that I cannot think of Correggio without hearing, deep in my secret heart, the echo of the words that Algarotti breathed before the 'St. Jerome': "*Tu solo mi piaci!*"—You—you only—do delight me!

The Works of Correggio.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

MADONNA WITH ST. FRANCIS ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

THIS altar-piece, painted in 1514 for the Franciscan church of Correggio, when Allegri was but twenty years old, is the first of the artist's works mentioned in existing records. It was completed in five months, and the youthful painter received in payment the sum of one hundred ducats. The picture was preserved in its original place until 1638, when it was carried off by the Duke of Modena to the capital, its removal causing a riot in the town of Correggio.

The Madonna is seated on a high throne in an open loggia, holding the Child upon her knee. Smiling, she extends one hand to St. Francis of Assisi, who half kneels in adoration. Behind him in shadow is St. Anthony of Padua with book and lily, and on the opposite side of the throne St. Catherine stands clasping the sword and palm of martyrdom, and resting her foot on her wheel. In front of her is St. John the Baptist, clad in skins.

In this early work of Correggio's the influence of Mantegna may be traced in the Madonna's figure, while that of Costa is discernible in the medallion on the throne. The Leonardesque type has been remarked by some critics in the St. John and in the gesture of the Madonna, while others have

observed in the head of St. Catherine the influence of Francia, and others still of Perugino. But throughout the individuality of Correggio is apparent; indeed, Morelli says that "in no early work of any other artist, Michelangelo's 'David' excepted, do we perceive so pronounced an individuality as in this painting."

MADONNA WITH ST. JEROME — PARMA GALLERY

THIS picture, the most precious possession of the Parma Gallery, and generally considered to be Correggio's masterpiece, was ordered in 1523 by Donna Briseide Colla, a wealthy lady of Parma, for her family chapel in the Church of San Antonio in that city. It is said that she was so delighted with it that, in addition to the price, four hundred lire, she presented the artist with "two loads of wood, some wheat, and a well-fattened pig."

Early in the eighteenth century Don John V. of Portugal, or as some believe, the King of Poland, carried on secret negotiations with Count Anguissola, preceptor of the church, for its purchase, but Duke Filippo forbade the sale of such a national treasure, and ordered its removal to the Cathedral, where it remained until 1756, when, for greater safety, he had it taken by armed soldiers to his villa at Colorno and there placed in a guarded chamber. Finally he purchased the picture, and presented it to the nation. It was then removed to the Parma Gallery; but when Napoleon entered Italy with his victorious army and spoiled the country of many of its artistic treasures, Correggio's masterpiece was borne off by his soldiers to Paris, in spite of Duke Filippo's offer of a million francs for its ransom. By the treaty of 1815, however, it was restored to Italy and returned to Parma amid the rejoicing of the people, who placed it, with due honor, in a kind of tribune especially arranged for it in the Parma Gallery.

The Madonna, robed in red with a blue drapery falling behind her head, is seated under a crimson canopy, holding the infant Jesus. On the left stands St. Jerome, the lion at his feet, and on the right Mary Magdalen, clad in a robe of pale violet with yellow drapery, kneels on the step of the throne. "Perhaps no creation of Allegri's genius," writes Selwyn Brinton, "has ever equalled in pure beauty this figure of the Magdalen. A lovely blonde, she leans forward, resting her soft cheek caressingly against the little Saviour's side, his dimpled hand just touching her long falling tresses of golden hair." Behind her a cherub slyly peeps into her jar of ointment, while another angel near the throne holds an open book before the child Jesus, "smiling so naturally," says Vasari, "that all who look on him are moved to smile also; nor is there any one, however melancholy in temperament, who can behold him without feeling a sensation of pleasure." "The picture is justly celebrated," writes Signor Ricci, "as one of the finest productions, not only of Correggio's, but of Italian art." The entire composition is radiant, palpitating, living, and the conception is marked by the most perfect originality and independence. The whole canvas is suffused with such intense sunlight that the work is frequently called "The Day," *Il Giorno*, in contradistinction to "The Night" of the Dresden Gallery.

THE HOLY FAMILY — NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

IT is said that this picture, painted in the early years of Correggio's marriage, soon after the birth of his first child, was suggested by the painter's own home life. The scene is a simple, domestic one, with nothing to mark the group as the Holy Family except the presence of Joseph, the carpenter, at work at his craft in the background. Mary, with the household basket beside her (from which the picture is sometimes called the 'Madonna della Cesta,' or 'basket'), is engaged in dressing the Child. Although lacking in the devout religious sentiment observable in the work of the early Italian painters, Correggio has here given expression to happy maternal love and childish life and playfulness in a way that has never been surpassed. The brilliant purity of coloring, the delicate treatment of the chiaroscuro, combined with the harmonious arrangement of the composition and the apparent ease of execution render the picture a masterpiece. "A little gem of extraordinary tenderness," Mengs has called it, and Signor Frizzoni praises it as "an incomparable marvel of light, of vivacity, and of smiling sweetness."

MADONNA DELLA SCODELLA [DETAIL] — PARMA GALLERY

THE 'Madonna della Scodella,' of which the central part is here reproduced, is perhaps the best preserved of all Correggio's pictures. The date assigned to it by Signor Ricci is 1529-30.

"We find here," writes Camille Guymon, "that *pâte*, rich and luminous in the lights, deep and yet transparent in the shadows, which so distinctly marks Correggio's later manner. The scheme of the whole picture is as follows: in the depths of a wood the Virgin is sitting upon a little hillock. She is clad in a red robe, hidden in part by a pale yellow drapery with blue lining. In her right hand is a bowl or porringer (*scodella*), which has given the picture its name, and this she is holding out toward a spring. The Child leans against her breast, and turns his happy face toward the spectator. His left hand rests on the hand of his mother and his right is stretched up toward St. Joseph, who, standing just behind, extends one hand to the boy while with the other he grasps the branches of a date-palm. Angels hover above."

"The magic effect of the sunshine in the mysterious forest glade," writes Burckhardt, "the loveliness of the heads, the magnificent color, and the indescribable splendor of the whole make this work one of the painter's masterpieces."

THE NATIVITY ("THE NIGHT") — ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

CORREGGIO'S famous picture of the Nativity was painted in 1522-30 for the Church of San Prospero at Reggio, by order of Alberto Pratoneri, as an altar-piece for his chapel in that church. The correspondence between him and the painter concerning the work is preserved in the archives of the State of Modena. In 1640, to the great grief of the citizens of Reggio, the picture was secretly and "sacrilegiously" carried off by order of Duke Francesco, and taken to Modena; and in 1746 it passed into the possession of the Elector Augustus III. of Saxony.

Correggio's treatment of the subject of the Nativity was suggested by a passage in one of the apocryphal gospels, which relates how St. Joseph, entering the stable at Bethlehem, saw the new-born Child shining with a supernatural radiance which lighted up the figure of the mother. The Madonna, in a soft blue under-dress, crimson robe, and deep blue mantle, is bending tenderly over the infant Jesus lying in the manger, while on the left shepherds draw near, and in the background St. Joseph is seen tethering an ass. Above are angels "so exquisitely painted," says Vasari, "that they seem rather to have been showered down from heaven than formed by the hand of the painter." A brilliant light streams from the body of the Child, illuminating the group, and dazzling one of the figures, a woman, who shades her face with her hand. This artifice of making the light proceed from a point within the picture was unusual with Correggio, whose canvases generally glow with all the splendor of full daylight; but the trick has succeeded in catching popular admiration; though Mr. Berenson believes that it was the sheer humanity of this picture that drew so many pilgrims to it, and not, as the critics of that time said, because Correggio had the wonderful idea of making all the light stream from the Infant's face. "Correggio," he says, "may have had some such purpose, only as an intention it is rather literary than pictorial, and it is more likely that he had something in mind far less theological and poetical. His idea seems to have been to experiment with lights. From the Child's face the light streams out into the darkness, and dies away just before it encounters the first white of dawn appearing over the horizon. In the present condition of the picture, it is no longer possible to judge what was the effect. That it must have been very wonderful there can be no doubt. But even if the effect of the meeting of half-lights and reflected lights at a point darker than either could still be appreciated, it would remain true that not the lights, but the human interpretation of the subject, maintains the popularity of 'The Night.'"

DANAË — BORGHESE GALLERY: ROME

ORIGINALLY painted for the Duke of Mantua (in whose possession Giulio Romano saw it, and, according to Vasari pronounced it the finest picture which he had ever beheld), the 'Danaë' has experienced many vicissitudes. From Italy to Spain and back again to Italy, thence to Prague and to Stockholm, then to Paris, then to London, and back again to Paris it wandered, until in the last-named city it was bought, some seventy years ago, by Prince Borghese for a mere nominal price because it was then considered a copy. He gave it a permanent home in his palace at Rome. The surface of the picture has suffered, and its glazings have disappeared, but it has escaped the hand of the restorer, and is perhaps, as Morelli has said, "the most Correggiesque work of Correggio,"—a veritable triumph of aërial perspective and chiaroscuro.

"If he could," writes Arsène Alexandre, "Correggio would have painted his religious pictures with undraped figures; but as this was impossible, he did his best to make up for it by splendors of color and light. It is evident, however, that he found his greatest delight in painting mythological subjects;

and no man who loved flesh and light as he did can be considered unhappy when he has painted such pictures as the 'Leda,' the 'Education of Cupid,' the 'Antiope,' the 'Io,' and the 'Danaë.'"

MADONNA WITH ST. SEBASTIAN — ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

CORREGGIO painted this picture in 1525 for the altar of the Chapel of St. Geminianus, in the Cathedral of Modena, by order of the Confraternity of St. Sebastian, a company of archers, who gave him the commission in fulfilment, it is said, of a vow made after the plague had visited that town. It represents the most perfect period of Correggio's art, but has lost much of its original freshness, having suffered severely from repainting and varnishing.

The Madonna is enthroned upon clouds, holding on her lap the Child. A flood of light envelops them, shading off into a luminous haze, in which appear angels' heads, while genii sport among the clouds beside and beneath them. At the Madonna's feet are St. Sebastian, bound to a tree, St. Geminianus, patron saint of Modena, with his emblem, a church, held by a child in the foreground, and St. Roch, patron saint of the sick and especially of the plague-stricken, who, in pilgrim's dress, asleep, sees the vision in his dreams.

"Correggio has not succeeded in uniting dignity and enthusiasm here any more than elsewhere," writes Dr. Meyer. "The action, however, is well balanced, and the effects produced by the wonderful play of light and shade as charming as ever."

THE VIRGIN ADORING THE CHRIST-CHILD — UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

IN this picture the Virgin is represented kneeling on a stone step before the Child, who lies on a linen cloth placed over a bundle of straw, and, looking up into her face, stretches out one tiny arm towards his mother, who, half in play, half in tender adoration, raises her hands over him. "Like some beautiful idyl," writes Dr. Meyer, "the whole is set in a lovely landscape which effectively blends the beauty of southern scenery with the stateliness of classical architecture. A full light is thrown over the infant Jesus and the Virgin, and gradually toned off towards the background. The effect produced is almost as if the figures emitted their own radiance, which grew fainter and fainter till it at last dissolved into space."

Signor Ricci criticizes the lack of harmony in the chord of color struck by the Virgin's red robe and blue mantle with its pale green lining; but, on the other hand, accords high praise to the "altogether delightful composition and action."

MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE — LOUVRE: PARIS

ACCORDING to tradition, Correggio painted this picture, which is now one of the treasures of that holy of holies, the Salon Carré of the Louvre, in 1519. The legend of St. Catherine of Alexandria, the beautiful maiden queen of Egypt, relates that this young pagan sovereign was beset by suitors for her hand, but could approve of none of them. In her trouble

she had a dream in which the Virgin and the Child appeared to her, and she recognized in the Child the unknown spouse to whom her heart was given; but he turned away his head and refused her. "Then Catherine visited a Christian hermit who dwelt in the desert, and fell at his feet, declaring her vision and saying, 'What shall I do to become worthy of my celestial bridegroom?' And the hermit converted her from her heathenism, and baptized her in the Christian faith; and that night, as Catherine slept upon her bed, the Blessed Virgin appeared to her again, accompanied by her divine Son. And Mary again presented Catherine to the Lord of Glory, saying, 'Lo! she hath been baptized, and I myself have been her godmother!' Then the Lord smiled upon her, and held out his hand and plighted his troth to her, putting a ring on her finger. When Catherine awoke she looked and saw the ring upon her finger; and henceforth, regarding herself as the betrothed of Christ, she despised the world, thinking only of the day which should reunite her with her celestial Lord."

"The faces of the Virgin Mother and St. Catherine," writes Théophile Gautier, "have that childish innocence of beauty which Correggio—the preëminent painter of children—seemed loath to take from any of his women. The Child Saviour places the mystic ring upon the finger of his spouse with true infantile seriousness; and the expression of St. Catherine, her eyes veiled under their lashes, shows something of that inward welling of joy which Correggio so loved to suggest, and which here accords exactly with the subject. The witness to the marriage is the half angelic and wholly beautiful St. Sebastian, who, with the arrows symbolic of his martyrdom, might be easily taken, were the subject a profane one, for the God of Love himself. Through the golden glow which time has lent this picture we still can realize the silvery freshness of its original coloring, and catch the play of a thousand delicate tones that hide in the subtle gradations from light to shadow."

MADONNA WITH ST. GEORGE — ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

THIS picture, the last of Correggio's great altar-pieces, was formerly in the Scuola of St. Peter Martyr at Modena, but was taken by violence from the monks, and sold to the Elector of Saxony in 1746.

In describing the work, Selwyn Brinton writes: "The atmosphere seems to throb with clear tremulous light. The Madonna is enthroned beneath an arch, and at her side are St. George, St. Peter Martyr, St. John the Baptist, and St. Geminianus. Of these, St. John is a glorious adolescent youth, laughing and fair of form, a living embodiment of those qualities which have made men call this artist the 'Faun of the Renaissance.' More serene, more nobly heroic, is the St. George, his right hand grasping his spear, his left resting on his hip, his foot planted on the monstrous head of the slain dragon; and around his knees are those naked child-angels, among the loveliest of Allegri's lovely *putti*, of which the painter Reni once asked a citizen of Modena if Correggio's *putti* at St. Peter Martyr's had grown up and left their places where he had seen them, for so vivid and life-like were they that it was impossible to believe they could remain."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS AND FRESCOS OF CORREGGIO, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. BUDAPEST GALLERY: Madonna del Latte — VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Io — ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Education of Cupid; The Holy Family (Plate III); 'Ecce Homo' — LONDON, HAMPTON COURT GALLERY: Madonna with St. James; St. Catherine reading — LONDON, DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S COLLECTION: Christ in the Garden — LONDON, LORD ASHBURTON'S COLLECTION: St. Martha, Mary Magdalen, St. Peter, and St. Leonard — LONDON, COLLECTION OF R. H. BENSON, ESQ.: Christ taking leave of his Mother — LONDON, COLLECTION OF LUDWIG MOND, ESQ.: Angels' Heads (fresco) — RICHMOND, SIR FRANCIS COOK'S COLLECTION: An Angel's Head (fresco); Two Angels' Heads (fresco) — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Marriage of St. Catherine (Plate IX); Antiope; Allegorical Painting of Virtue (tempera); Allegorical Painting of Vice (tempera) — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Leda — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Madonna with St. Francis (Plate I); Madonna with St. Sebastian (Plate VII); The Nativity ("The Night") (Plate V); Madonna with St. George (Plate II) — FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Madonna of Casalmaggiore (?) — MUNICH GALLERY: Piping Faun — SIGMARINGEN, PRINCE LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN'S COLLECTION: Virgin and Child with St. Elizabeth and the little St. John — ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: The Virgin adoring the Child (Plate VIII); Repose in Egypt; Head of John the Baptist; Virgin and Child with Angels — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: Adoration of the Magi — MILAN, MUNICIPAL MUSEUM: Virgin and Child and little St. John — MILAN, CAV. BENIGNO CRESPI'S COLLECTION: The Nativity — MILAN, DR. FRIZZONI'S COLLECTION: Marriage of St. Catherine — MODENA, ESTENSE GALLERY: The Campori Madonna; Fragments of frescos transferred to canvas — NAPLES MUSEUM: Madonna with the Rabbit ("La Zingarella") — PARMA GALLERY: Madonna della Scodella (Plate IV); Annunciation (fresco); Madonna della Scala (fresco); Pietà; Martyrdom of St. Placidus and St. Flavia; Madonna with St. Jerome ("The Day") (Plate X) — PARMA, CATHEDRAL: [cupola] Assumption of the Virgin (fresco) — PARMA, CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST: [cupola] Ascension of Christ (fresco); [lunette over sacristy door] St. John (fresco) — PARMA, CONVENT OF SAN PAOLO: Diana, Putti, and Lunettes (frescos) — PARMA, LIBRARY: Coronation of the Virgin (fresco) — PAVIA, MUNICIPAL MUSEUM: The Malaspina Madonna — ROME, BORGHESE GALLERY: Danaë (Plate VI) — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Madonna and Child — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Madonna and Child with St. John; 'Noli me tangere' — UNITED STATES. NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Head of an Angel (on plaster).

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